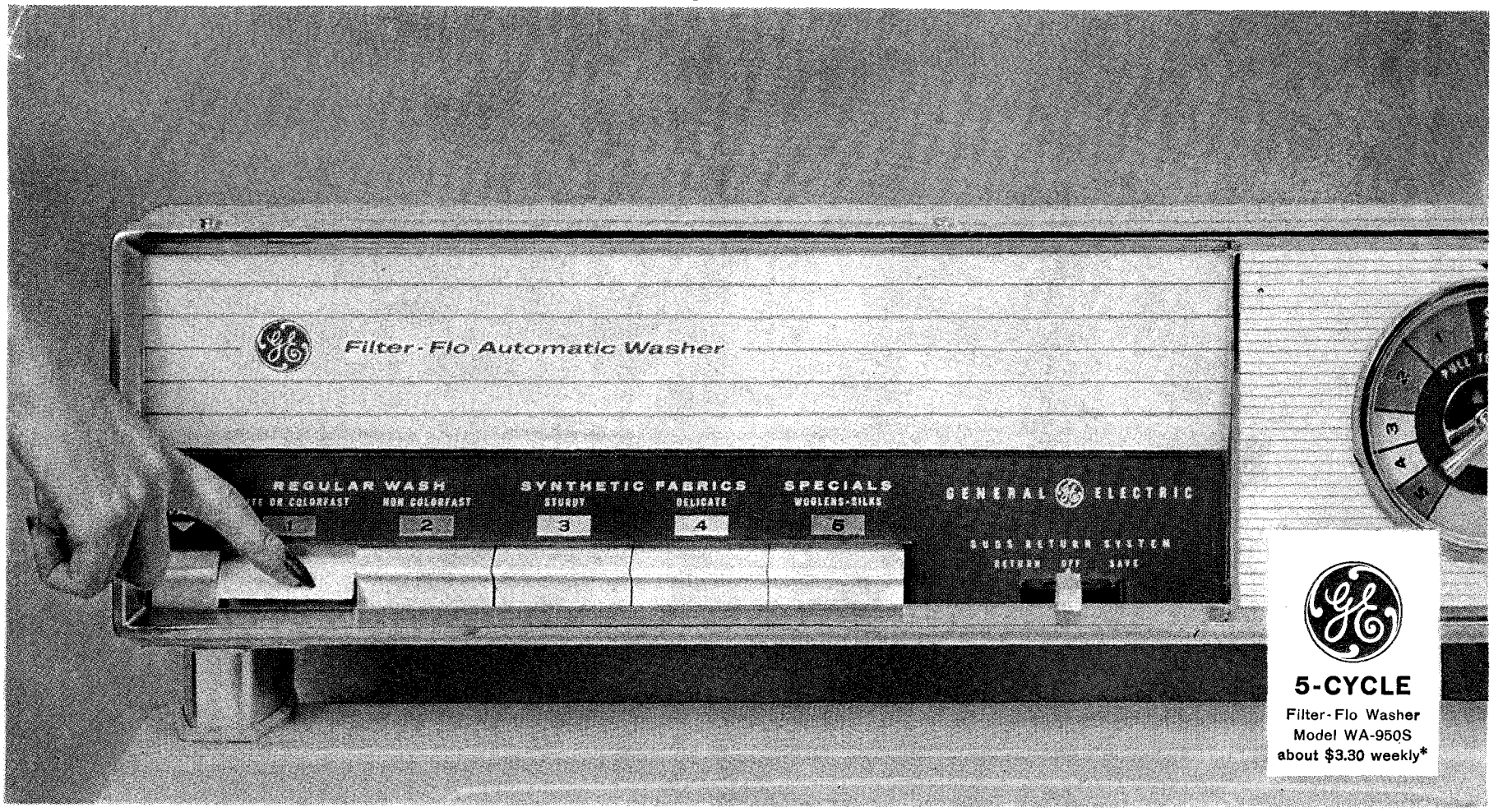
The Saturday Evening
POST
November 29, 1958 – 15¢

NOV 25 '58
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

HOW CLIMATE CONTROL COULD CHANGE THE WORLD

Let's Have Less Nonsense About the Pilgrims

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

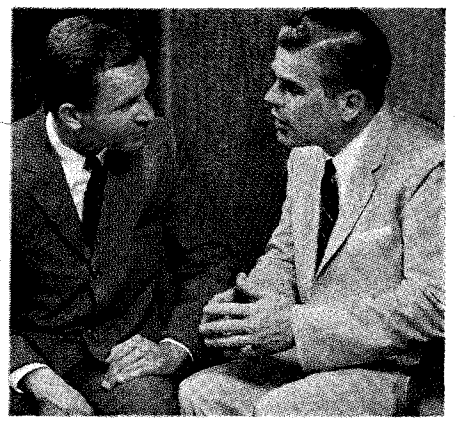


1 . . . is the key that you will probably use most often. It gives all your white and colorfast cottons and linens (the bulk of your washday loads) the hot water and vigorous activation they need to get them sparkling clean, and a thorough rinsing in warm water. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry in no time.

New as today's fabrics . . .

1959 G-E 5-CYCLE FILTER-FLO® WASHER!

2 . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water, fast spin they need. Vigorous activation gets them clean as a whistle.



3 . . . gives sturdy wash 'n wear clothes brisk washing in warm water. Slow spin prevents deep-set wrinkles. Even saves ironing!

4 . . . gives fragile wash 'n wear, other delicates you've been hand-washing, gentle action, warm water, slow spin.

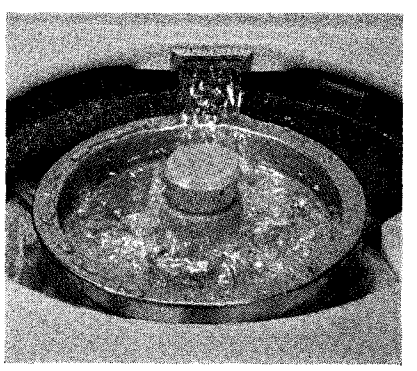
5 . . . gives "specials" like blankets slow wash speed, warm water, fast spin to get out extra water wool absorbs.

5 separate, pre-set cycles to give all your washables custom care—automatically!

You just touch one key—turn the dial to the matching number! And that's *all* you do to get just-right washing care for all your wash—from sturdy blue jeans to the most delicate wash 'n wear synthetics. The new General Electric 5-Cycle Filter-Flo Washer has an *automatic* cycle to fit all your washing needs!

*After small down payment. See your G-E dealer for his prices and liberal terms. *Buy now for extra values!* Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

NO LINT FUZZ! Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans wash and rinse waters to give you cleaner clothes. And this filter is *dependable*—can't clog or impede water flow! A handy detergent dispenser, too!

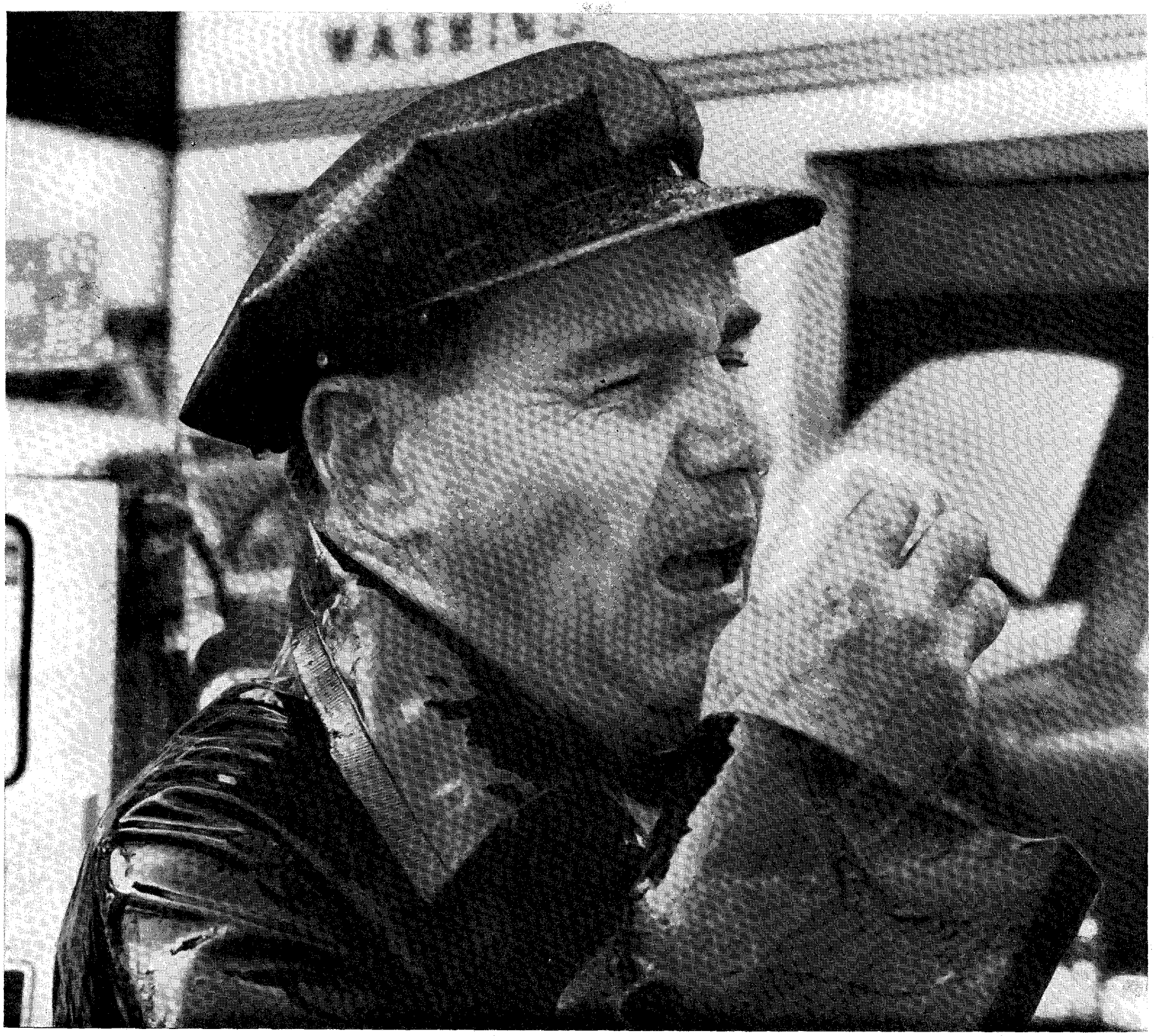


PLUS Features: Big capacity; Cold Water Wash; Rinse Dispenser; Suds Return (optional); G-E Written Warranty; in colors or white. At your G-E dealer's now, with matching dryer.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Relieve painful cold miseries with Bufferin®!
Guards against stomach upset even in continued doses!

Don't add an upset stomach to your cold woes.

Most pain remedies rely on aspirin to relieve pain. But aspirin is acid, acetylsalicylic acid to use its chemical name. It may upset your stomach.

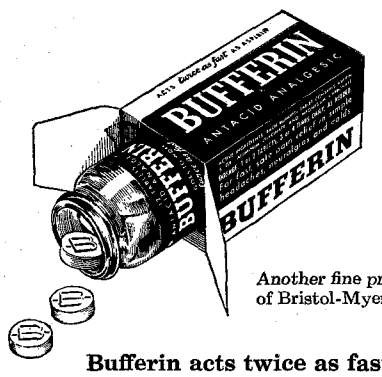
Of the three leading pain remedies, only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of anti-acids called Di-Alminate*—helps protect you against the aspirin irritation and upset so often associated with ordinary pain relievers.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

Remember, too, to relieve painful cold miseries, Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions, even faster for many others.

With its tremendous speed, Bufferin is of great value in relieving headaches, muscular aches, sore throat and the fever which may accompany a cold.

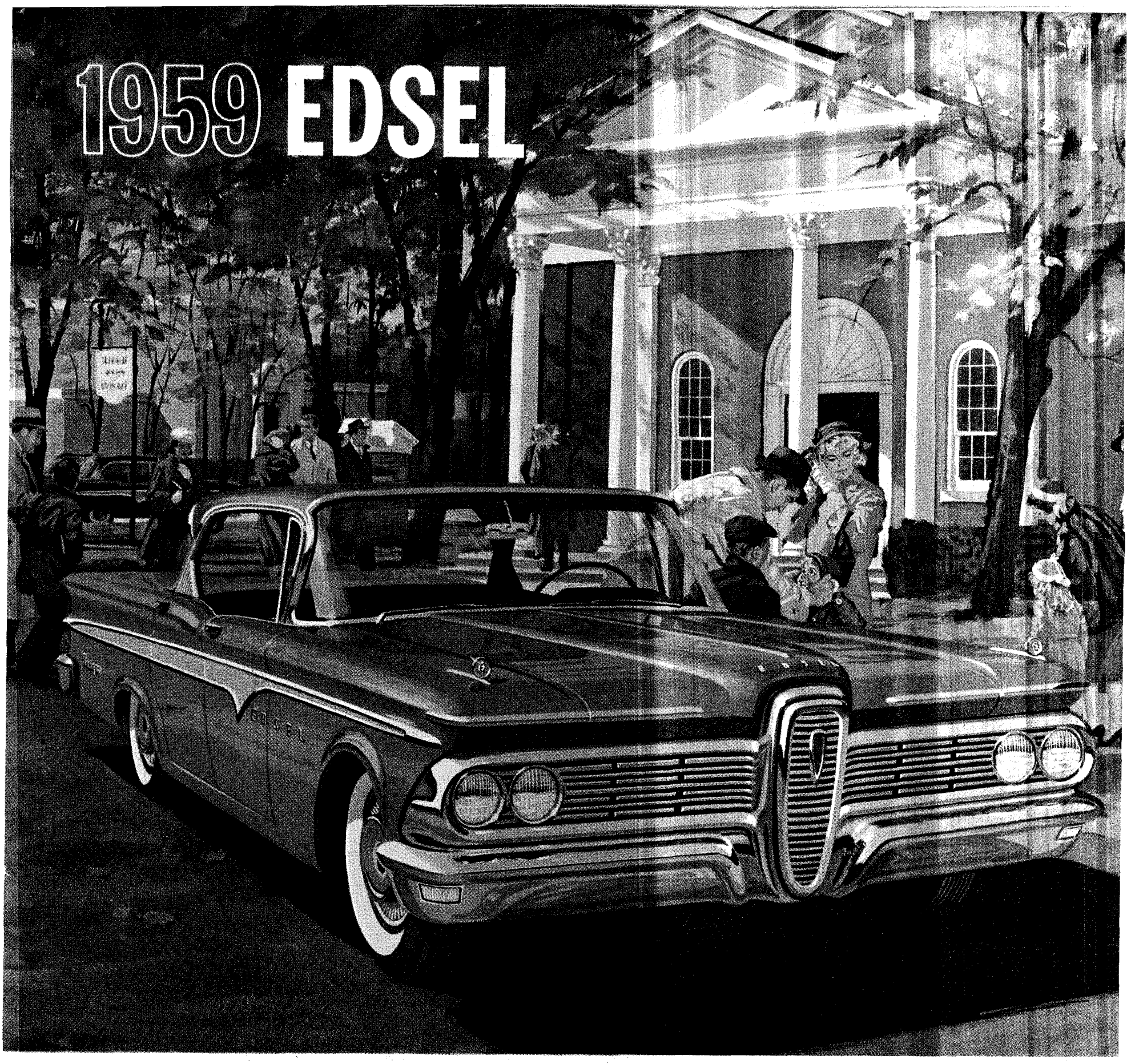
Next time a cold strikes, start and stay with Bufferin. You can use it continually—as directed—without fear of stomach irritation.



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions, even faster for many others.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



High in distinction–but low in price!

Makes history by making sense

Exciting new kind of car! Luxury without going overboard. Power without gulping gas. Full-size, six-passenger comfort. And priced with the most popular three!

This is a new breed of car. A car with looks, features, power *and price* that make sense. It's styled with beauty and grace you usually find only in expensive cars. It's soundly engineered. Edsel's compact 120-inch wheelbase makes parking a pleasure. Yet there's room for six adults to ride *comfortably*. You get your choice of four new Edsel engines including a thrifty six and a new *economy* V-8. Plus practical luxury features like contour seats and self-adjusting brakes. Price? *The 1959 Edsel is actually priced with the most popular three—Plymouth, Chevrolet and Ford!*

EDSEL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

November 29, 1958 *Vol. 231, No. 22*

4 Short Stories

Mark of Cain . . . . . *Noel Clad* 22
Gem Thief . . . . . *Michael Forrestier* 30
Too Late for Love . . . . . *Ken W. Purdy* 34
A Deal With a Lady . . . . . *S. Omar Barker* 37

9 Articles

Stand By for Climate Control . . . *Capt. Howard T. Orville, U.S.N. (Ret.), as told to Joe Alex Morris* 19
Adventures of the Mind, 15: The End of Empire . . . . *D. W. Brogan* 24
Go West, But Keep Your Guard Up . . . . *William L. Worden* 26
The Face of America: Annual Ritual . . . . *Photograph by Bill Shrout* 28
It's Tough to Get by Joe . . . . *Myron Cope* 31
Stop Driving Your Pet Crazy . . . . *Stanley Frank* 32
The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck (Last of three articles) . . . *C. S. Forester* 36
Let's Have a Little Less Nonsense About Those Pilgrims
That Mythical "First Thanksgiving" . . . . *Virginius Dabney* 38
Who Says They Were First? . . . . *John Gould* 39

Serial

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa (Sixth of eight parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 43

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 64, 73, 98, 106
Hazel 122
Keeping Posted 124

THE COVER

It looks as if artist Amos Sewell's cover urchin is entering a bathtub of his own free will, and is therefore outwitting himself. Johnny's decision to try out his diving gear has made him forget to remember that using water for the purpose of getting clean is bitterly repugnant to him. Mother could remind him of this, but why burden his little mind with confusing thoughts? So down Johnny will dive into the mysterious depths, seeking treasure on the floor of the sea, and down there he may well find a bar of soap. Then if mother and son excitedly agree that Johnny has found a rare specimen of submarine life worth maybe a trillion dollars or more, they will be sharing just a little white lie from which, as mother makes with the soap, great good will come.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates *from your address label on the cover:* The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

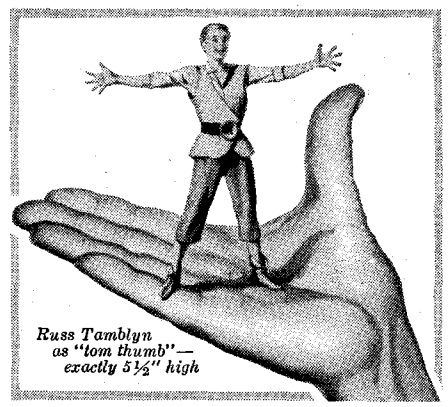
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

The world-loved story of "tom thumb" has become a milestone of movie imagination. Not since M-G-M's "The Wizard of Oz" has there been a comparable offering with such universal appeal. It is a unique screen entertainment.

The challenge of making a production with a real live leading man only five and a half inches high was formidable. Magician-director-producer George Pal, already a four-time Academy Award winner, met it so adroitly with a combination of live players and animated Puppetoons, his own invention, that our advice is not to wonder how it's done but just to enjoy the wonder of it.



Russ Tamblyn as "tom thumb"— exactly 5½" high

© LOEW'S, INC. 1958

Russ Tamblyn is especially suited to the role of the thumb-high hero since it requires unusual gymnastic and dancing skill. Tamblyn's minute size on the screen in proportion to the normal height of the other players and the big world about him is a continued source of amazement and delight at the ingenuity of it all.

"tom thumb", A Galaxy Picture in Technicolor®, literally teems with talents, for instance: screen, radio and TV star Alan Young; June Thorburn, his pretty sweetheart who magically disappears when he becomes too amorous; Terry-Thomas and Peter Sellers, Continental comedy duo of villainous mien; plus Jessie Matthews, Bernard Miles and many more.

Ladislas Fodor did the screenplay based on the story from the pen of the Brothers Grimm. Peggy Lee has written several of the delightful songs: "tom thumb's tune" and "Are You a Dream". Popular Stan Freberg is heard as the voice of "The Yawning Man" written by Fred Spielman and Kermit Goell. Mr. Spielman, collaborating with Janice Torre, also contributed the songs "After All These Years" and "The Talented Shoes", one of the most imaginative among the spectacular sights and sounds.

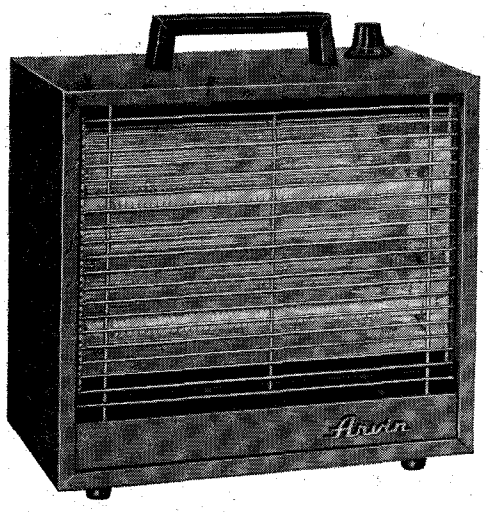
The wonderful world of "tom thumb" beckons to you. The tiny star's joyous musical adventure is indeed destined to become a giant of the screen.

P. S. Hollywood forecasts another M-G-M screen giant, Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Anatole Litvak production "The Journey."

©1958 Loew's, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...a self-regulating Arvin heater provides it instantly, economically



For baby's protection in bath or nursery—or when he prowls the living room floor—you can't beat the quick, extra heat of a portable, automatic Arvin heater. Invaluable, too, for the comfort of chill-sensitive older persons, or to spread warmth throughout any underheated area.

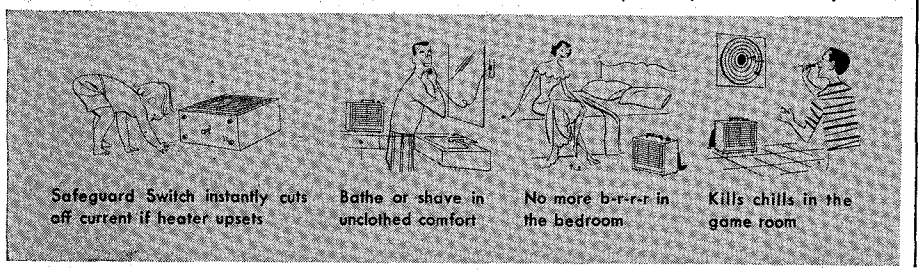
Any time, anywhere, your Arvin provides extra heat instantly and maintains it automatically. Accurate thermostat turns it off and on to keep the temperature exactly as you want it. Saves electricity because it doesn't run when it isn't needed.

Model 5516 (top) delivers 1320 watts of fan-forced heat, costs only $17.95; Model 5824 (left) 1650 watts of fan-forced plus radiant heat, $24.95. Other types and sizes $12.95 to $89.95. Write for illustrated folder: Dept. HS5-811, Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.

Arvin

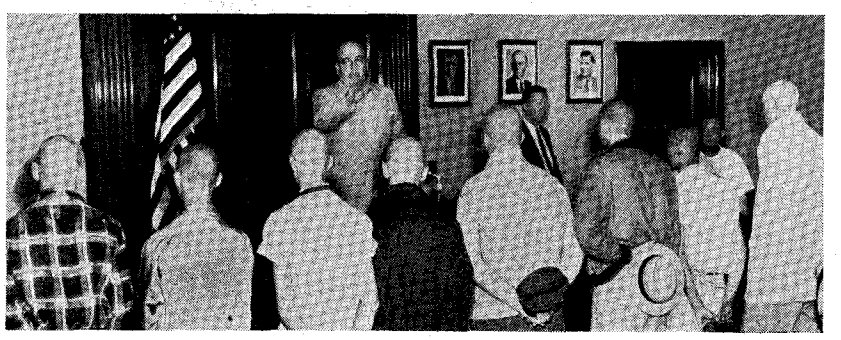
GREATEST NAME IN HEATERS

Arvin also makes Home Radios, Phonographs, Car Heaters, Ironing Tables, Outdoor Grills, Leisure Furniture and Electric Fans.


Safeguard Switch instantly cuts off current if heater upsets
Bathe or shave in unclothed comfort
No more b-r-r-r in the bedroom
Kills chills in the game room

Letters

SCALP TREATMENT



Gang-fighters' reward.

Dear Sirs:

In your article BETTER COURTS FOR KIDS [by Ruth and Edward Brecher, Oct. 25], appeared a picture [above] of a scene in my court in which eight boys had their heads shorn. This picture, standing alone, without further explanation in the article, was a low blow. . . .

This incident was a result of a gang fight in which one boy had his head split open with a tire iron. His head had to be shaved for necessary surgery. The boys [in the picture] were under the age of 18 and those who were over 18 were charged with contributing to the delinquency of the younger ones. The victim's shaved head suggested my course of action. These boys were not "hard core" delinquents. Most of them were led into this senseless fight because they didn't want to be called "chicken". . . . I merely wanted to slow them down and make them think what might have happened if the injured boy had died. . . .

Since the bald-head treatment over a year ago, there have been no large gang fights in Gary. I like to believe that my decision may have had some deterrent effect. . . .

If the ordering of haircuts will help some beginning delinquents, I will continue to experiment with "primitive methods of rehabilitation" whenever I deem it necessary, for in many cases humiliation and fear are the only tools that can be effectively utilized by a juvenile court judge.

JUDGE JOSEPH MESZAR
Lake County Juvenile Court
Gary, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

What did the judge do to get *his* head shaved?

EARL WILSON
Chillicothe, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

"Better Courts for Kids" throws a bright light on the critical needs of our nation's juvenile courts. . . .

There was an unfortunate error which we would like to call to the attention of your readers. The article stated that the Advisory Council of Judges is "a task force of judicial leaders from all over the country assembled by the National Probation and Parole Association and the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation to pool their experiences for the benefit of judges everywhere." Actually it is the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation which is rendering this great public service.

WILL C. TURNBLADH, *Director*
National Probation and Parole Assn.
New York, N.Y.

● *The above-named foundations were set up by two of the children of tobacconan R. J. Reynolds. The complexity of Reynolds family relationships confused the authors Brecher and the copy editors alike.—ED.*

Should Boxing be Banned?

Dear Sirs:

Boxing fans should raise a storm over LET'S ABOLISH BOXING [by Harold Barnes, as told to Al Silverman, Oct. 25]. . . .

Perhaps Barnes should have . . . ignored the "challenge" to serve as judge in this "brutal" business and dedicated himself to grinding lenses. [Barnes is an optometrist.] His squinted, squeamish attitude should certainly qualify him as *persona non grata* with the N.Y. Athletic Commission and they would be wise to retire him.

MIKE TRIOLO, *Boxing Director*
Catholic Youth Organization
Chicago, Ill.

● *Barnes decided to retire from his post after the boxing commissioner's recent request that he not apply for renewal of his license. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

This writer, for one, would be satisfied to watch boxing matches wherein the contestants wear training headgear. Then perhaps the sport could be retained and the brutality eliminated.

ISADORE M. YANUS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

While engaged in this lengthy study, [Barnes] judged 6000 fights at approximately $50 per fight, a tidy sum of $300,000. I can readily understand why it took him such an undue amount of time to blow the whistle on boxing as a sport.

LAWRENCE MCCAHILL
Syracuse, N.Y.

● *That judge's fee is not for a single bout, but for an entire boxing show of 5–7 bouts. Barnes estimates that in 37 years he has grossed $24,000 at $10 to $250 per show. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

We passed laws against bullfighting, bearbaiting, dog fights, cocking mains and dueling. Why hasn't the cruel sport of boxing been outlawed? Why do we let one man beat another man into insensibility and for money? . . . It is not the boxers who make the big money but the promoters of the fights and, by and large, they are all crooked as a dog's hind leg.

DR. ROLLAND B. MOORE
Allerton, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

There is always room for improvement, but the New York State Athletic Commission has pointed the way to minimize dangers in boxing for professionals and amateurs. There has not been a single ring death and relatively few injuries in New York State in the last six years. . . .

New York State has an eminent, Governor-appointed Medical Advisory Board

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So giveable...
and now so reasonable...
and they're 23 jewels accurate!

Most unusual. Lord & Lady Elgin Watches—always one of the most coveted Christmas gifts—can now be yours for as little as $59.50! What's more, this is the most *exciting* group of Lord & Lady Elgins ever. Exciting because of their exclusive Horizon Styling . . . so thin, so smartly *visible*. There simply aren't any other watches quite like them in the world! Exciting, too, because of the accuracy and dependability that come with a 23-jewel Elgin movement. Exciting because instead of paying a premium, you actually pay less for Lord & Lady Elgin Watches than ever before! Doesn't someone on your Christmas list deserve this once-in-a-lifetime gift? Lord & Lady Elgin Watches are sold through franchised local Elgin dealers.

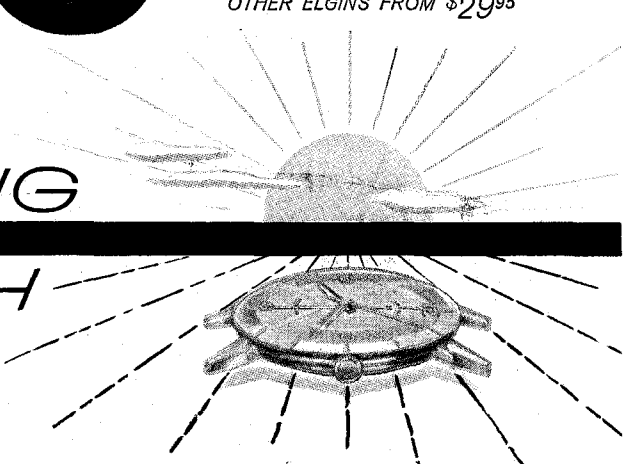
Lord and Lady Elgin

NOW AS LOW AS

$59.50

OTHER ELGINS FROM $29.95

HORIZON STYLING EXCLUSIVE WITH



ELGIN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WATCHES SINCE TIME BEGAN

A. Lord Elgin DuPree—Handsome, rugged gift for your man! Now only **$59.50**

B. Lady Elgin Linda — also in white. Beauty and durability for only **$59.50**

C. Lady Elgin Midway — Wrap-around crystal. Expansion bracelet. **$79.50**

D. Lord Elgin Everest—Self-winding. Thin and trim, waterproof* **$89.50**

E. Lady Elgin Devotion —Two diamonds set in lovely 14kt. white gold case. **$100**

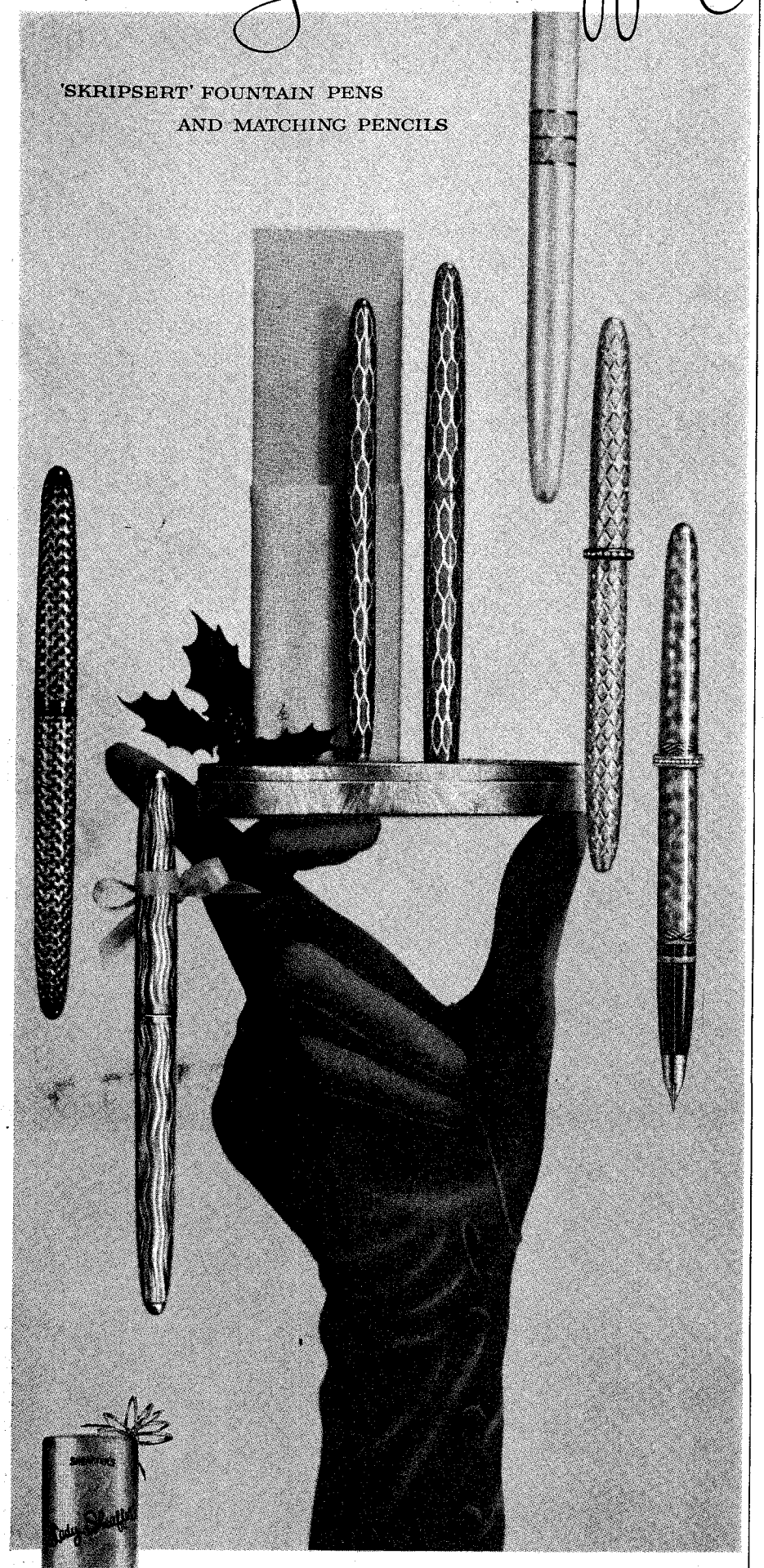
F. Lord Elgin Briarwood — New! Floating hour disc, wrap-around crystal. **$100**

Every Lord & Lady Elgin is shock-resistant, has guaranteed unbreakable DuraPower mainspring. All prices include Federal Tax.
**When case, crown and crystal are intact.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW Lady Sheaffer

'SKRIPSERT' FOUNTAIN PENS
AND MATCHING PENCILS



HANG FASHION ON HER CHRISTMAS TREE!

This is the very first Christmas you can give her this exciting *new* accessory! Jewel-crafted treasure...in nineteen fashion motifs. With fabric Purse Case... and matching Pouch for reserve *Skrip* cartridges. Fountain Pens from $10. Matching Fineline Pencils from $4.95. Holiday gift-boxed, of course.

Fashioned by SHEAFFER'S (PATENTS PENDING)

SEE "GIFT OF THE MAGI" ON SHEAFFER'S CHRISTMAS SHOWCASE—CBS-TV—DEC. 9

©1958 W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

composed of eight members, who serve unselfishly on a non-salary basis. These physicians, including the writer, do not believe in abolishing boxing. They do believe in boxing properly controlled, adequately officiated, and medically supervised. . . .

However, Harold Barnes is certainly entitled to his belated individual opinion.

MARVIN A. STEVENS, *M.D.*
Chairman, Medical Advisory Board
N.Y. State Athletic Commission
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I do not agree with the viewpoint . . . in this article.

It is my feeling that one of the difficulties of our present-day world is the attempt to overcivilize mankind and take away all the outlets which he has for his baser instincts. . . . These instincts build up to such a degree from time to time that they erupt into a war.

H. L. NEWBOLD, *M.D.*
Instructor in Psychiatry
Northwestern University
Chicago, Ill.

No Offense Meant

Dear Sirs:

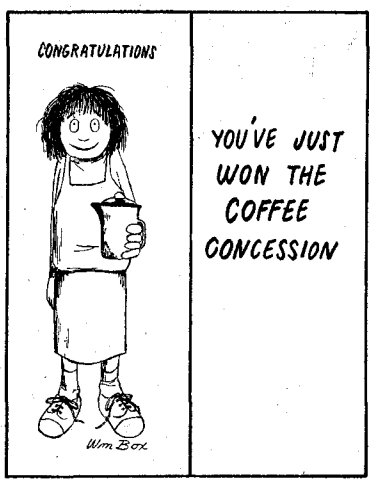
[Re GREETING CARDS WITH NO INHIBITIONS, by Joe Hyams, Oct. 25]:

Do you suppose Mr. Box and Mr. Kennedy have had a request yet for a card designed especially for the unbusy neighbor who drops in daily for three or four cups of coffee? . . . Is there any way to say without offending, "I just don't want company!"?

My nerves are cracking. Please help me—but don't use my name.

Name Withheld
Chattanooga, Tenn.

● *Dear Mrs. Name Withheld: Here is a greeting card prepared just for you by Messrs. Box and Kennedy.—ED.*



Dear Sirs:

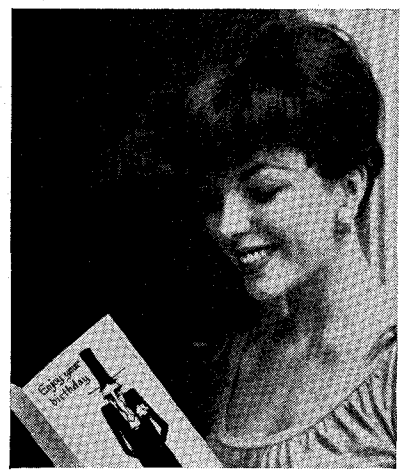
I would like to put on record that I take no responsibility for the fact that my psychological drawings—honest and useful observations—somehow inspired an industry which, mistaking sadism for satire, publishes ready-made insults for people to send one another. . . .

Incidentally, I did not earn a quarter of a million dollars on the card edition of my drawing, "People are no damn good," as Mr. Hyams says he heard. But I could make it if sales continued at their best rate for another century.

WILLIAM STEIG
Cream Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to discover in one of the illustrations [below] . . . that you neglected to identify the very lovely . . . Hollywood star Joan Collins.



Sorry, Miss Collins. Our oversight.—ED.

Even though I am fortunate enough to be Miss Collins' press representative, I am not offended by this oversight, because I know that your lack of caption was a *beau geste*, rather than an oversight. Of course the Post's editors realized that Joan Collins' perfect visage is so well known by its readers that giving her name would have been redundant.

JUDD BERNARD
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Orbit Flight

Dear Sirs:

After reading the concluding installment of ORBIT FLIGHT by Frank Harvey [Oct. 11–18] I closed the magazine. Anything else that might have been in it would have been a disappointing anticlimax.

Harvey wrote Orbit Flight with such reserve and restraint, with such sensitivity, that it is unparalleled drama. . . .

Thank you for a rare experience.

JIM CURRAN
Marshall, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Page 77, your issue of Oct. 11, "Some had gold lightning on their visored field-grade caps."

Doesn't Mr. Harvey mean *silver* lightning? Ask any field-grade Air Force officer.

A. C. M. AZOG
New York, N.Y.

● *Navy veteran Harvey promises to be more careful next time. —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

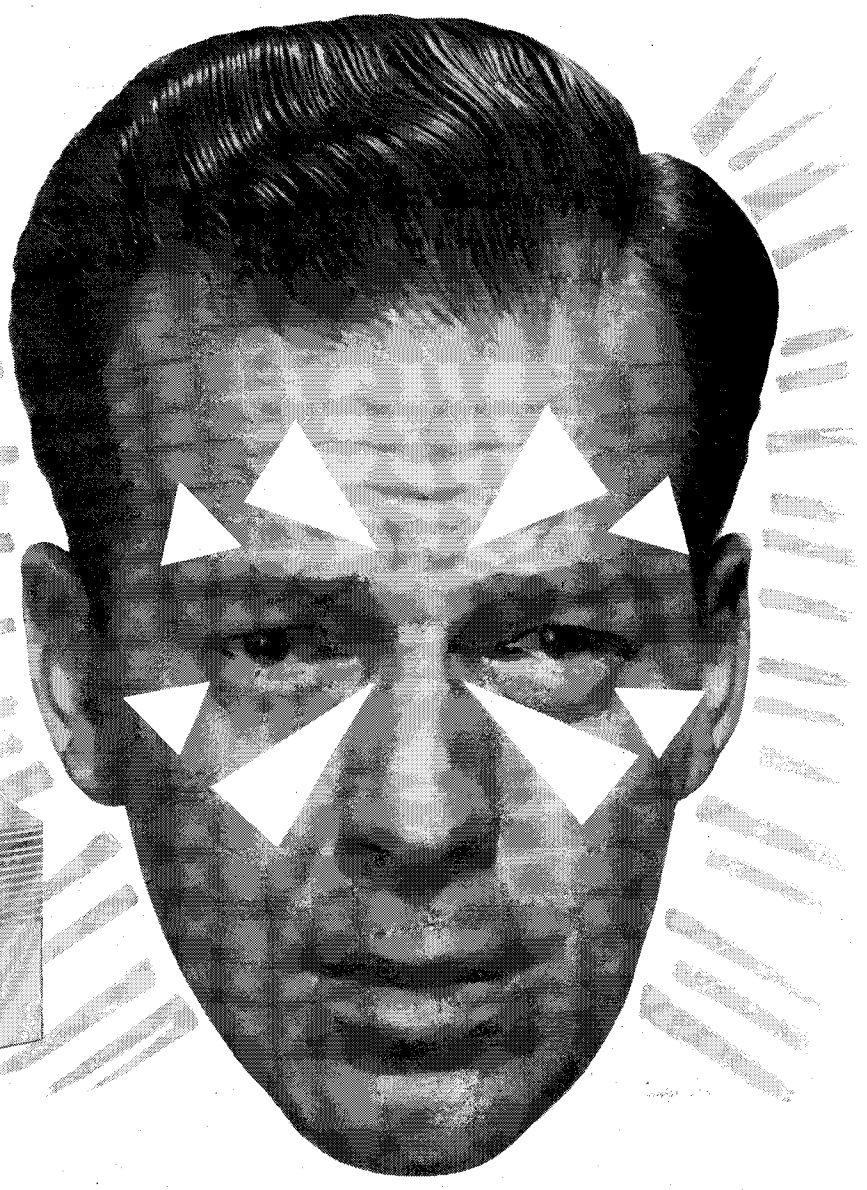
Reading across pages, then down:

4–United Press International. • 6–Sid Avery. • 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20, 21–A. Leydenfrost. 22, 23–Peter Stevens. • 24–Philippe Halsman. • 26, 27–Gene Lester. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. 30–Paul Nonnast. • 31–United Press International; Larry Keighley. • 32, 33–Frank Ross. 34, 35–Joe DeMers. • 36–Wide World; Combine. • 37–Dick Stone. • 38–Ollie Atkins; Culver. • 39–George Burns. • 43–James R. Bingham. • 49–A. Leydenfrost. • 110–Culver. 115–Culver. • 118–Map by Center Studio. • 124–Anonymous; Harry Saltzman; Curtis Photo; Ollie Atkins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Relief Of

SINUS CONGESTION and COLDS MISERY



Get This Revolutionary 3-Layer Tablet—

HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

Relieves Congestion that Causes So Much Colds Suffering

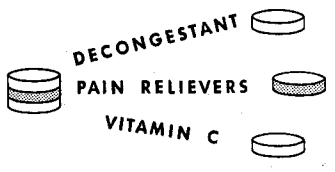
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...the amazing medical discovery that has brought unprecedented relief to millions of sinus sufferers...*also offers dramatic relief from colds distress.*

That's because...for the first time, DRISTAN makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

Working through the bloodstream, it reaches all sinus areas and relieves congestion deep within head areas inaccessible to other forms of medication. It shrinks swollen sinus membranes and helps promote free drainage. Then, as clogged passages are cleared, relief from colds miseries follows.

Free breathing is restored. Pressure and pain relieved. Fever reduced. Postnasal drip controlled.

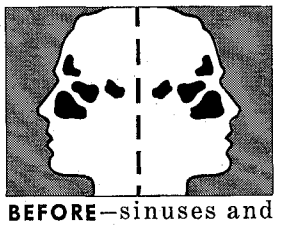
DRISTAN GIVES YOU:



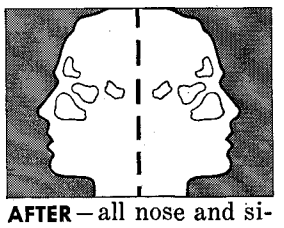
1. The *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors.
2. *Pain Relievers,* a highly effective combination of ingredients for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block the allergic reaction often associated with colds.
3. *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose) to help build body resistance to infection.

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

You need no prescription for DRISTAN. Guaranteed to relieve the miseries of sinus congestion and colds...or purchase price refunded.



BEFORE—sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus ...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER—all nose and sinus areas decongested ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas shop in one stop!

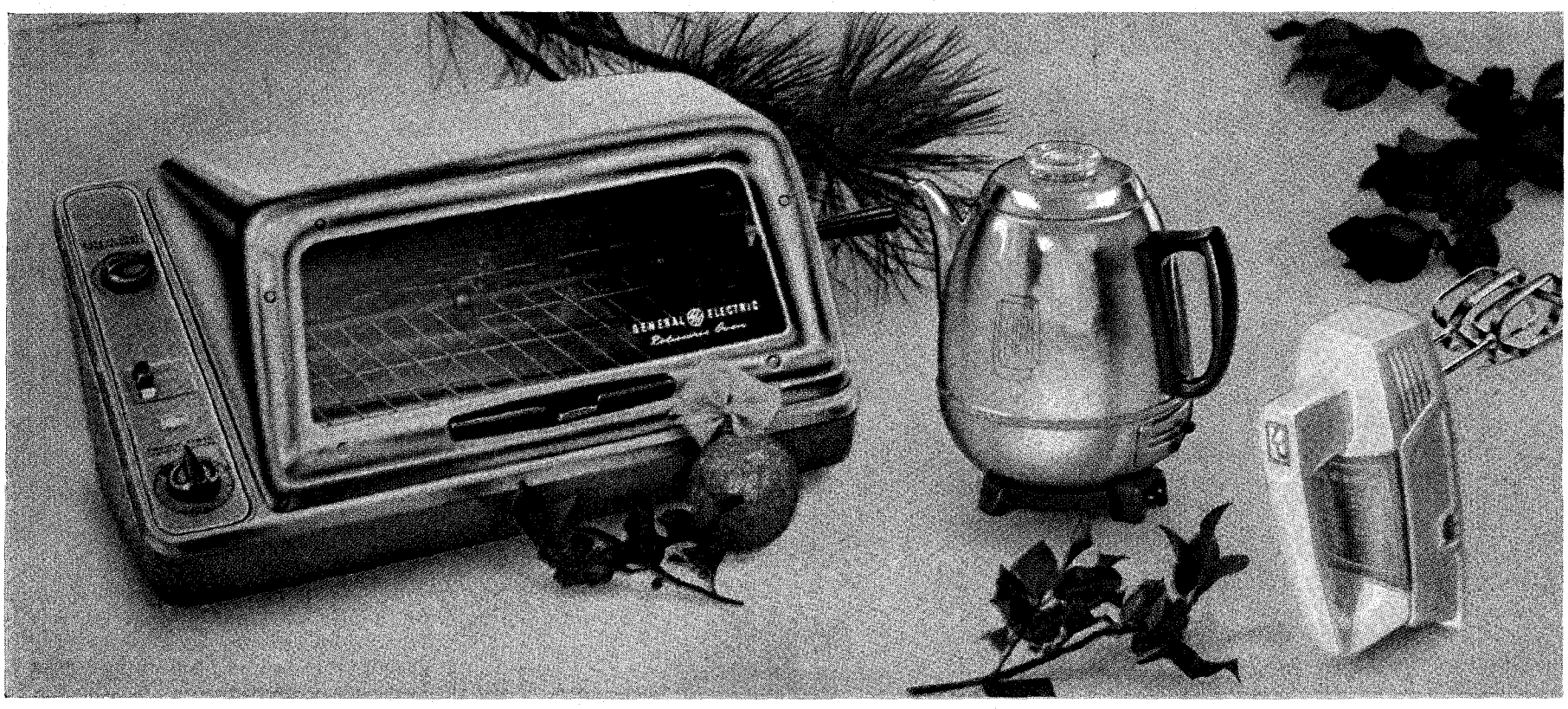
This Christmas do <u>all</u> your gift shopping at your General Electric dealer's

Automatic Blanket . . . Comfort-Selector keeps temperature at exact level selected. Six smart new colors. Custom-tailored corners. Completely washable.

New All-Transistor Pocket Radio . . . So small, this tiny radio fits pocket or purse. Plays on low-cost penlight batteries. Earphone jack. Choice of colors.

New Clock-Radio with Nite-Lite and Snooz-Alarm® . . . Wakes you, lets you cat nap, calls again. Soft night light, every automatic feature. Choice of colors.

All-Purpose Floor Polisher . . . Waxes, polishes, scrubs, even cleans rugs. Complete line of optional accessories available. All attachments "snap-on."



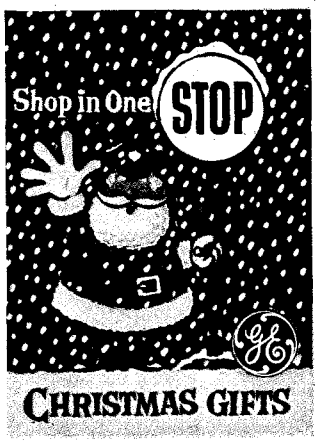
Rotisserie Oven . . . Most accurate thermostatic control of *any* rotisserie—it's actually a second oven! Plus flip-top lid for easy access. Telechron® electric timer, Calrod® heating elements. Only 12 inches high.

De Luxe Automatic Coffee Maker . . . A strikingly handsome appliance with brew selector that perks coffee to your taste every time . . . automatically, then keeps it hot, without reperking, until you're ready.

Portable Mixer . . . Weighs less than three pounds, yet powerful enough for the heaviest cake batters; gentle enough for the most delicate sauces. Three-speed control and mixing chart. In four colors.

* Trade-mark of General Electric Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY!

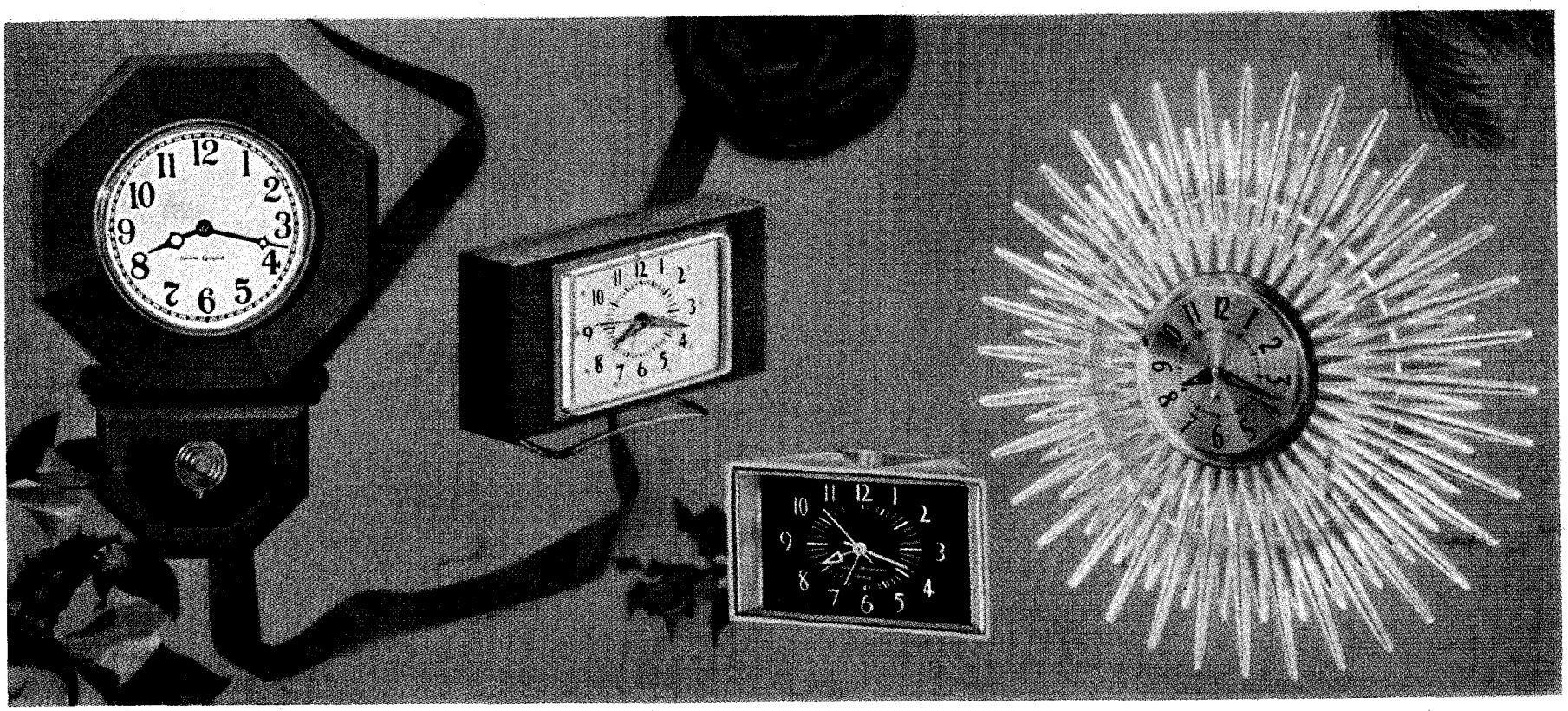
RELAX—and do your Christmas shopping right from these pages. Just look over these practical General Electric gift suggestions and, whatever you plan to spend, chances are that you'll find the right kind of gift for everyone on your Christmas gift list.

Then take this list and *shop in one stop* at your General Electric dealer's. If you've been planning to make your gift dollars work just a little bit harder this year, we guarantee that you'll be pleasantly surprised. Buy *now*—you'll get extra values!

General Electric Company, Housewares & Radio Receiver Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

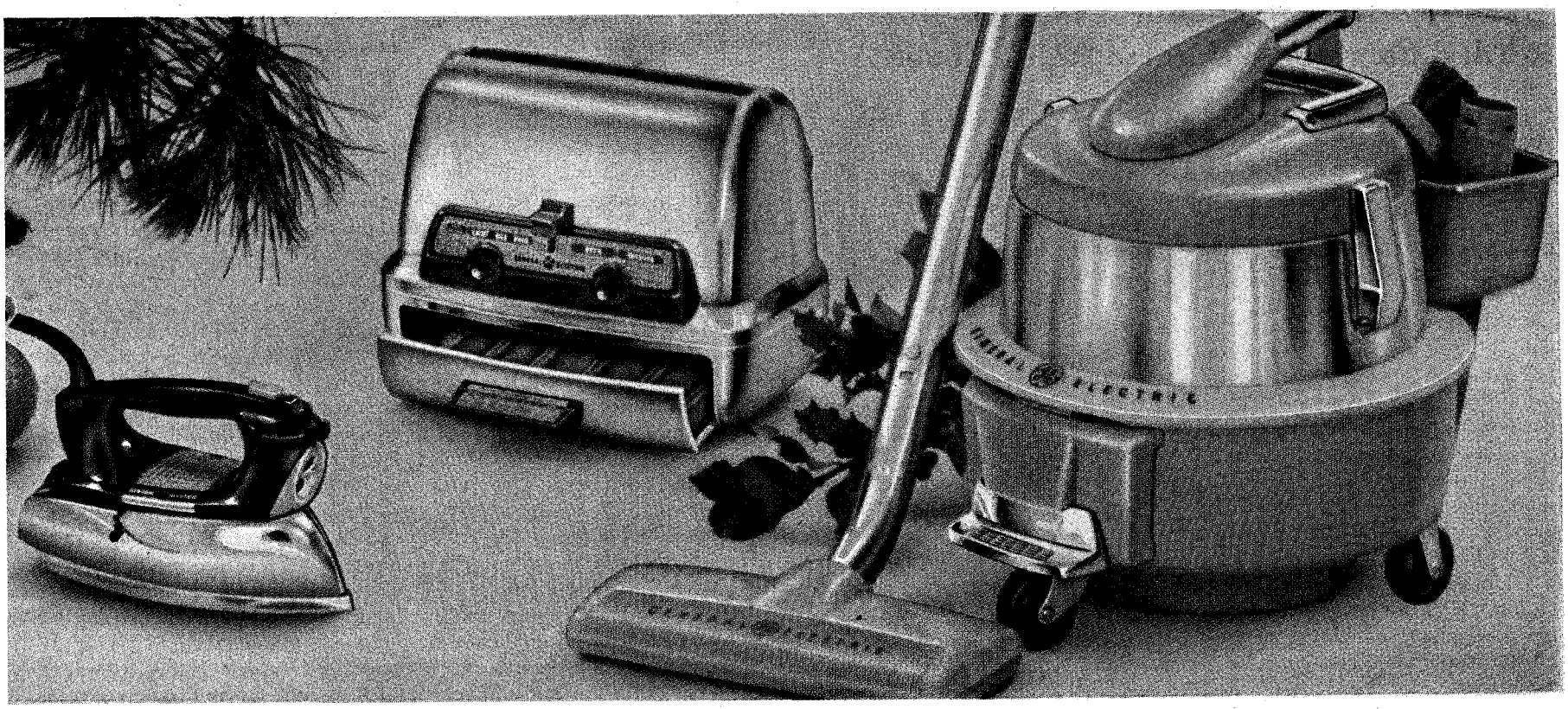


School-Days Clock . . . An authentic replica of the schoolroom clock with swinging pendulum. Quaint charm in miniature. Fruitwood finish case.

Longwood Clock . . . A long, low and handsome alarm for bedroom, desk or den. Rich African mahogany case. Hands and hour-markers are luminous.

Royal Snooz-Alarm® Clock . . . The new kind of alarm that wakes you, lets you snooze, then wakes you again. Luminous. Sea-mist, pink or beige.

New Starburst Clock . . . In majestic gold color with crystal-clear rays all around. Rich gold color face with black numerals. Never needs winding.



Spray, Steam & Dry Iron . . . Irons all fabrics instantly and easily. New exclusive spray feature lets you sprinkle clothes as you iron. Erases stubborn wrinkles, even pressed-in creases, in a jiffy. Lightweight.

Toast-R-Oven*. . . "Upstairs" it's a fully automatic toaster—"downstairs" a toasting oven that lets you make buttered toast, melted cheese sandwiches—or keep servings warm for latecomers.

New Cord Reel Cleaner . . . At a touch of your toe the cord stores itself inside the cleaner! Attachments ride "piggy back." Double-Action cleaning unit adjusts automatically to rugs or bare floor surfaces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Let's Not Drop Our Nuclear Guard!

One of the chief problems to engage the historians of the future may be how the United States of America, at the peak of its power, ever was euchred into abandoning the one mighty weapon that held its enemies at bay. Anyone can see that our nuclear arsenal is the only thing that stands between the free world and the long night of Communism. No number of Geneva conferences, no matter how "hopeful," can change that stubborn fact.

Yet credulous people, including many in this country, are eagerly promoting the Kremlin's drive to ban nuclear tests unconditionally without considering the fact that this is merely the first step in Moscow's grand design to strip us of the H-bomb itself. Khrushchev himself has frankly stated, "After the termination of nuclear-weapons tests, it would be possible to raise the question of the powers making a solemn undertaking not to use hydrogen and atomic weapons and henceforth to adopt a decision on the total prohibition of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons. . . ." Wishful thinking has blinded so many people to reality that men like Strauss and Teller, who insist that the tests are essential if we are to maintain our national existence, are treated as cruel warmongers.

Already the Kremlin has won a propaganda victory of crucial importance. It has convinced millions in the West that the nuclear bomb is somehow more immoral and abhorrent than other weapons. So strong did the feeling against nuclear blasts become a few months ago that the Eisenhower Administration felt compelled to agree to a year-to-year ban on the tests, provided certain conditions were met. Those conditions included a start toward general disarmament, a point that Mr. Dulles has loyally insisted on, despite the brickbats thrown at him for doing so.

In a brilliant article in Foreign Affairs recently, Henry A. Kissinger, Associate Director of the Harvard Center for International Affairs, explored the little-understood tie-in between continued tests and national security. Arguing that our present stockpile of nuclear equipment is not varied enough, Kissinger maintains that we must develop a whole fistful of smaller atomic weapons to bridge the present dangerous gap between conventional arms and the awesome superbombs.

Kissinger also makes the point that a complete test ban would be a mortal blow to our weapons laboratories. Our nuclear testing program involves thousands of scientists and dozens of installations of fabulous complexity. If test blasts were completely halted, this whole vast establishment would soon deteriorate. The scientists would drift into other lines of work and the laboratories would concentrate on different tasks. It would take months to reassemble an efficient testing program.

When these points are considered, it becomes readily apparent why the Kremlin is so willing to call a moratorium on testing. Besides crippling our future defensive capabilities, such a ban would weaken the will of the free world to use nuclear weapons even under severe provocation. Indeed, there is already considerable pressure on all nations to renounce the use of the bomb entirely. Lord Bertrand Russell and Author Philip Toynbee, son of Arnold Toynbee, have bluntly asserted that they prefer surrender to World War III.

The one valid argument for curbing nuclear testing is the danger of radioactive fallout. Kissinger suggests that we might work through the United Nations to set a maximum dosage of permissible fallout during ensuing years, and then to assign 50 per cent of this quota to the Communists and 50 per cent to our side. An inspection system to monitor fallout would be set up. Such a program, if enforcible, would put a premium on "clean" bombs and would also let the world see just who is contaminating the atmosphere. All signs indicate that the Soviets have exploded the "dirtiest" bombs, in regard to radiation effects.

Although all of us yearn for peace, we must never forget that our nuclear weapons are our shield and buckler. Take them away and we shall go down on our knees before the enslaved manpower of Russia, Red China, and their dominions.

The Up-to-Date Racecourse Must be Ready to Take Care of the Cardiac Horse Lover

Horse racing has been touted, if you'll pardon the expression, as a means of improving the breed of cavalry mounts, as well as something to "afford an afternoon of pleasure in the open air." After all, racing has become a major industry and, like other industries, thinks it needs an excuse for existence above and beyond the profit motive or the seduction of suckers. The "easing of international tensions" hasn't been mentioned as yet, but with Soviet steeds competing in at least one American turf event, this claim should not be long in coming. If "all men are equal on the turf and under it," perhaps the same equality can be claimed for gamblers of every nation. After all, "eight to one" has a meaning common to adventurous people in all economic environments.

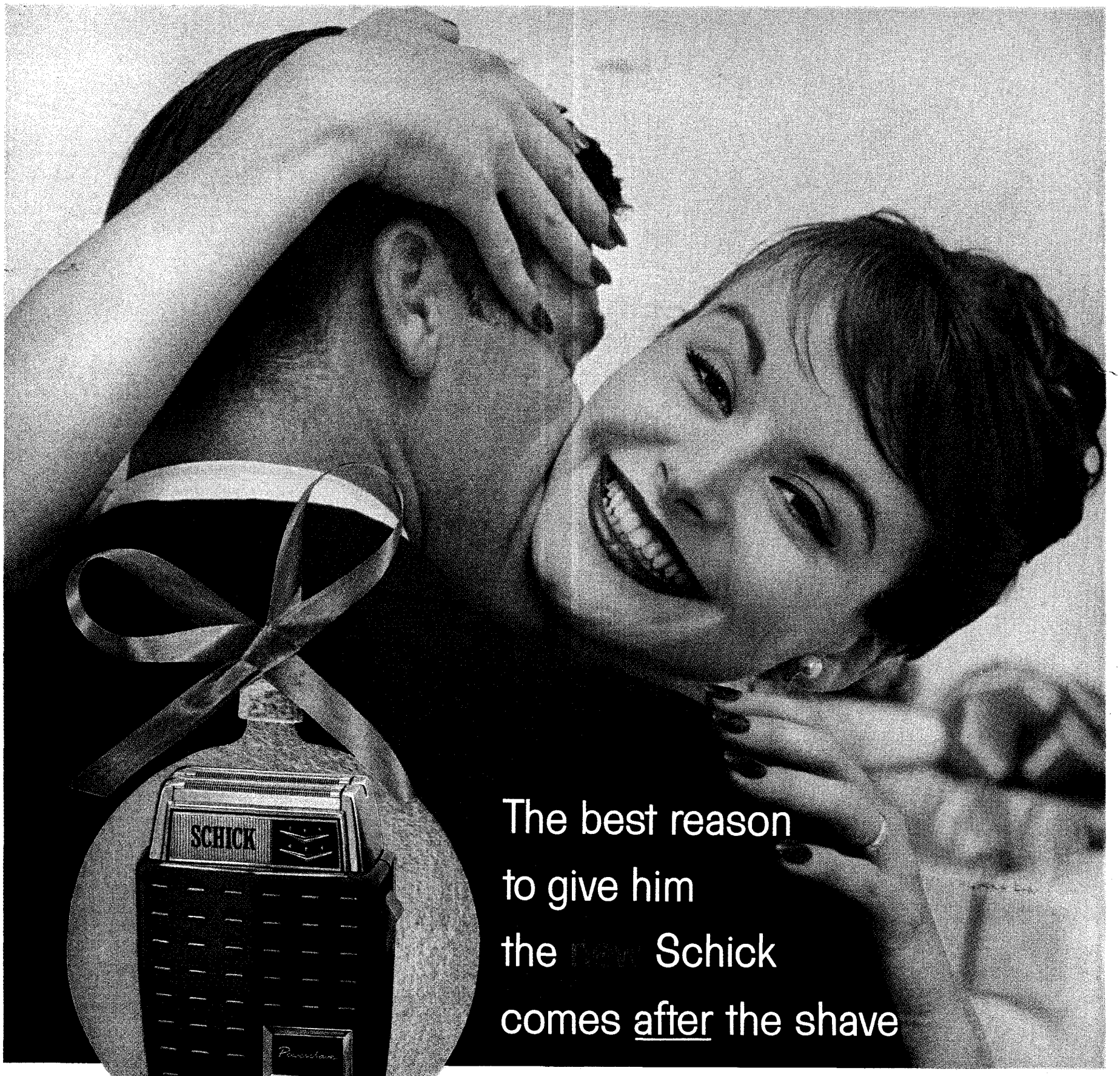
As to the equality of men under the turf, Tom O'Reilly, writing in the New York Morning Telegraph, recently came up with a new switch. Belmont Park, besides being the place to see the fastest horses and fanciest horse players in the U.S.A., turns out to be the best place in the world to drop dead in! At any rate, Mr. O'Reilly quotes Dr. Philip Tuths, one of Belmont's physicians, as saying that he "couldn't think of a better place to have a heart attack. It certainly beats the subway, the streets, the theater, or for that matter a man's own home. . . . I can't think of a safer place for an elderly man with a cardiac condition to pass the time. . . . If he is a betting man, he will have less strain on his heart watching a horse race than he will at a ball game. After all, a race lasts only a little over a minute. A ball game can hang in the balance for hours." And what theater or subway station is equipped, as Belmont Park is, with beds, oxygen tents and everything needed for the fan who hollers himself into collapse?

There are racecourses with less complete hospitalization equipment than prevails at Belmont Park, and probably it would be wise not to visit such tracks, as the insurance people put it, "in contemplation of death." On the other hand, how many of us are prepared to select just the proper setting for such a tragic occurrence? The late Heywood Broun wrote that he never entered a restaurant without looking around for a table near the door to the men's rest room to which he could be quickly removed in case of emergency. Perhaps in this era of "compulsive anxieties," there are others who plan their exits as carefully. Broun, who was a frequent patron of Belmont Park and the other New York horse orchards, seemed less disturbed by frail mortality when out for a day on the turf.

If one must keel over at a race track, let it not be, a horse-loving colleague protests, with a winning ticket in your pocket! The irony, this fellow thinks, would be too sharp, and besides, he doesn't trust the interns. He recalls the 1920 murder of Joseph B. Elwell, the bridge expert, when the inquiring detectives, finding a telegram with a racing tip on the victim's bureau, went out to make a bet on it before setting about the work of finding the murderer. The horse won, but the Elwell murder was never solved!

After all this, it seems only fair to quote Doctor Tuths' admonition not to confuse mere "heart flurries" with heart attacks, which, he says, are comparatively rare at racecourses. Anybody can have a heart flurry during the running of an exciting race. One way to avoid it might be to pay no attention to the race in progress, but to study the form sheets in search of the winner of the next one. That sounds as difficult, for all but the most sorely afflicted, as Dr. Paul Dudley White's prescribed bicycle riding to ward off heart attacks. But some concession has to be made to physical frailty, even at a four-bed race track.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The best reason to give him the new Schick comes after the shave

He'll love you for the good things new Schick Powershave says about him. That he's an up-to-the-minute kind of man—a man who cares about the way he looks.

You'll love him because he is that kind of man. Looks good—feels smooth. Always clean shaven and nice to snuggle up to.

New Schick Powershave with Superaction Edge is the gift for him. Simply because it shaves best—because it's 3 ways the most powerful shaver going. *Powerful fast*—18,000 shaving strokes a minute. *Powerful close*—shaves deep down where the beard begins. *Powerful gentle*—no pinching or pulling, ever. Yes, this year, the best reason to give him the new Schick—comes after the shave.

For beards tough as cactus, skin tender as a toy balloon

Newest idea in shaving! New Built-in *Superaction Edge*. A Schick exclusive. Look for the new blue cap. **Buy now!** Most stores offer 14-day FREE home trial that starts Christmas Day.

Inspiration! Also in Auto/Home model. At home or on the go, he's only a cord's length away from a perfect shave.

ALSO SOLD IN CANADA

NEW SCHICK POWERSHAVE

WITH SUPERACTION EDGE · NEWEST IDEA IN SHAVING

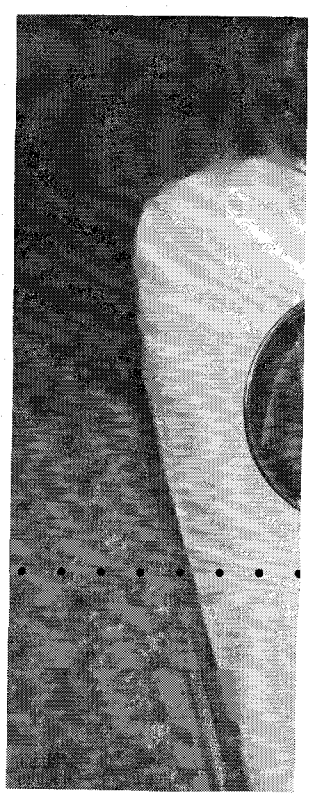
Merry Christmas colors: Glacier White ○ Royal Black ● Desert Tan ◉ Forest Green ◉

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This tough Du Pont plastic helps hold

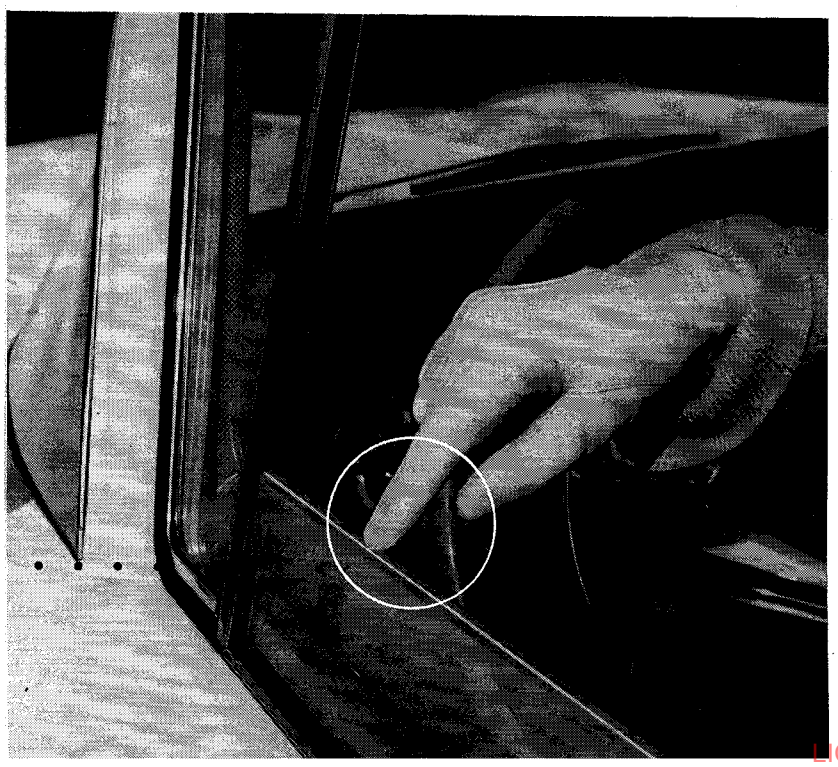
To reduce the hazard of flying glass, as well as to provide other advantages, every car manufactured in the United States has laminated safety glass in its windshield. Most cars have it in the side windows, too . . . some don't!

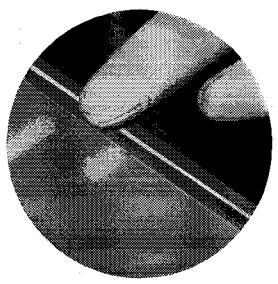
to find out if <u>your</u> car has it . . . . . .



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aminated safety glass together under impact





Look for this thin line along the edge of your car windows. It is the plastic layer laminated between two pieces of glass. It acts as a "safety cushion" under impact, reduces the hazard of flying glass. Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass, but supplies this plastic for making it. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

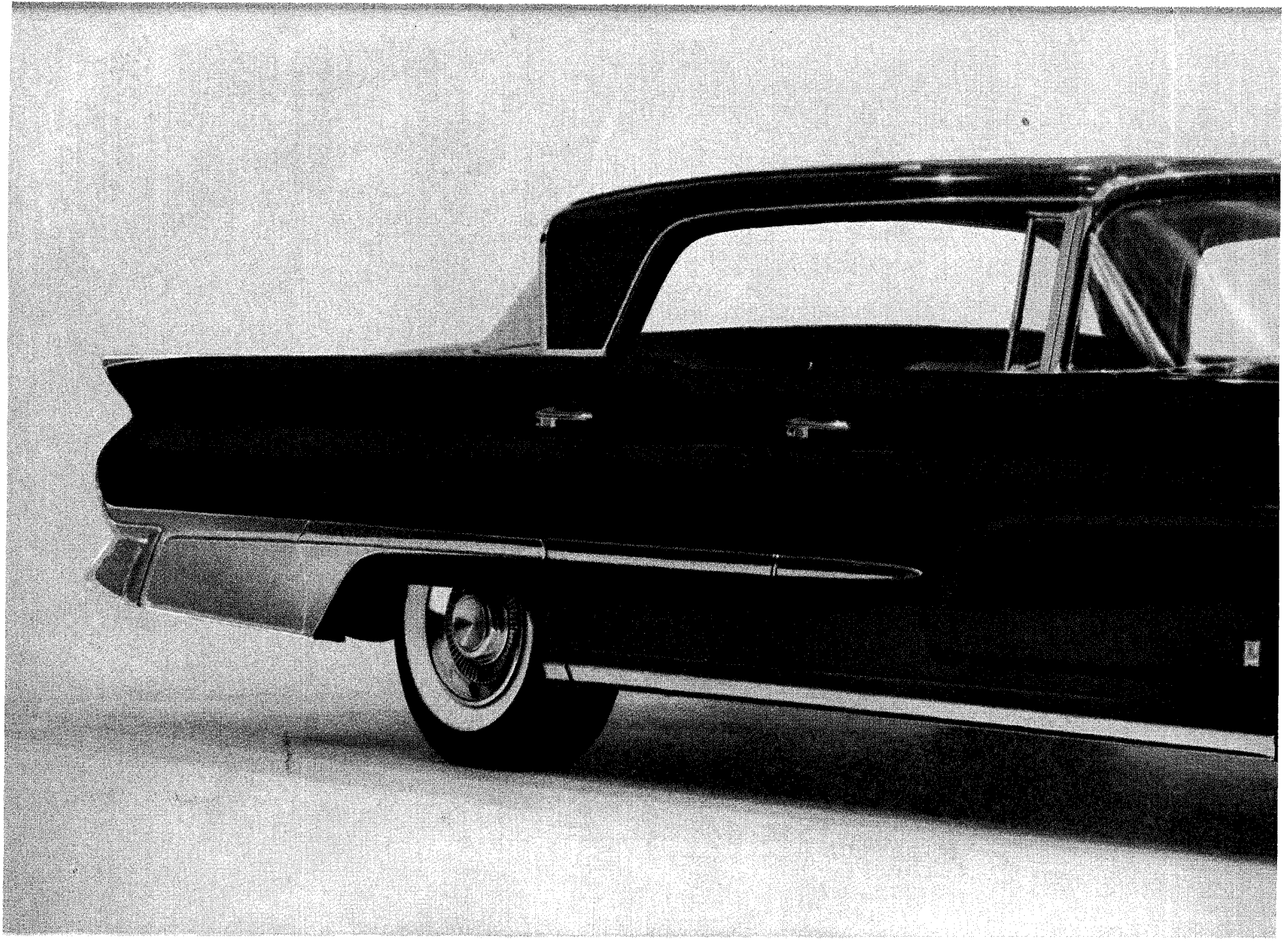
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Polychemicals Dept., Wilmington 98, Del.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Watch the "Du Pont Show of the Month". Ninety minutes of the best in live television—CBS Network.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Lincoln Premiere Landau

MOST DRAMATIC DEBUT OF 1959: NEWEST EDITION OF THE LINCOLN LOOK

A masterpiece at rest... A miracle in motion

Once again a new and magnificent Lincoln makes its dramatic debut.

To be sure, the lineage of its glorious past is apparent—struck beautifully into metal and glass. But there is more, much more, new to see, to feel, to behold.

Here, indeed, is the timeless Lincoln Look with classic lines. It is this ageless look that makes it such a practical investment now, and worth so much more for all the years its owner cares to command it.

It is reassuring, as well, to know that Lincoln for 1959 shares its impressive dimensions, appearance and construction with no other motorcar. While other 1959 cars share their body components with lesser makes, Lincoln, alone, remains completely original.

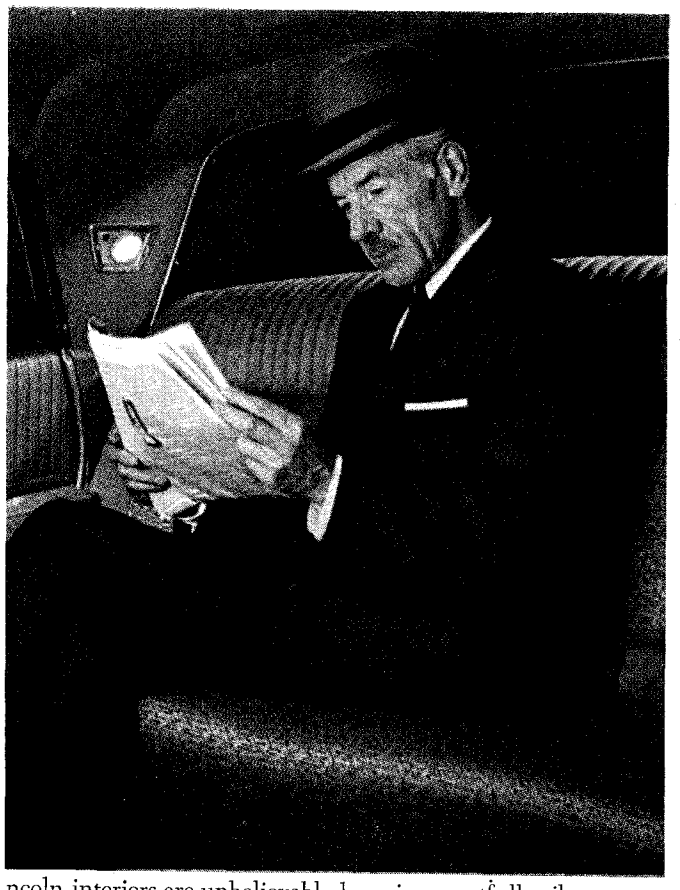
Lincoln's expansive interiors are reminiscent of the great limousines of the past, but finer by far. In truth, no other car is so wide and deep and comfortable inside. And, of course, the soft glove leathers and specially loomed fabrics make it recognized at once as the world's most handsomely appointed automobile.

Impressive power and stalwart safety go hand-in-hand in the Lincoln. Tight driving situations are mastered with incredible ease, while the unique uniframe construction brings a new stability, safety and silence to motoring.

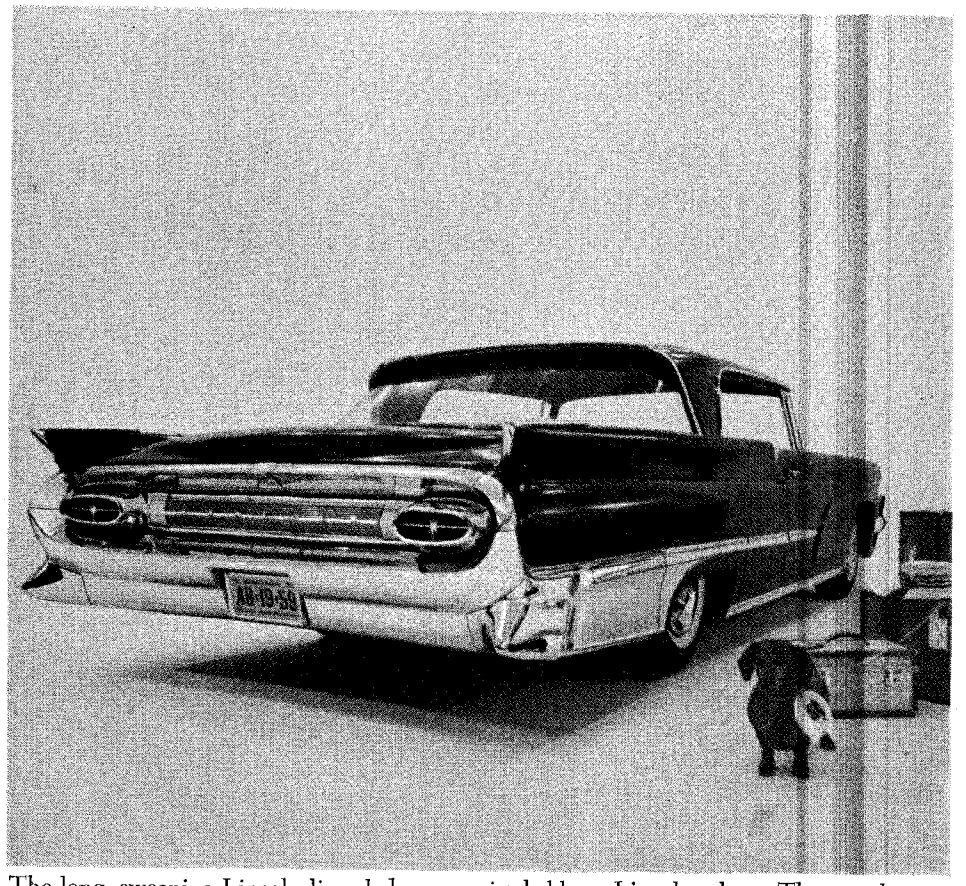
If you yearn for the distinctive, yet wish to invest shrewdly, the new Lincoln must inevitably be your motorcar choice for 1959.

Classic beauty—unexcelled craftsmanship... THE 1959

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ncoln interiors are unbelievably luxurious, restfully silent, won-
rfully comfortable, the most handsomely appointed of any car.



The long, sweeping Lincoln lines belong unmistakably to Lincoln, alone. They are beauti-
fully pure, completely original—and totally unshared with any other car in the world.

LINCOLN LOOK

LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 34th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide Our Children to a Better Future

Should your Child seek a Career in Life Insurance?

by CLARENCE J. MYERS, President, New York Life Insurance Company
(As told to MORTON M. HUNT)

WOULD YOU like your child to be part of a business that has to do with people's brightest hopes and plans? Well, consider one whose commodity is the financial security of three-quarters of all American families.

Would you like him to have a career in a great, far-reaching business? Then how about one which directly serves 109 million Americans and consists of 1,300 companies with home offices in 300 American cities.

Would you like him to share in a business of major economic importance to the nation, as well? Then look into one which is helping finance home building, pipelines, jet passenger travel, iron-ore mines, industrial plants and public utilities.

And would you want him also to work in a business which is bustling and progressive—a "growth industry"? Think, then, about one that uses the latest electronic calculators, that offers new products hardly imagined a generation ago, that has more than doubled its dollar volume in the last ten years.

If these things intrigue you, then the career for your child may be in the business I'm talking about—the life insurance business. It offers young people many important opportunities in a field that has excitement, scope and high purpose.

Life insurance has had as remarkable and vigorous a growth in recent years as almost any business you can name. At the beginning of the century, life insurance protection on the lives of people in the United States totaled less than $8 billion; by 1929—the year of the Crash—it had soared to $102 billion—and it has more than quadrupled since then! A growing demand for financial security, an expanding population, and a rising standard of living are partly responsible.

But also responsible is the forward-looking attitude of our business. More and more companies insure whole families, whole businesses, whole groups of employees—small and large. We offer protection not only against the risk of death, but against the risk of disability and costly expense, due to accident or sickness. We furnish the methods by which people can provide for their own retirement income. Today there is greater scope and flexibility than ever before in meeting individual insurance needs—and budgets—by making the best use of various kinds of policies now available. Because of such developments, last year was the best in the history of our business: Americans bought new life insurance policies amounting to $67 billion of protection, bringing total insurance in force to $458 billion.

No wonder our companies need "electronic brains"—yet more than ever we need good human ones, for the electronic calculator only reckons; it doesn't think creatively. In recent years, our business has been adding 15 thousand new employees to its payroll annually, and total employment will soon reach half a million.

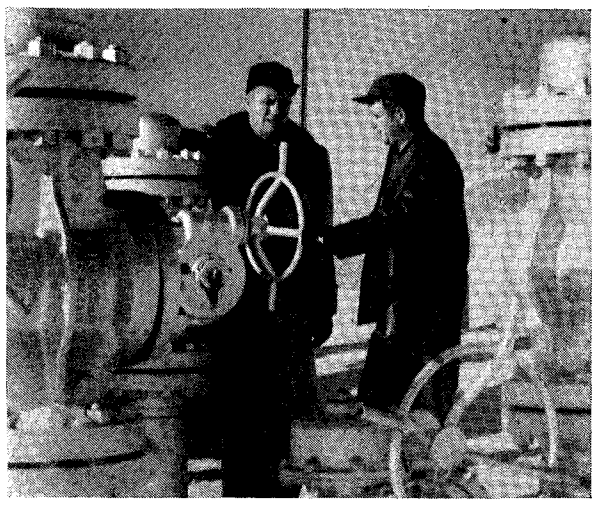
Still there's no leveling off in view. The American people have never owned so much life insurance protection, yet we have hardly scratched the surface. Thirty percent of all Americans still have no life insurance whatever. Forty percent of those who do have it feel that they have too little. And our population continues to expand.

Even more attractive than the size, importance and growth of this business is the special feeling, the deep satisfaction life insurance people develop about their work. We're proud of what we do for people; I hope it won't seem overly sentimental if I say we feel there is an essential goodness about our work.

Something of that spirit is reflected in the investment side of our business also, as well as in our "insurance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operations." Life insurance plays a dual financial role. On the one hand we provide family protection. In so doing, however, we become responsible for investing the funds received from our thrifty policy owners, until such time as the promises in their policies must be fulfilled. We are very mindful of this responsibility, of our duty to invest the money conservatively, yet in ways that will benefit the entire economy our policy owners live in. For example, life insurance companies have traditionally been a major source of mortgage money to help people buy homes of their own. Currently, 3 million mortgages have been made by life insurance companies, providing about one-quarter of all outstanding mortgage money. We take satisfaction and pride, then, not only in safeguarding the future of the American family but in helping importantly, in the process, to build up America itself.



Insurance companies help keep the wheels of our economy turning by loaning tremendous sums of money to business and industry. To protect policy owners' interests, investment analysts go out into the field and collect first-hand facts about firms seeking such capital.

If a career in such a business appeals to your child, you and he will want to know what kind of income it offers. Generally speaking, pay scales are good. The beginning college graduate can expect about $3,600 to $5,000 to start (agents usually start on a combination of salary and commissions). Advancement is reasonably quick; not uncommonly career men earn $10,000 within 5 to 10 years. For those who grow in usefulness, there is a good deal of room in the $15,000 to $25,000 bracket, and a few leaders can, as in other fields, earn a 6-figure income.

But here is a big plus: our employment is not materially affected by boom-and-bust cycles or seasonal slumps. Even under severe economic storms, our business rides with a reasonably even keel, for life insurance is the investment people usually buy first and hold on to longest. From the peak of 1929 to the depths of 1933, employment in life insurance dropped less than 1½ percent. Few industries can equal that stability.

What sort of openings are there in our field? The list, for both men and women, is extremely varied. There is a place in life insurance for mathematicians, statisticians, accountants, agents, sales managers, investment analysts, economists, real estate experts, researchers of many sorts, personnel managers, doctors, automation engineers, lawyers, public relations and advertising personnel, methods and procedures analysts, clerical people, and so on.

Where do they all fit in? Let's take a momentary bird's-eye view of the business as a whole. Most people think of life insurance principally in terms of selling. But that's only one very important part of it. First, there are experts who research and design our "product"—the many types of protection people need in this modern world. Then the policies must be sold across the nation. Backing up the sales force are the home office and field service forces—people who authorize and issue the policies applied for, service them and pay benefits. The funds from premiums must be wisely invested to help keep the cost of insurance down; that, too, takes a special staff. Finally, throughout all parts of this operation are many levels of management.

As a result, there is room within the life insurance field for career people of many kinds of talent and personality. Let me give you just a few examples.

Investment analysis will appeal to a logical person who enjoys collecting information, asking searching questions, and getting to the roots of business operation. He studies securities, analyzes company reports and makes field trips. His findings guide the investment of life insurance funds. Many investment analysts are graduates of business administration schools, but companies will generally take a business-minded liberal arts graduate and train him for this work. However, if he is the kind who likes exciting speculation and lone-wolf operations, he won't fit into our picture. We make our investments carefully, patiently and by collective thinking.

Related to this is the work of the *mortgage loan specialist* who studies applications, evaluates properties, and works out loan terms. Some seven thousand investment analysts and mortgage loan specialists were involved in the investment of $17 billion of life insurance funds last year—almost twice as much as the federal government spent in the peak pre-war year (1940).

The *actuary* might be called the engineer in our business—he designs what we sell, determines its price and watches its performance. He is interested in mortality experience, occupational hazards, medical progress and every other factor that may have a bearing on premium rates and policy provisions, and eventually on his company's success. Of course some actuarial work is highly technical, but it isn't true—as is often popularly thought

The actuary is the "engineer" of the insurance business. And while "electronic brains" speed the calculations used by him and other specialists, human brains must pose the questions and creatively apply the answers.

—that the would-be actuary should be something of a mathematical genius. As a matter of fact he will find plenty of opportunity to acquire special technical knowledge after he enters the business. In general the province of the actuary is statistics, and what is required of him is the habit of meticulous, rigorous thinking. That and one other thing: an abiding interest in human values. One man I know calls the actuary "a sociologist with a slide-rule." There are less than 1,800 actuaries in the United States and Canada today and the need for more is urgent.

The *agent* is the best known of life insurance men (there are 196,000 agents and 41,000 agency managers). In the last 20 years life insurance selling has undergone important changes. Much attention is paid to the selection of men and women for this career—including, for example, the use of psychological tests to screen out those not likely to succeed. And a great deal of emphasis is placed on company training programs.

Actually a good agent's training never stops. He strives, first, to become expert in family finance; then to extend his knowledge into the field of "business insurance." He becomes interested in tax law and estate planning. He may need to work closely with lawyers, accountants and trust officers. Naturally, a college education is increasingly useful and important to the would-be agent.

Yet neither an education nor technical knowledge is a guarantee of success, for the agent's personality is important also. He needs a warm heart, as well as a good head. He must like to listen to other people's problems, share their dreams and instill in them a feeling of confidence in the future—and in himself. And along with everything else, he must prefer self-employment to a payroll job, for his compensation will depend on his sales and service to his clients, for which he alone is responsible. This takes discipline and self-assurance.

Yet those who are exhilarated by independence will like the career. Furthermore, the agent can rise as fast as his sales abilities permit, without waiting for a promotion. Agents can pass the $10,000 mark faster than any other life insurance careerists; many do so within five years and keep going up.

Other careers in insurance will suit still other kinds of people—the extrovert and the introvert, the imaginative man and the logical one, the restless doer and the patient planner. All pay solid salaries, and all yield a satisfying knowledge of working in a business which serves the financial needs of people as no other business does. For almost all, a specialized education is unnecessary; a general education and willingness to learn are enough . . . our trade associations offer many specialized life insurance courses.

In fact, what we need most, perhaps, isn't even taught in college—it's on-the-job management skill. Throughout our business, from agency offices to home offices and from small departments to the largest, there is a serious and growing need for additional young men and women with genuine managerial ability. From my conversations with many other life insurance executives, I know this to be the major personnel problem now facing our companies. No matter where your youngster starts, if he can capture the insurance viewpoint and demonstrate managerial talent, there is only one direction his career in life insurance will lead—straight up.

Then, as he senses more keenly to what deep social responsibility he has been led by his concern with people and their future, the higher will his own future be.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Life Insurance is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology, Traffic Managing, Secretarial Career, Scientific Career, Social Work *and* Mathematics. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

New York Life

INSURANCE COMPANY

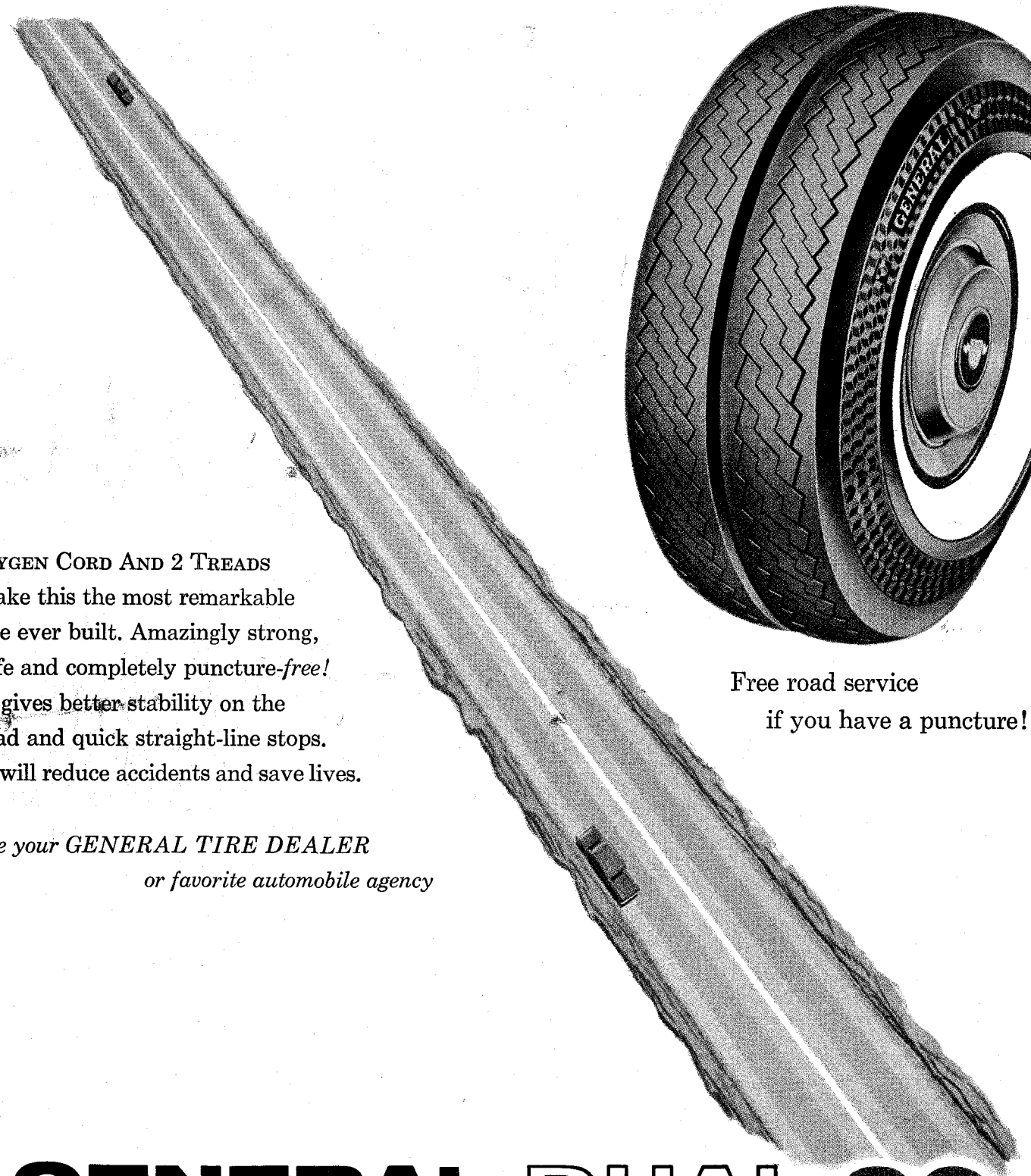
51 Madison Ave., Dept. P-34, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

Copyright 1958, New York Life Insurance Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This tire can't be made with conventional materials!



NYGEN CORD AND 2 TREADS make this the most remarkable tire ever built. Amazingly strong, safe and completely puncture-*free!* It gives better stability on the road and quick straight-line stops. It will reduce accidents and save lives.

See your GENERAL TIRE DEALER
or favorite automobile agency

Free road service
if you have a puncture!

GENERAL DUAL 90

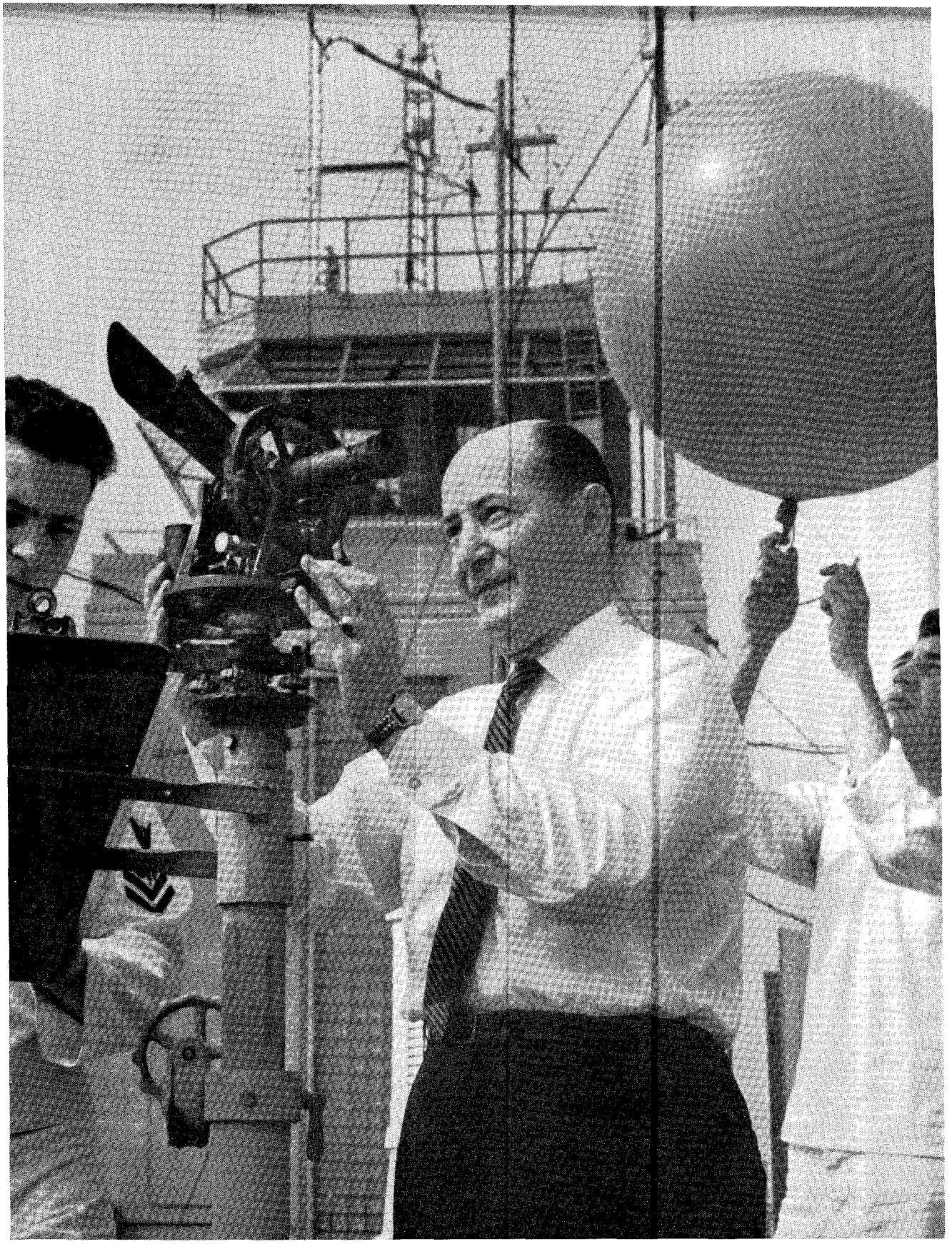
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Stand By for Climate Control

Daring new meteorological science may bring us sunshine at night and rain on request. But if the Russians master the weather first, they might try to wash out our east coast and generally ruin our continent.

By Capt. Howard T. Orville, U.S.N. (Ret.), as told to Joe Alex Morris



Captain Orville at Anacostia Naval Air Station in Washington, D.C.

About the Author

The author was chief aerologist for the U. S. Navy on all technical and operational weather matters during World War II. He helped develop the Navy's wartime aerological organization and expanded it to a global network of weather stations. He charted the weather for the famous Doolittle bombing raid on Tokyo and was a principal weather adviser for the Allied invasion of North Africa. He was largely responsible for the Navy's developments of methods of tracking hurricanes by radar and was a leader in developing rocketsonde and radiosonde equipment to obtain high-altitude weather data. He is a past president of the American Meteorological Society and is now vice president of Beckman & Whitley Inc., of San Carlos, California, which produces meteorological instruments and high-speed research cameras. THE EDITORS

Mankind has been worrying about the weather ever since the first farmer discovered how to plant the first hill of corn and, starting with Aristotle, a great many seers, astronomers, witch doctors and scientists have been trying to do something about it. Now, after some 2500 years of fumbling, there is reason to believe that the scientists can succeed—if given the opportunity—in a way that may affect the future of civilization even more drastically than the development of atomic power.

As former chairman of the President's Advisory Committee on Weather Control, I should begin by making it clear that we are still at an early stage of meteorological research in weather control. Not all scientists agree on what men may be able to do in the future to modify the climate in which we live. We do not yet know enough about our universe for positive predictions. But we are learning rapidly and I can safely mention a few theoretical possibilities on the road to eventual control of the weather:

1. Hurricanes, tornadoes and other severe storms may be spotted at birth by earth satellites carrying television equipment, and then dissipated by artificial means or diverted away from populated areas.

2. In experiments in New Mexico, rockets have been used to spread chemicals that changed the composition of the upper atmosphere. Successful development of the ability to alter the atmosphere could lead to far-reaching climate modifications and theoretically could free the Plains States of droughts.

3. A fleet of perhaps a dozen satellites or artificial suns generating ultraviolet light some 22,000 miles out in space could amplify the night airglow that exists around the earth and thus turn darkness into semidaylight.

4. The north polar icecap and the frigid temperature of Siberia—breeding ground for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of the world's weather—may one day be drastically modified by huge engineering projects made possible by atomic power. Presumably such projects would warm up Alaska, Scotland, Norway, Siberia and other northern regions. But there is also the danger that they might turn the Mississippi Valley into a desert, or, if the Arctic icecap melted, raise the ocean level enough to flood the lower floors of New York's skyscrapers.

Such changes in our climate may seem as fantastic as a page from a science-fiction book. That they are glimpses into the future is obvious, but that future may be much nearer than we realize. I do not want to give anybody an erroneous impression that modern science will soon be able to guarantee a sunny day for your annual church picnic. Nobody—not even the Old Farmer's Almanac!—can do that. But I am confident that the next few decades will bring tremendous progress in man's ability to modify our climate. No less an authority than Dr. Joseph Kaplan, head of the United States Committee for the International Geophysical Year, has said that "control by man of the earth's weather and temperature is within the realm of practicality now." And, for reasons I will explain later, it is of great importance to our national security that Americans have a better understanding of what has been done and what might be done in the field of weather control.

So far, our progress in meteorology might be compared to the slow, step-by-step approach made over many years to the modern miracles of medical science. New horizons have opened up only after long periods of study and experimentation, but the goal could often be clearly envisioned long before it was reached. In this newborn Space Age, we should not forget that less than ten years ago the launching of earth satellites was only a foolish dream to most people. Yet today, James B. Edson, assistant director of Research and Development for the Army, confidently predicts that man will travel to the moon in the next ten or fifteen years. Once space is conquered, we shall have taken a tremendous stride toward control of weather.

Exploration in the science of meteorology involves dangers as well as benefits. We cannot now determine in advance all the results of artificial modification of the climate, but we do know that man-made weather—like Sputniks—might be used as a weapon of war. "I shudder to think of the consequences of a prior Russian discovery of a feasible method of weather control," Dr. Henry G. Houghton, chairman of the Department of Meteorology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said recently. "An unfavorable modification of our climate in the guise of a peaceful effort to improve Russia's climate could seriously weaken our economy and our ability to resist." And Dr. Edward Teller, the "father" of the hydrogen bomb, told a Senate Military Preparedness Committee that the United States could become a second-class power without war if the Russians succeeded in controlling weather to produce needed rain over their own territory and deprive us of necessary moisture.

If we could control weather, we would like to use that power for the general good. We don't know what the Russians would do, but I fear they would use the power for their own purposes. We have had some experience with Russian meteorologists. Early in World War II an arrangement was made for exchange of re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The artist depicts weather control of the future, according to Captain Orville. These are some of the means by which we ultimately may modify our environment.

ports from fifty weather stations in Russia and fifty in the United States, and a Russian naval liaison officer was assigned to my office in Washington, where I was head of the Navy's weather service in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. The Russians were careful to give us not one iota more information than agreed to, but there was close technical cooperation until late in 1945, and we exchanged complete sets of meteorological instruments. At that time I felt we were ahead of the Russians in the meteorological field, but they were rapidly improving. It is quite certain today that they have more scientists, more modern instruments and more money in a vast program of research. They also are alert to the propaganda possibilities in meteorology.

Only last spring, for example, a Soviet representative at a meeting sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences raised the problem of modifying the climate of the Arctic and sub-Arctic areas. This was not a completely new idea. Press reports and Radio Moscow broadcasts in the last couple of years have hinted that the Russians are thinking about or may have started several huge but co-ordinated projects in a sub-Arctic region stretching from Russia proper across Siberia to the Bering Strait. At first glance, these projects may seem beyond the scope of modern engineering—but so did the Panama Canal at one time. Furthermore, tomorrow's engineers will have the benefit of atomic power, which, in our own tests in this country, has already "moved" a small mountain and opened the way for movement of huge earth masses in the future.

The first step in the Russian plan of climate modification would be to dam two large rivers—the Ob and the Yenisey, both flowing into the Arctic Ocean—and thereby create an inland sea in Siberia. The normal winds blowing over this man-made sea would provide greater moisture and a more moderate climate for the cold and arid steppes. But it is possible to do much better than that. Thermonuclear plants can be built to act like giant furnaces and heat large bodies of water. Such plants would speed the evaporation of the water and cause the average temperature to rise even faster. In this manner, a very large area of snowy wasteland might be made habitable and productive.

Soviet technicians also have discussed over Radio Moscow a plan for building big earthen dams across three Northern Russia rivers—the Pechora, the Vychegda and the Sukhona, lying west of the Urals—and diverting their waters by canals to the Kama River and thence, via the Volga, to the Caspian Sea. Hints that some such work is in progress have never been confirmed, but, in any event, the plan would create large reservoirs of water in Northern Russia and tend to moderate normally frigid climates. How this can be done has already been demonstrated by the Russians who created the 100-mile-long artificial sea of Tsymlyanskaya in the south to link the Don and Volga rivers.

The great importance of such projects, particularly the proposed dams on the Ob and Yenisey, lies in the fact that the northern hemisphere's pattern of wind and weather is powerfully influenced by the climate of Siberia. What weather experts call the Siberian "high" is one of the coldest spots on earth. It breeds the winds that start monsoons along the China coast and may determine whether we have storms or mild days in (Continued on Page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Herr Carter!" the baroness screamed at him. "Herr Carter! Stag! Your lane!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suddenly he knew the truth about this woman. She—and all her people—bore the

Mark of Cain

By NOEL CLAD

The *wagons-lits* were just as he remembered them. The two narrow banquettes facing each other; the window glass that would never roll down, smeared with the black breath of the engine; the signs NICHT HINAUSLEHNEN and DEFENSE DE SE PENCHER AU DEHORS. The same kind of *Lumpenproletariat* opened the same kind of ruined fiberboard suitcase, pushed aside the same dirty shirt and chewed at the same sausage and roll as he had ten years ago. Only the countryside beyond the carriage window seemed to have changed.

"This Baron Radscheim is a big man," Pabst was saying. He blinked his eyes and folded his fat hands together complacently. Raphael Carter nodded. "Once, on this same train from Paris, Radscheim suddenly decided to get off at Mulhouse. So he told the train conductor to put his luggage off with his coachman. The conductor protested that he did not know Radscheim's coachman. To which Radscheim replied only that it was the conductor's affair to find out." Pabst chuckled and wiped his broad red face with his pocket handkerchief. Pabst liked these stories. He had twelve or fifteen of them, Carter had discovered. He told them about whoever occupied his mind as the big man of the moment.

"The country looks different to you, Raphael?" Pabst waved one ringed hand at the window. "Ah, they have done such marvelous things, the Germans. Marvelous people."

Raph Carter nodded. It would be idle to deny it, he thought. Ten years ago when he had left Germany, the country was still shell-shocked. Of that ruin there was no longer any sign. The train stations were all new. Cars filled the streets of every hamlet they passed. An hour ago, at the Rhine crossing, a crisp, immaculately dressed customs official had opened their compartment door, clicked his heels, smiled, "*Dokument*. Passports. *Les papiers, s'il vous plaît.*" It was a polite tone, but firm and efficient, with no taint of the not-quite-surly-enough-to-be-called-on-it manner that Raph remembered from the days of his captaincy here. Germany had indeed recovered.

Carter's had been a considerable road in those intervening ten years. Humanly, he could not fully escape a trace of bemused injury that he no longer wore the uniform that, even if he still had it, would no longer enforce the respect it had ten years ago. Until fairly recently he had assumed himself to be an officer in the Regular Army. Like a lot of other officers who had elected to remain in grade after World War II, he had passed the examinations which confirmed his rank. He had served here, and in Tokyo and Seoul and in South America, supremely unworried by the successive waves of United States military-budget cuts. Then one day he had discovered that he was not quite confirmed R.A. He was separated from the service in accordance with the memorandum on reduction in strength for reasons of economy.

He did not elect to trade his lieutenant colonel's rank for a sergeancy, which was the only way he would have been allowed to serve the five remaining years to his pension. He was still only thirty-six. He had saved his money. He was single. He could travel. After six months' deliberation, he had put his talents and his capital into a partnership in the wine-importing firm of Edvard Pabst and Co., Est. 1916.

Edvard Pabst was looking at him. So far, in four months of daily association, he had got on fine with the old gentleman. Pabst was a good wine man. His peculiarities of fatuousness and hero worship were little things, easily ignored in the face of Pabst's general competence. Indeed, Pabst's very conservatism, his fear of gambling, of taking the slightest chance that might lead to the smallest loss, all made the gradual grasping of the reins by the new partner inevitable, all accounted for the unexploited

(Continued on Page 81)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The End of Empire

By D. W. BROGAN

More than one foreign observer has noted, admired and envied the unconditional loyalty of the average American to the American political tradition. And as a source of internal, of external strength, the loyalty that sends boys and girls on pious pilgrimage to the National Archives to revere the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution is wholly admirable. But when the good American transfers his gaze to the outer world, when he innocently looks for equivalent institutions in that less fortunate part of the globe, when he takes as having the same meaning as he gives them inside America such common words as "freedom," "good government," "progress," he asks for trouble. And with the promptitude of superservice, he is given it. His plate is filled with problems, and he is driven to realize that he is the victim of the old Chinese curse. He "is living in interesting times."

The good American is confronted all over the world today with two linked phenomena, the decline of empires and the rise of nations. He can, as a good American, have no doubts as to the sentiments he must feel at the news and noise of these phenomena. He must rejoice that empires are falling (did not America give the first push in 1776?) and rejoice that new nations devoted to freedom are arising (did not America set the example in the same fateful and admirable year?).

But having paid this respect to the national tradition, the American notes with bewilderment and often with downright annoyance that peace, progress, good will, order and liberty don't seem to be in any greater supply than in the bad old days. He hears doubts expressed as to whether some free nations (Indonesia, Burma) are as well off as they were in the days of imperialist tyranny. He notices that there are two nations on very bad terms with each other in that land called India that was united under British rule, and that their creation was the signal for massacre, rape and exile on a colossal scale. He has to face in his morning paper news of bloody rioting in Ceylon, led, with a high degree of inconsistency, by Buddhist monks. New nations *CONTINUED ON PAGE 96*

About the Author

D. W. (for Denis William) Brogan, an Irishman born in Scotland at the turn of the century, was educated at Glasgow University, Oxford and Harvard, and is now professor of political science at Peterhouse, Cambridge University. Professor Brogan has published seventeen books of political and historical interpretation, including a number which treat the American scene with friendly warmth and understanding. Reinhold Niebuhr has praised Professor Brogan's "extraordinary gift for understanding and illuminating the woof of constitutional principles and the warp of political tactics in the fabric of democratic history." Professor Brogan is married to Olwen Kendall, the anthropologist. The couple have four sons and a daughter and live in Cambridge, England.

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Go West, But Keep Your Guard Up

On the Pacific Coast, people work only when it's inconvenient to do anything else; the architecture is mad and the food fantastic. But these refugees from the rest of the United States have more fun than anybody else.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Not long ago, a fellow I know was hauled, kicking and screaming, out of the security of Lower Manhattan and plunked down on the executive floor of a big business on the West Coast. They gave him a handsome desk, showed him where to hang his hat, and produced a sign saying he was an officer of the firm.

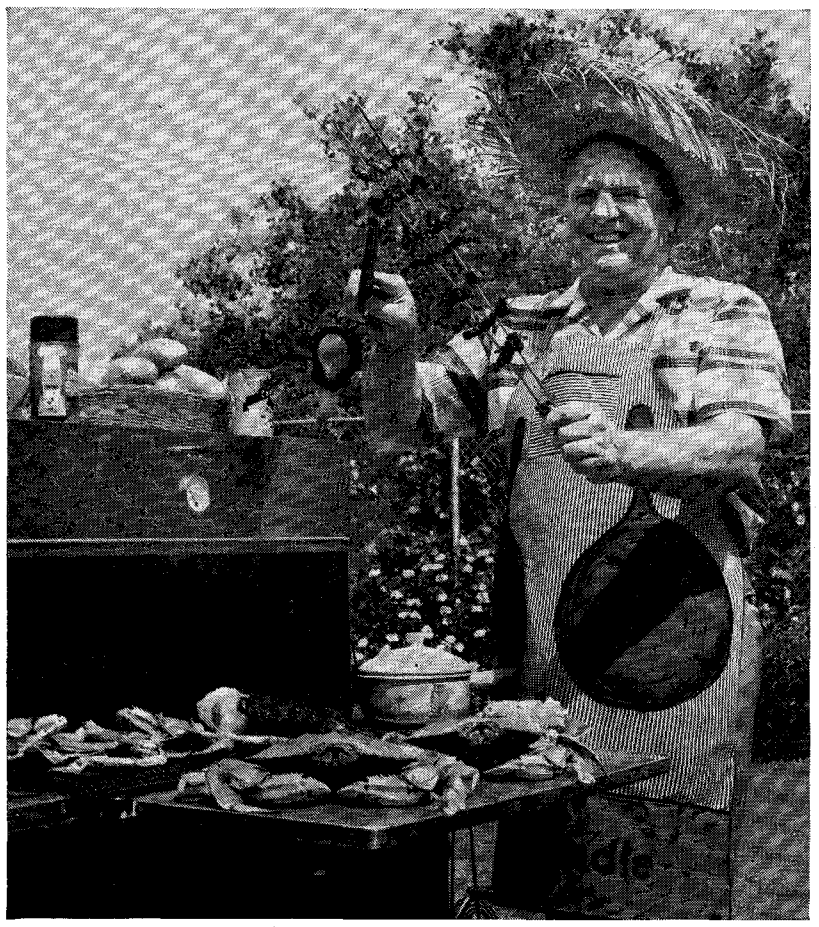
There were no important shocks until the next morning. He arrived to start officering at a reasonable three minutes after nine—and discovered he was the last man aboard. Everybody else had popped in on the dot of 8:30, passing out good-mornings where they would be noticed by the proper people. Obviously there wasn't much executing to do at any such hour. You don't call customers, you don't make decisions and you shouldn't attempt any letters except the very nastiest sort. But he was a willing fellow, so he watched, listened and evaluated. The answer was not difficult.

"Every single one of those characters," he said, "showed up by eight-thirty. Then they

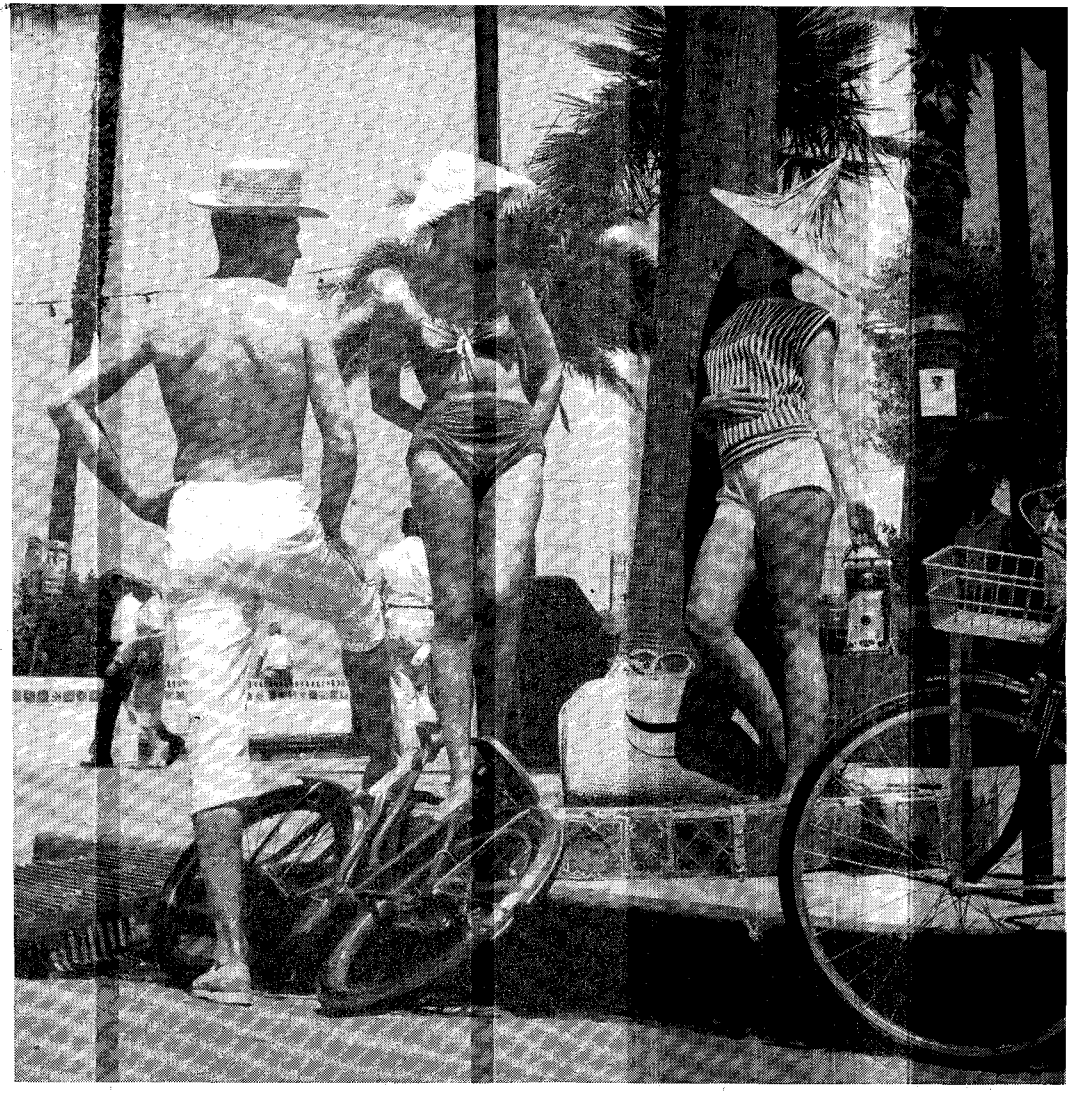
Hollywood Boulevard: The two barefoot shoppers below are wearing *mumus*—voluminous frocks first designed by Pacific-island missionaries to cover native nudity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Gene Lester



"Westerners will eat almost anything," says the author. Here Wade Busby, a back-yard barbecuer from Encino, Calif., displays some skewered octopus.



"The new West is a civilization unto itself," says the author. It grew up free and uninhibited. In their way of dressing, the inhabitants need please no one but themselves.

spent the next half hour planning fishing trips in Mexico, or setting up late-afternoon golf dates. At nine o'clock, half the executives on the floor went out—not for a little coffee but to eat a longshoreman's breakfast, consuming an hour along with ham and assorted matinal delicacies. They came back for a while, but left again promptly at noon and took two more hours for lunch, drinking most of it. By four or a little after, they all were gone again, to the country clubs, or out on their boats, or headed for mountain cabins. They'd spent all day downtown, but there was one thing they hadn't even started to do. They hadn't done any work. I don't understand these people."

The unhappy ex-Manhattanite wasn't alone. During a recent summer a Western family went all out for a visiting foreigner—that is a man from east of the Rockies. The visitor's brother took him to see the Cascade Mountains. A cousin showed him the local sights: the fish docks, a restaurant that serves clamburgers, the sporting-goods stores and a plywood mill. Another relative whistled up the clan for a barbecue on a sunny afternoon. Somebody else took him for a boat ride. Only because he resisted did they omit a rodeo, a square dance and a trip to find glass fishing floats on a lonesome ocean beach.

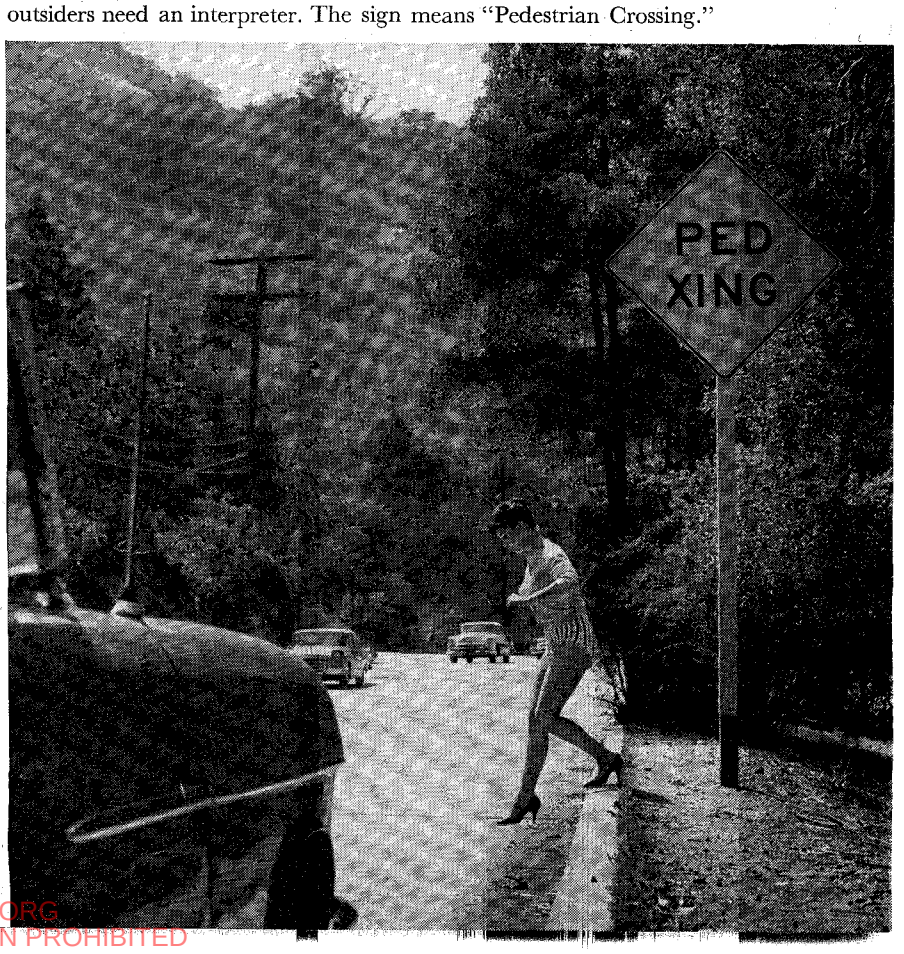
But this lad probably shouldn't even try to get invited west of the mountains any more. Because his main reaction was a puzzled query: "Tell me, doesn't anybody out here ever work?"

This sort of thing just can't be allowed to pass. People could start believing that we Westerners really are peculiar, instead of only a mite odd. It's all very well to make up doggerel:

(Continued on Page 64)

"Housing out our way offers just as much variety as clothing," says Worden. On the Los Angeles hillside below, the ultramodern house of actor John Ireland hangs over a modified-Spanish villa.

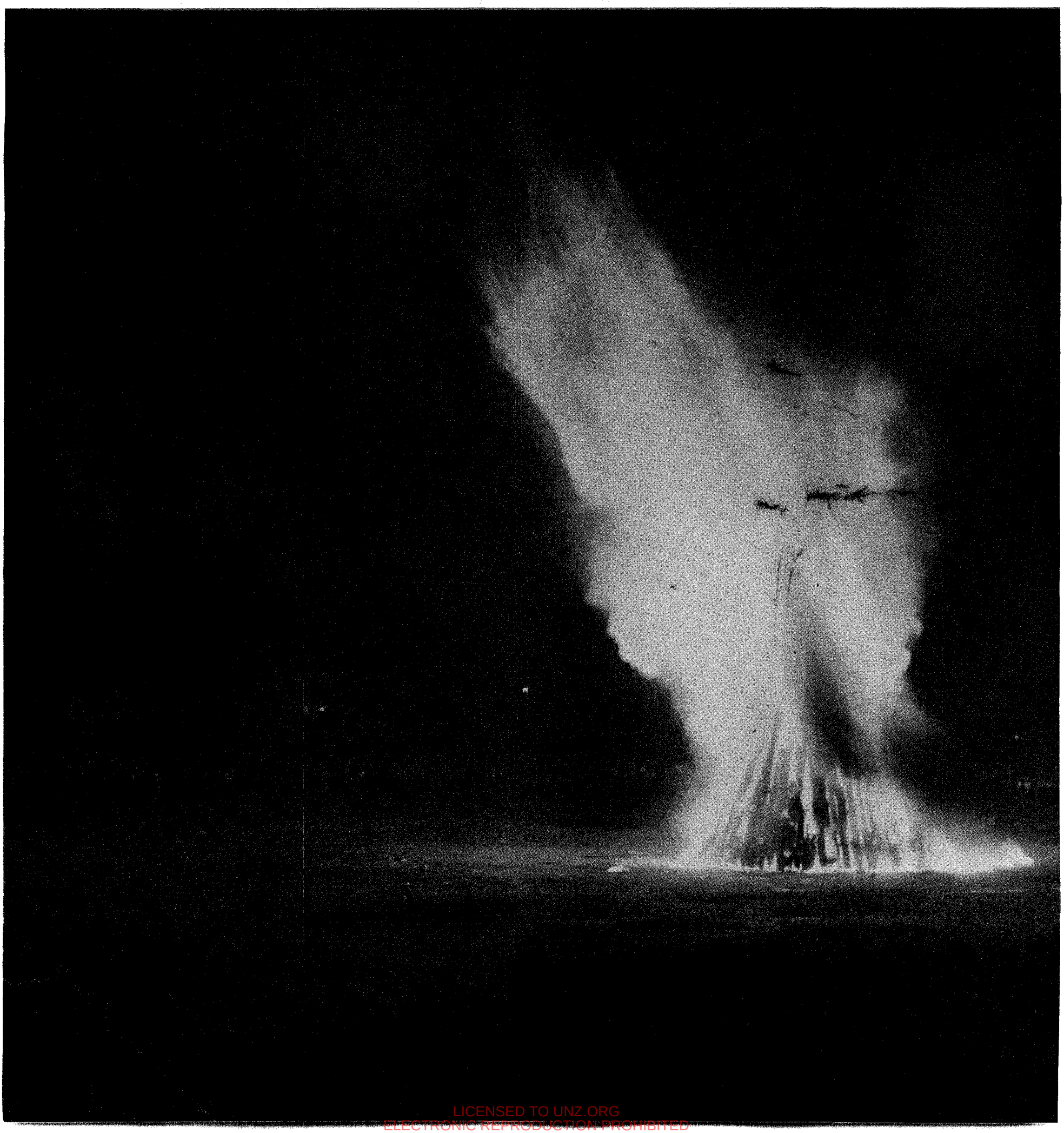
The traffic sign below makes perfect sense to Hollywood motorists. Most outsiders need an interpreter. The sign means "Pedestrian Crossing."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Annual Ritual



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All across the country campus emotions reach almost unbearable intensity as the day of the Big Game approaches. For that Big Game loyal rooters go all out in exhorting their champions with cheer and song; some gather about ritual fires such as this monstrous blaze. This pyre, sixty-six feet high even before it was lit, burned at College Station, Texas, for the greater glory of Texas A. & M. on the night before last year's traditional Thanksgiving Day game with the University of Texas. Primed with 500 gallons of contaminated jet-plane fuel, the blaze at first roared like the wrath of Moloch. Then, prophetically, it sputtered low among the rain-soaked logs. Sure enough, next day the Texas Longhorns upset the Cadets, 9–7. But this is another year, time for another bonfire.

© Photograph by Bill Shrout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now shut up," Kairos shouted. "Or do I have to close your mouth for you?"

GEM THIEF

By MICHAEL FORRESTIER

He had masterminded an inside job. Now the loot was missing.

"What misadventure is so early up, that calls our person from our morning rest?" sighed Mr. Ivo Noel. He focused glassy eyes on the houseboy standing before him. "Does the Prince want to see me right away?"

"*Sí, señor*," the houseboy said.

Ivo groaned. An army of blacksmiths was using his skull as an anvil; he wished they'd go away and take the whole world with them.

Well, perhaps not everybody. There was Prince Pavel now, whom he cherished with a warm and delighted affection. A relic of the old regime, Prince Pavel Dolgorukov in his youth had followed that fabulous pattern the Czarist princes traced across Europe with their railroad coaches and retinues, their Hungarian ballet dancers and their glitter at Monte Carlo. He came of a fantastic breed, with a zest that the weight of his years could not dim. Yet from this early morning message Ivo guessed that the old Prince was in trouble.

He drained the last of his breakfast, pushed his untidy bulk from the table and went like a rumpled bear, grumbling and muttering, through the masculine dimness of the Popocatepetl Yacht Club.

The club, too, Ivo reflected, was purely the Prince's creation. Its roster was more exclusive than the Almanach de Gotha, but the qualifications were somewhat different. Here you were accepted only if you met the Prince's idea of what constituted an amusing and interesting citizen; a man, in His Highness' meaning of the word.

Ivo had bowed out of Britain's Intelligence service after the excitements of Hitler's war were over. With an urge to travel, he had packed a suitcase and drifted. Halfway round the world he had discovered the club, been duly gathered in, and thereafter used it as headquarters. He treasured the old Prince as something precious and almost extinct, like a favorite uncle who happened to be a whooping crane.

As he climbed worn patio steps Ivo flinched at the dazzle of Mexican sunlight and thanked heaven that a club fiesta like last night's happened only once a year. At the top, he raised his hand to knock.

"My dear fellow," a thin voice called, "come in. Come gaze upon the mockery of what was once a man. Lord have mercy, I need you, Ivo. It seems (Continued on Page 69)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Tough to Get by Joe

Joe Schmidt of the Detroit Lions tackles harder and thinks faster than any other defenseman around. Here's how a top linebacker runs his share of the game.

By MYRON COPE

Four broad rumps, fairly bursting through the skintight silver knickers worn by the Detroit Lions, are spread out before him. They're his men—linebacker Joe Schmidt's men—and when the Baltimore Colts' center snaps that ball, those four rumps will lurch ahead. These are Detroit's front-line troops: Darris McCord, 250 pounds; Ray Krouse, 275 pounds; Bob Miller, 255 pounds; Gil Mains, 255 pounds. If they go in low, the way they should, Joe Schmidt won't even see their heads bob up over the horizon of their backsides.

They're dug in a yard or so apart. Beyond them, through the gaps, Joe can see the Baltimore linemen crouching grimly, their upper lips tucked in against their teeth, and beyond them, the Baltimore backs. Joe hates them all with a fury that has possessed him from the moment he set foot on the field.

Joe Schmidt is built that way. Before he got into uniform he neither felt nor looked like a fanatic. When he is in street clothes, his extraordinarily broad shoulders, his size-eighteen neck, his kindly eyes, his blond hair and his even manner give him the appearance of a nice old Saint Bernard. But once he puts on that uniform, he becomes Mr. Hyde.

So now, as Joe sets himself for the Baltimore attack, he looks across the line where Johnny Unitas, dirty-faced, is barking signals. Unitas? Hell, he's a sandlotter from Joe's own home town of Pittsburgh. Unitas may be an old pal, and he may be one of the National Football League's best passers, but to Joe Schmidt right now, Unitas is just a miserable busher up from the Bloomfield Rams.

Directly behind Unitas is Alan (The Horse) Ameche. *O.K., you big horse, let's see what you've got*, is Schmidt's reaction. *Let's see what all that beef gets you.*

Nearby, to Ameche's left, is Lenny Moore—tall and sleek, hard to hold and fast as a dash man. On this November Sunday in 1956, the rookie halfback has a blistering rushing average of roughly ten yards per trip. Joe Schmidt is intent on bottling him up. *Try to get that precious step into the clear, Moore. Just try to get it.*

This is the way the mighty Schmidt (No. 56) stopped one goal-line plunge.

Off the field, Joe is a mild and kindly man, but as linebacker for the Lions he generates hate on every play.

Then there's L. G. Dupre, out in the flat away off to Ameche's right. Chunky Dupre, who runs with his head down, and goes like he's pedaling a bicycle. *What is he up to out there?*

Unitas, Ameche, Moore, Dupre—Joe hates them all, just as he hates any enemy backfield. Can a man really generate so much emotion without any provocation? Joe has always been able to, even as a college kid playing for the University of Pittsburgh back in 1952. That year Pitt went to South Bend to play Notre Dame, and Notre Dame was favored by fourteen points. Before the game Red Dawson, the Pitt coach, left the dressing room and, in effect, turned the team over to Joe Schmidt.

"You guys whip Notre Dame, or so help me, I'll whip you!" ranted Joe. They whipped Notre Dame, 22–19, and after the game one of the Pitt players said, "Hell, we were more scared of Joe than we were of Notre Dame."

Joe wasn't around at the finish to hear the compliment. He'd left the game early in the second half with a brain concussion, after catching a forearm in the head. There was no other way Joe would have left.

Joe Schmidt has always played football at the boiling point, (Continued on Page 89)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop Driving Your Pet Crazy

One look at your dog will tell these doctors whether you're nutty or not. From man's pets, science is learning amazing things about man himself.

By STANLEY FRANK

At New York's Speyer Hospital for Animals, a dog with a neurotic compulsion to bite its own tail is fitted with an "Elizabethan" collar to prevent further injury. It was also treated with thorazine, a tranquilizer.

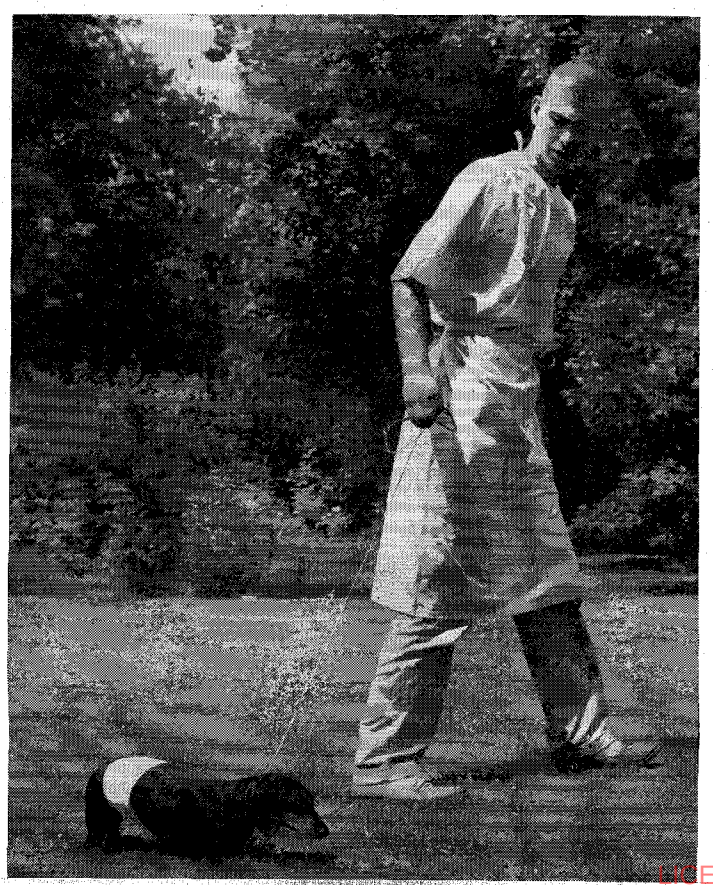
The veterinarian listened with undisguised impatience while I complained that my big, amiable Airedale was acting more addled than ever. He finally cut me off abruptly.

"Don't blame the poor dog," he said. "You're getting wackier too. Most of us are, these days. Pets are reflecting the tensions of their masters and the people around them. I'm seeing many more neurotic animals with psychosomatic illnesses than I did when I started to practice twenty years ago. Vets all over the country report the same thing. It's standard procedure now to prescribe tranquilizers for dogs, cats and even work animals. They need sedatives to exist in the crazy environment we've created for them."

Every layman knows the importance of experiments with animals in diagnosing and treating human diseases. It seemed logical to ask experts whether studies in the behavior of household pets suggested solutions to man's psychological problems. The inquiry drew some provocative answers at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine.

Dr. Mark W. Allam, dean of the school, plunged briskly into the subject. "There is no question that pets react strongly to the anxieties and brainstorms of their owners," he said. "Sometimes I think they're as mixed up as people. Although the general health of pets is improving constantly and their life spans

"Early ambulation!" The pet below is taking her first walk six hours after being spayed. Even after major surgery, dogs recuperate rapidly.



Below: A veterinarian feeds a motherless, two-week-old kitten. Newborn pets should remain with their mothers at least two months, say the vets. Otherwise they become emotionally insecure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are increasing, they're showing a much higher incidence of nervous ailments. Coronary disease, arteriosclerosis and digestive disorders are far more prevalent than they were a generation ago.

"Another striking evidence of the tension in domestic animals is the rising fear of mating, particularly in breeds of dogs and cats that are, or were, very popular."

Cocker spaniels and wire-haired fox terriers were cited by Doctor Allam as conspicuous examples of dogs that are not nearly so prolific as they once were. Now there is talk in the trade that boxers and basset hounds are turning into what are called "shy" breeders.

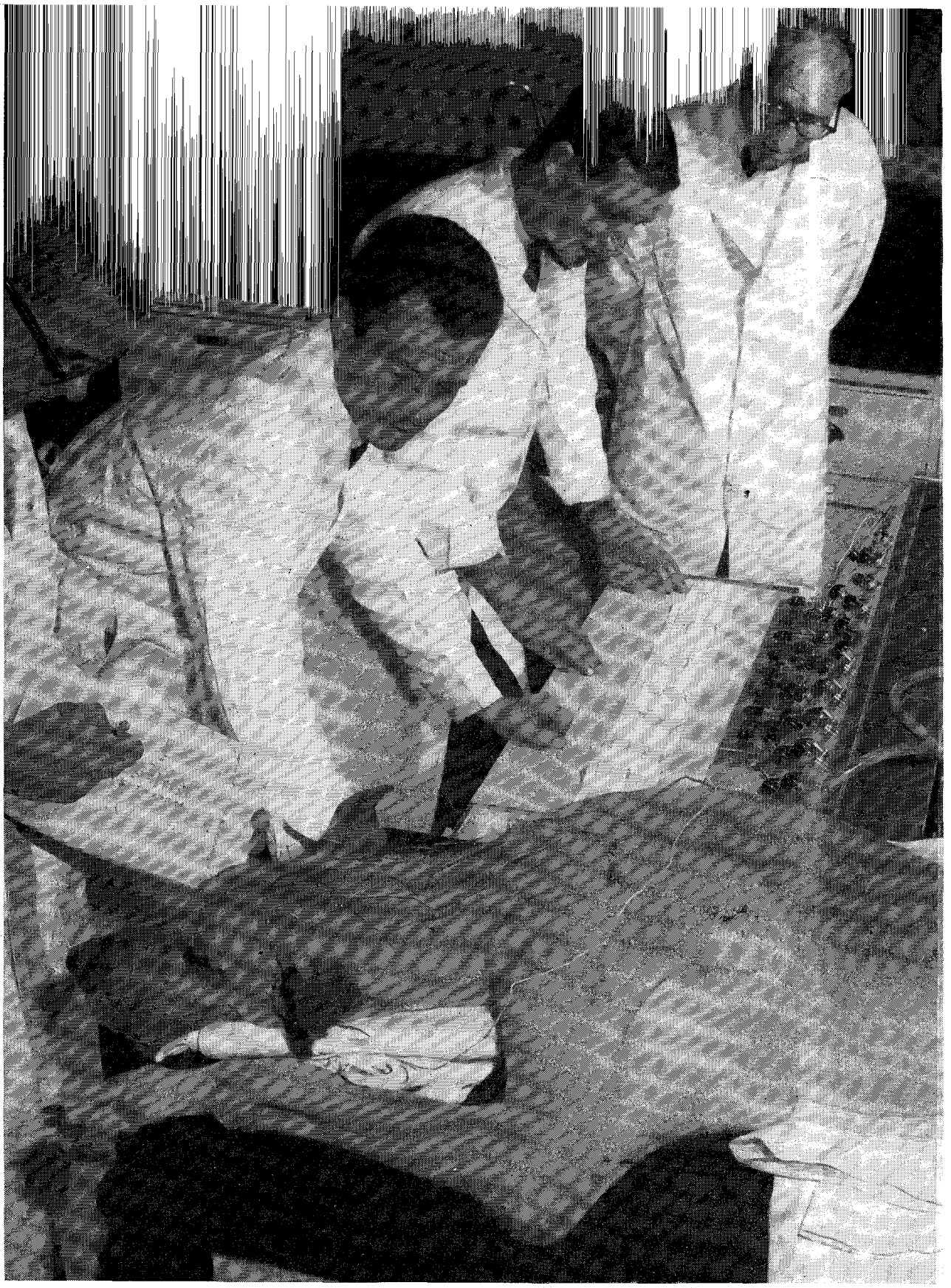
"Sex no longer is the dominant drive in animals we always thought it was," he continued. "The old idea that sterilized dogs and cats get fat, lethargic and discontented has been disproved. In fact, they may live longer, happier lives when relieved of sexual stresses."

He paused reflectively. "It's a wonder we haven't destroyed all the instincts in domestic animals with the pressures we're putting on them. We expect cows to produce more milk, chickens to lay more eggs. We restrict the freedom of dogs and demand better behavior of them. Local ordinances against unleashed dogs are confining them to apartments and back yards. All these circumstances tend to build up nervous tension in animals.

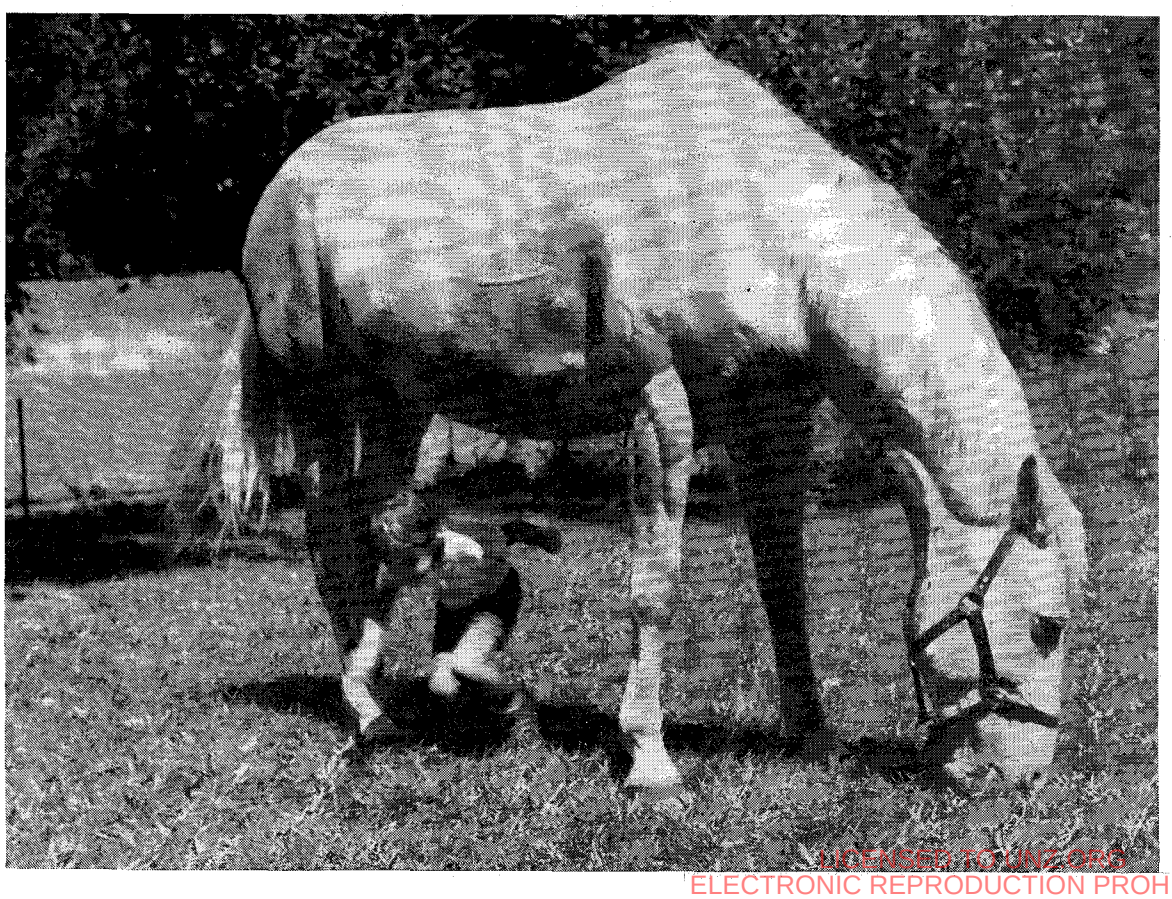
"To make matters worse, we're projecting our own neuroses to pets. They have a telepathic sense of mental upset in people and they're very clever at drawing inferences from human facial expressions. You will hear all sorts of stories about animals' perceptiveness, but I can vouch for the authenticity of this one because I was in the middle of it."

A Doberman pinscher pup was bought by a high-strung widow who paced the floor continually. By the time the pup was four months old it was so nervous and had developed such an extreme sense of fear that the woman had to give it away. Doctor Allam took the dog as a house pet. At first, the pup ran in frantic circles when he approached. After six months of patient work, (Continued on Page 92)

Photographs by Frank Ross



Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania record the brain waves of an epileptic great Dane on an electroencephalograph. Veterinarians hope the test will help shed new light on the nature of the disease, which affects both men and animals.



The four-year-old romping between the legs of the horse at left is taking advantage of the fact that horses are likely to be more docile with confident children than with apprehensive adults.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My dear," she said, "let us not do that again."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After all the years, he found he still felt the same about her. But it was

Too Late for Love

By KEN W. PURDY

Howard Birmingham let the car slide to a stop beside the curb and switched off the engine. He stared around him with a careful, observing air, like an explorer making landfall on a doubtful beach. Everything looked as he had remembered it, at the core, but the years had piled on new detail. The lake still shone blue behind Tapley Hall, and Tapley itself was the same; those were the same white marble steps he'd run up and down a thousand times twenty-five years ago, but there were two new wings on the building. Off to the left, Elsworth Hill rose with its old grace; the slate walks were concrete now, but the great bowering trees still stood. The people, of course, were different. These were children; they were unrelated to the deep-voiced, striding men, the tall, full-breasted women he remembered as students in his own day.

Billy was out of the car, standing on the walk. "What do you say, man?" he asked his father. "I'll buy you a cup of coffee. Come on."

They went into the cool, dark-beamed rathskeller, sat at a hacked-up table in a big bay window that bellied out over the lake.

"Was the coffee this lousy when you were here, dad?" Billy asked.

"I remember it as stronger," Howard Birmingham said, "but maybe I'm wrong. The second cup used to be free. I suppose that's changed."

Billy laughed. "Ten cents straight, now," he said. "Fifteen next year, they say. Inflation, you know."

"I know," Birmingham said. "You're getting along all right, though?"

"For money?" Billy said. "Sure. I'm loaded. I don't need a thing." He stopped to light a cigarette. "It's nice of you to ask," he said.

"Any time," his father said. "You were always a reasonable kid."

"You were always a reasonable father, too, man," Billy said. He smiled. "Should we have some violin music now?"

Birmingham laughed. "No," he said. "Tell me, are you still making a two point five average?"

"A little better this semester, I think," Billy said.

"So you've got no problems at all," his father said.

"I wouldn't say, not any," Billy said. "There's always dames, you know; sex rearing its lovely head, and like that."

"There's no easy solution to that one, I'm afraid," his father said. "The folkways of our time, and all. They've got us bricked in."

"I'm not crying," Billy said. "I wanted to tell you, though, I'm going with a girl; you knew her mother, Louise Chartier. Her mother's maiden name was Belldon—Helen Belldon. She went to school here. Do you remember her?"

"I remember her," Birmingham said. Did he not remember her? A tall girl, a tranquil girl with an even, level way of looking, dark blond hair, brown eyes round and deep, and lovely long legs. He remembered how it had been, walking beside her, holding her elbow, the back of his hand riding lightly on her hip, sensing the measured swing of her stride. She was the only woman he'd ever known who had a scent of her own, something that rose out of her own skin, an odor that might have come from dried violet petals and autumn's wet mosses. She had been his girl for two years, nearly three, every day on the hill together, most nights walking home together, dances, parties, and in the early mornings clinging to each other in front of her house, cramped in a rented green coupé.

"I remember Helen very well," he told his son. "I kept in touch with her for a long time. She was living in San Francisco, last I heard."

"She lives right here now," Billy said. "Her husband is in the English department, Doctor Chartier—Petey, everybody calls him."

"And the girl, Louise, what's she like?"

"Well, she's great," Billy said carefully. "Blond, brown eyes, terrific build, stacked like mad. Serious kind of girl, but with a big sense of humor. Bright. Just the living end of it all, Louise is. Lot of animal in her too," he added thoughtfully.

"You've lost me," his father said. "Animal?"

"Passion, dad; animal passion," Billy said.

(Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Joe DeMers

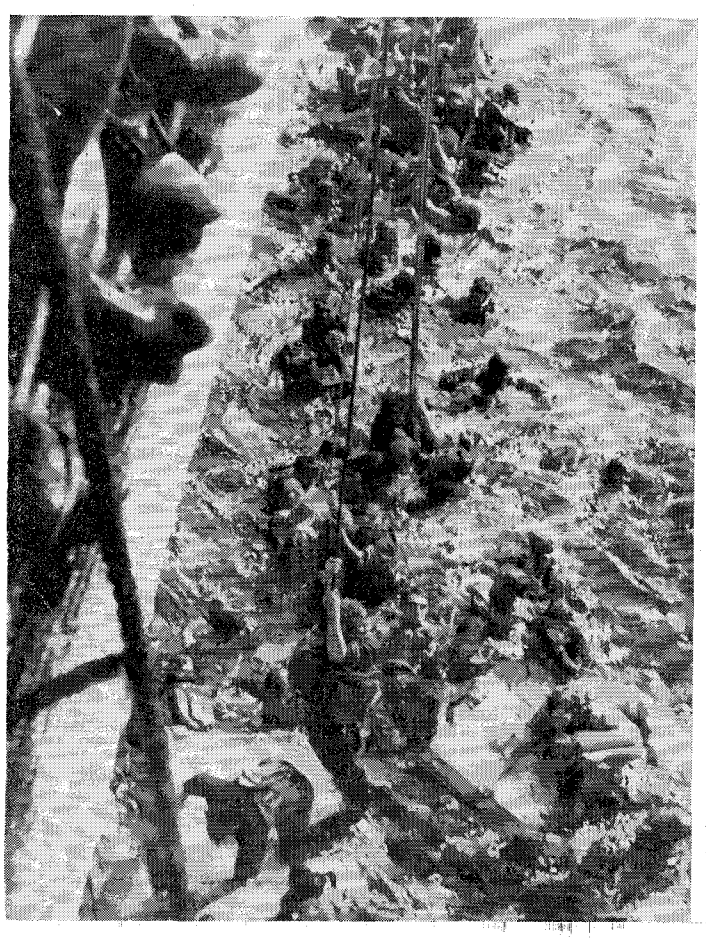
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May 27, 1941: The doomed Bismarck takes a direct hit. Two hours after the British opened fire in the last stage of the action, the German battleship turned turtle and sank.

The NINE LAST DAYS of the BISMARCK

CONCLUSION

Below: H.M.S. Dorsetshire picking up some of the 100 who survived out of the Bismarck's crew of 2400 men.



By C. S. FORESTER

Gradually a ring of steel closed in on the "invincible" German battleship. The British Navy was terribly wounded, and hungry for revenge.

The commentator in New York was on the air again. "It's now just twenty-four hours," he said, "since we were told about the Bismarck sinking the Hood. Since that first announcement there hasn't been a single word from the British Government. It's just as if the Bismarck didn't exist as far as John Bull is concerned. But we've heard plenty from Doctor Goebbels and the Nazi Government. Berlin says that yesterday evening the British attacked Bismarck with aircraft from a carrier and that the attack was beaten off with no damage to Bismarck and heavy loss to the attackers.

"I'd like to point out that if this attack *did* take place it's the first time in the history of the world that planes have taken off from a carrier to attack a German battleship at sea. Moreover, that battleship is modern and well manned and full of fight, as we saw yesterday. I expect that attack was made, reluctant though I am to believe all that Doctor Goebbels said. And I expect that attack failed. Otherwise, by now we'd be hearing something from London. And the significance of it is that the Bismarck is out on the rampage. That Swordfish attack (Continued on Page 116)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Deal With a Lady

She would sell her ranch to him on one condition. But he had a few terms of his own. . . .

By S. OMAR BARKER

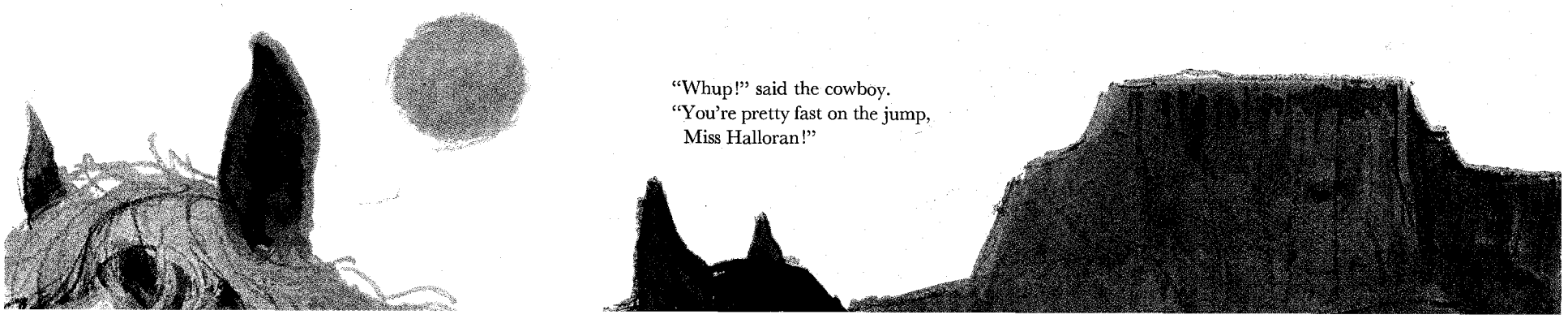
Sandy Halloran was jogging along on Old Kiote, enjoying her saddle, but worrying certain matters over in her mind, when Mr. Ignatz Head-of-a-Cow and Mr. Joe-Mary Morning-Star overtook her on a pair of long-loping Rocking H cowponies. These two Spanish-American hired-men-on-horseback had been christened Ignacio Cabeza de Baca and José María Lucero.

This business of using their elegant names in literal translation had been a typical whimsey of big Mike Halloran, Cassandra's late cowman father.

Ignatz was a buckaroo banty with a foxy face under a big black hat. His eyes were small, black and humorous. Joe-Mary was that rare phenomenon, a short, fat cowboy. His face was a round brown moon, his dark eyes big and innocent. Neither was very young—except in spirit.

The girl on the *bayo coyote* horse was gray-eyed, with tumbling curls of red-blond hair and a figure at once suitably slim for the saddle and admirably curved for joyous viewing. In a day when only a few emancipated lady-folks were abandoning sidesaddles for divided skirts, Cassandra Halloran's garb this June afternoon consisted of the black sateen shirt, blue dungarees and boots of a cowhand—which she was, as well as the somewhat troubled owner of the somewhat mortgaged Rocking H ranch. Her black hat was only a little less weather-warped than those of her two leather-hued *vaqueros*, and her pretty brow was puckered.

It took only the lightest touch of rein to turn Old Kiote around, but Sandy could feel a stiffness in the cowpony's turning that made her feel sad. (Continued on Page 54)



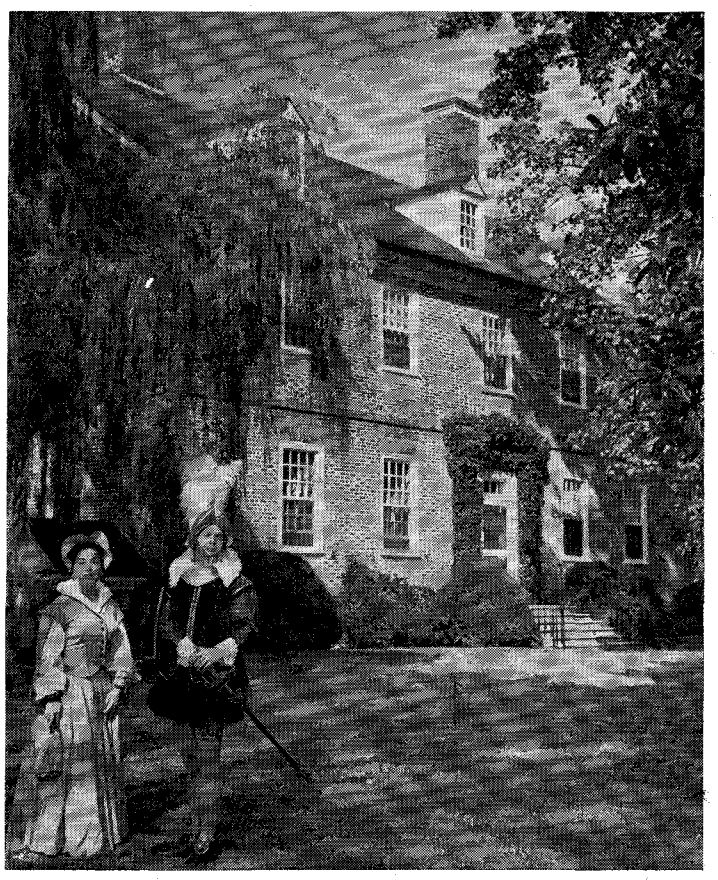
"Whup!" said the cowboy. "You're pretty fast on the jump, Miss Halloran!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Mythical "First Thanksgiving"

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

A Virginian presents his evidence that Southerners started Thanksgiving Day at least fourteen years before the idea occurred to New Englanders.



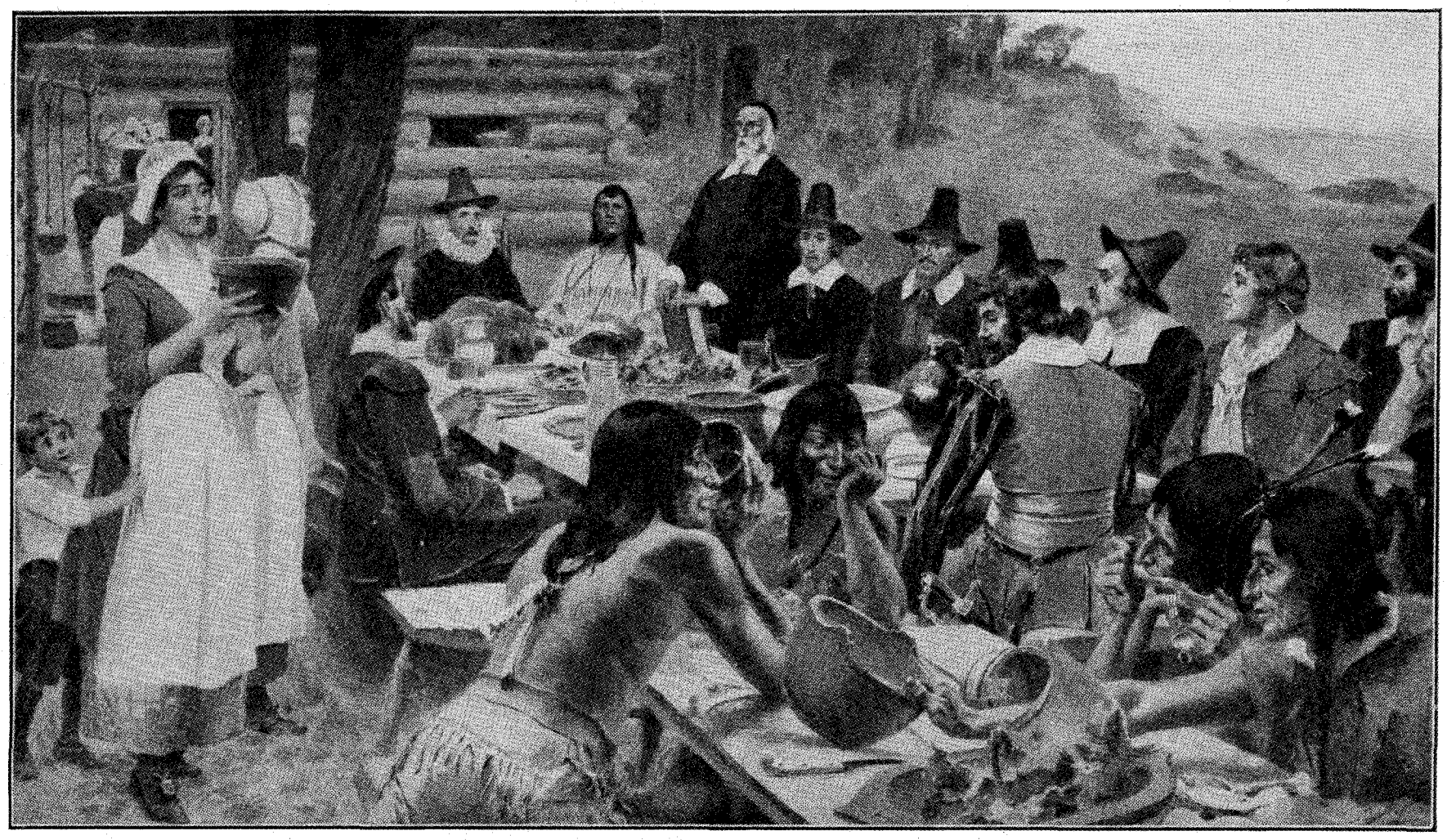
Berkeley Mansion, outside Richmond, Va. Near here, says Dabney, a Thanksgiving celebration was held in 1619.

"The first Thanksgiving held in America" has long been credited to the Pilgrim Fathers. Major histories and encyclopedias unite in declaring that our annual custom of giving thanks began at Plymouth in 1621, when the pious New England settlers decided to express their gratitude to God for a "fruitful and liberal harvest." This is interesting, but unfortunately it isn't true.

The first Thanksgiving in this country did not occur in New England. It occurred in Virginia, long before the Mayflower sailed.

Furthermore, contrary to prevailing opinion, the observance held by the Pilgrims in the year following their arrival was largely nonreligious. While its purpose was to give thanks, and it included a few prayers, the dour, stern Pilgrim Fathers, astonishingly enough, jumped or fell from the austerity wagon on which they had been traveling. For three autumn days—some say for an entire week—they feasted on venison, turkeys, geese, clams and eels, and imbibed certain tipples, including spirits referred to

(Continued on Page 110)



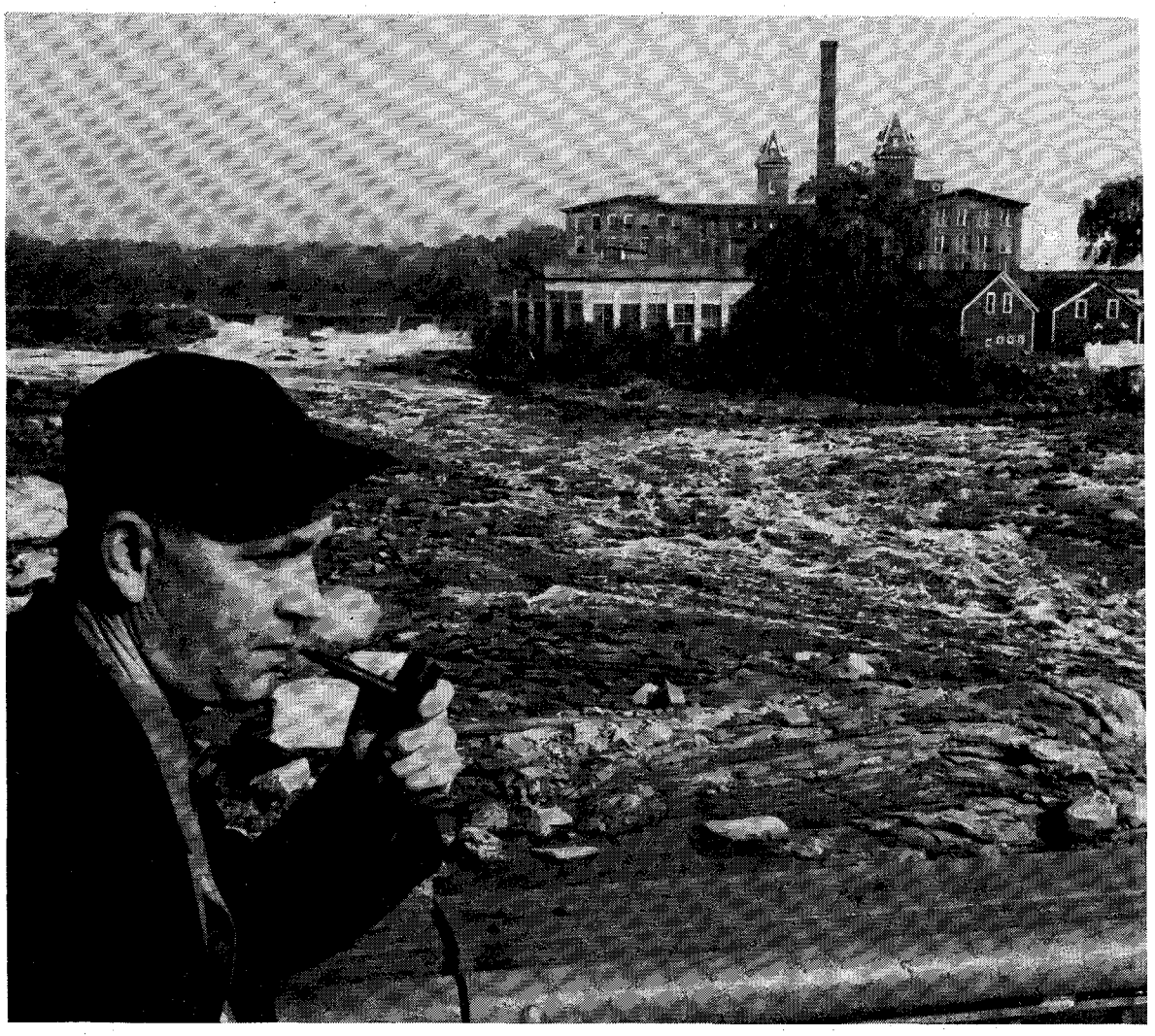
Above: The traditional "first" Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims in 1621. Dabney claims that Virginians observed the occasion at least three times before this—in 1607, 1610 and 1619.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Says They Were First?

By JOHN GOULD

A State of Maine man tells how the Mayflower was met by a committee of local businessmen who had long been well established on our shores.



Author Gould meditates on history's injustice at Lisbon Falls, Me. Here early settlers overcame the Indian Chief Worumbo in a dramatic encounter overlooked by Pilgrim-conscious historians.

The Pilgrim Fathers, and mothers, have achieved great standing in our American community, and woe to anybody who belittles them—but I'm getting tired of them all the same. My trouble is that I've gone beyond the brainwashing of the General Axioms of the Association of History Teachers, and I've found a few random things that won't fit. My conclusion is that we've been overfed.

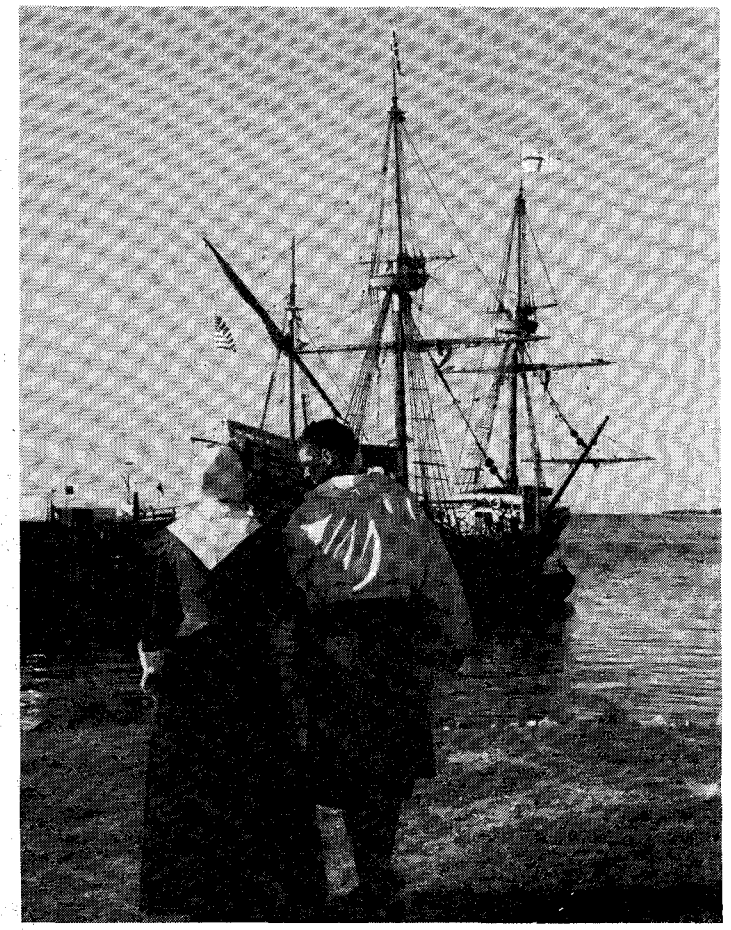
Now that I've got the Mayflower Society mad, I'd like to explain that I am descended from that noble band, too, and do not intend merely to belittle the Pilgrims. Rather, I'd like to make the point that a lot of other good people were around these parts in Pilgrim days, and that we have done them considerable injustice by piling so much of awe and wonder on the Plymouth folks. It's a lot like seeing some poor devil in a movie clawing and clinging at a precipice, and you get all excited about him until you pause and begin to wonder what the cameraman is on. This sort of modifies your alarm, and when you begin to find out about the other people in America in 1620, some of the fervor for the Pilgrims scales off.

To show you what I mean, we have had for long years a woolen mill in my Maine town operated by the Worumbo Manufacturing Company. Just lately it ceased to be a locally owned mill and was bought by the big J. P. Stevens company, which promptly sent many of its executives here to superintend the change in management. One day one of these men asked, "What does 'Worumbo' mean?"

Nobody seemed to know. Well, Worumbo was a sachem of the Abnaki Indians and figured prominently in the early history of this region. Because Indian was never a written language, his name is spelled variously according to who was writing about him, but "Worumbo" was good enough for the old-timers who named the mill. Now, in the early days they went through these land purchases with the Indians, and the variance between the English and Indian senses of possession led to quarrels. One such quarrel with Worumbo decided him to stage a big massacre and get rid of the settlers. So, in the dead of night he and his braves drifted quietly down the Androscoggin River. The Indians intended to come ashore above the falls and attack.

But the settlers somehow guessed Worumbo's plans, and they pulled a bit of chicanery. They went down below the falls and climbed up into the top of an old-growth pine and kindled a fire. They had to hoist up green logs and baskets of dirt, and build a platform so the blaze wouldn't kindle the tree. Those old Maine pines were a hundred feet and more tall. Coming down the river soon afterward, Worumbo saw this blaze and presumed it was the settlement's night fire. Thus he misjudged his location and the canoes swirled into the rapids above the falls and the war party was swept to doom in the cascade. That was the end of Worumbo, and the falls where he died supplies hydro-power to the mill that bears his name.

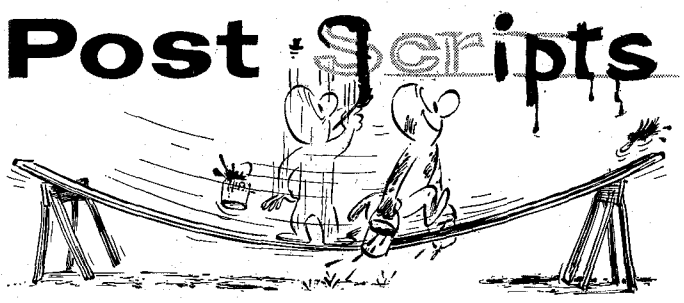
(Continued on Page 112)



Above: The Mayflower replica at Plymouth, Mass. Had this coast been settled before the Pilgrims came?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



LETTERS YOU'D BETTER WRITE RIGHT NOW

Saturday

The Original Noel Christmas Card Co.
Box 4223 Dept. a.
New York, N.Y.
Dear Sir,
I am ansering your Ad. in The Growing Boy (page 73) and I would like to earn up to $200.00 a week selling Christmas Cards. Please send your big sample kit to the undersigned

Billy Mc Graw
R. R. #2
Wilsonville Oregon

and please hurry because there are not very many weeks left before.....

403 Executive Bldg.
Nashville, Tenn.

November 29, 1958

Sacks Fourth Avenue
New York, N.Y.
Rene McCullough, Personal Shopper
Dear Miss McCullough,

Enclosed please find check ($39.95) for a wool dress, size 14, which you advertised in last Sunday's New York paper, to be sent to my office, above address. Did not see the dress myself but my wife said it was a Fluid Trapeze and I believe it had sort of a balloon bottom and the color was either Dawn Pearl or Oriental Pearl, anyway it was white.....

Ivy Hall
Nov 29

Dearest Mam & Gramp—
Is it actually this close to Christmas? Honestly I'd have written sooner but I've been simply "making like a whirly bird" and you'll dissolve when you hear what happened— I MADE RALLY SQUAD!! We're going to have the jazziest outfits— red stretch tights and monster sweaters and Beep Coats— only when I think of putting the arm on Daddy after tuition and everything I shrivel! Oh well, Christmas is coming and maybe he'll have a change of heart or something! How are you? I hope everything is fine and....

"I'm afraid this isn't much of a honeymoon for you, dear."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

3917 S.W. Council Crest Dr.
City

November 29

The Bal Masque Costume Co.
Standard Bldg.
City

Dear Sirs,

This is to confirm my telephone call yesterday inbehalf of the Ainsworth P.-T.A. about the Santa Claus costume (size 42 Large) which must be delivered to the Ainsworth School (Principal's office) no later than 12 noon Tuesday Dec. 23. Please make sure the whiskers are absolutely fireproof because our Mr. Clenaghen who will wear the suit likes to take time out sometimes for a cigarette, and last year.....

November 29

Dearest Aunt Charlotte—

It's hard to believe it's already The 29th of November and I'll bet you're about finished making your annual batch of those delicious cornmeal-prune fruitcakes! That's such a wonderful recipe and the thing is, it keeps so well— I've treasured ours for special occasions so we still have ~~a bit~~ some left, and so if you don't have quite enough to go around this year, we'll certainly understand if you.....

AUERBACH and OHRBACH

Chicago, Ill.

"Your Friendly Dept. Store Since 1888"

November 29, 1958

Dear Charge Customer:

Listen!

Do you hear the silvery tinkle of Christmas chimes? Do you hear the Christmas carols swelling softly in the pre-holiday air?

Now is the time for thoughtfulness and thankfulness. And to prove our gratitude to YOU, Auerbach and Ohrbach is pleased to announce that all purchases made in December will appear NOT on your January statement, NOT on your February statement, but on your March statement, at only a slight additional carrying charge. So don't hesitate to fill ALL your gift needs at friendly Auerbach and Ohrbach's, where.....

PEG BRACKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins, Minerals, too!

Have you had your soup today?

You spoon up a gardenful of goodness from every delicious bowlful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Green vegetables, yellow vegetables—15 prize Campbell vegetables—in nutritive beef-and-vegetable broth. *Everybody* loves soup. And all Campbell's Soups are quick and thrifty. They make it so easy to enjoy the happy, healthy habit: Once a day . . . every day—SOUP!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT NEW IDEA FROM GULF! You can restore clean-engine performance with just one tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles.

New, advanced engines, of course, need new Gulf Crest as a full time fuel to maintain maximum engine performance. But . . .

In other cars (cars not requiring highest octane gasoline), use a tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles to *restore* clean-engine performance. New Gulf Crest neutralizes deposits left by other gasolines. You'll save on gasoline, spark plug replacements, costly engine servicing . . . and you'll begin to get that *live* power feeling again!

GULF

NEW GULF CREST
GASOLINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason intended to prove that the D.A.'s case was a little too good. . . .

Perry Mason unearthed evidence that seven-year-old Robert Selkirk accidentally killed his own father, Mervin Selkirk. But the little boy's mother, Lorraine Jennings, and his stepfather, Barton Jennings, successfully framed Norda Allison for the murder.

After Selkirk's death, Barton Jennings hired Grace Hallam, a baby sitter, to take Robert to Mexico. But before Grace and the little boy could board the plane, they were stopped by Horace Livermore Selkirk, Robert's domineering grandfather. The elder Selkirk hid Grace and Robert away in a quiet hotel. However, Mason outwitted the old man by finding Grace and Robert and sending them to Mexico. Mason then substituted another woman and child in the hotel suite. In doing so, Mason sent away his star witness, for Robert freely admitted that he shot someone. And now Mason's client, Norda Allison, faced a preliminary hearing on the charge of murder.

VI

"With reference to this indeterminate interval," Mason said, "it is then possible that the decedent had sustained the fatal wound at some other place and had driven the car to the place where the body was found?"

"It is possible, but not probable."

"Would you say that the interval between the time the fatal wound was sustained and death could not have been more than ten minutes?"

"It could have been as much as ten minutes."

"Could it have been eleven minutes?"

"Well, yes. When I say ten minutes I am not referring to an interval which I time with a stop watch."

"Well, you know how long ten minutes is, don't you?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"Now you say it could have been eleven minutes."

"It could have been."

"Fourteen?"

"I can't fix the time exactly, Mr. Mason."

"Fifteen?"

"I'm not going to say that it couldn't have been fifteen minutes."

"Twenty?"

"I doubt very much if it was twenty minutes."

"It could have been?"

"It could have been."

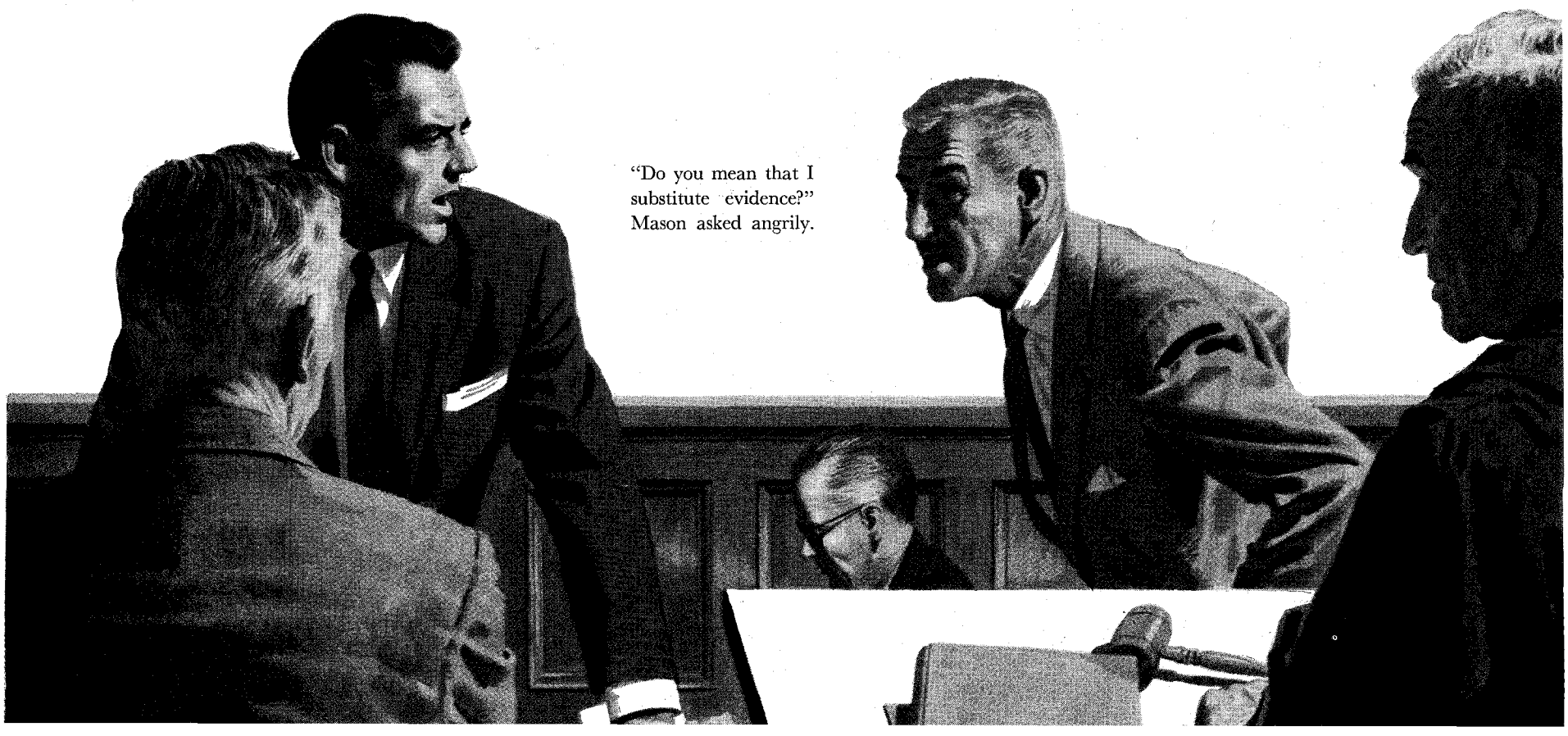
"The decedent could have been driving the car during that time?"

"During at least a part of that time. There was considerable hemorrhage and he was losing blood and losing strength."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

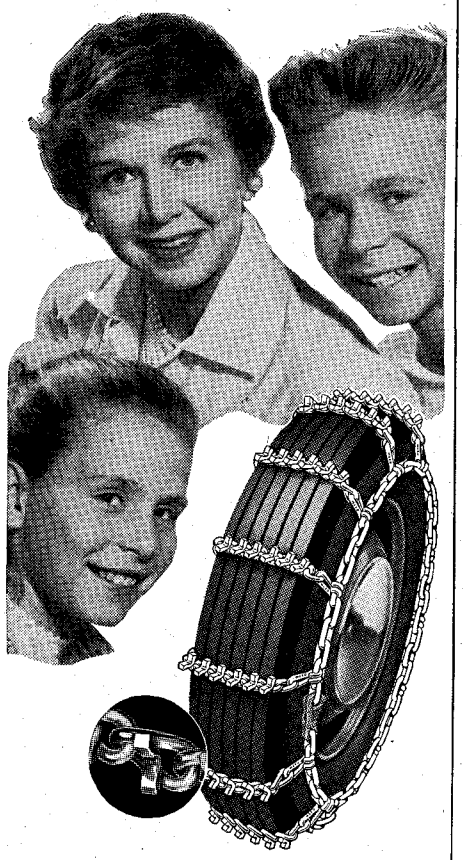
The doctor left the stand and Marshall called Sergeant Holcomb to the stand. Sergeant Holcomb testified that he was connected with the

(Continued on Page 102)



"Do you mean that I substitute evidence?" Mason asked angrily.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keep them safe—

CHAINS BEAT A TOW IN SNOW

• Weed V-Bar Tire Chains give your family *double* protection—protection against getting stuck in deep snow in bitter cold, and protection against skids that can kill.

Yes, last winter's big snowstorms proved it across the nation: Used on regular tires or snow tires, Weed V-Bar Tire Chains (with 288 or more gripping points of hardened steel) keep good drivers going when others get stuck. And remember: Weed V-Bar Tire Chains protect your family on *both* ice and snow.

So get your Weed V-Bar Tire Chains now—while dealers' stocks are complete. Carry them with your spare tire and jack—use them when needed. Any service station will put them on, or do it yourself with a handy Weed Chain applier. But be sure you have chains—get yours now!

WEED V-BAR TIRE CHAINS

for Regular or Snow Tires

American Chain & Cable Company
York, Pa. • Bridgeport, Conn.

ACCO

In Business for Your Safety

Stand By for Climate Control

(Continued from Page 21)

California, New York, London and many other areas. If the Russians should succeed in changing the Siberian climate they presumably would greatly benefit themselves. But, by the same token, they might modify or eliminate the Siberian "high." Nobody knows what effect that might have on the weather pattern of the world in general. It might, for example, drastically affect the rate of annual rainfall in the United States or Japan or various other countries. As yet, we just don't know enough to guess what the full effect would be.

Another vast project, discussed in Russia, theoretically could change the climate in a large part of the world. This is a proposal to build a dam across the Bering Strait, between Siberia and Alaska, and to install hundreds of atomic-powered pumping stations that could shift warm water from the Pacific Ocean to the icy Arctic Ocean. The formation of a team of international scientists and engineers to design such a dam was proposed last winter by a Soviet engineer, Arkady Borisovich Markin, according to an article in the Baltimore Sun.

The pumping of warm water from the Pacific presumably would disrupt the normal ocean currents that strongly influence weather on the west coast of North America. But even more significant, it might reduce or melt the Arctic icecap. Thus, a vast frigid area in Siberia, Alaska, Canada and elsewhere would be made habitable and the Russians would have a warm-water port on the Pacific. The average temperatures in such cities as Boston, Glasgow, Stockholm and Tokyo would rise ten degrees or so and, depending on how much ice was melted, the ocean level also would rise. Merely melting the ice in the Arctic Ocean would not affect the world's ocean level, because most of that ice is under the surface. But if land glaciers also melted, the ocean level would rise enough to flood large coastal areas including New York City, which might be under thirty to forty feet of water.

We do not have to worry at present about damming the Bering Strait—it is considerably more than a weekend job—but turning the Arctic Ocean into an open sea is one of the most logical future methods of climate modification. In fact, there are some signs that nature and man-made smog already are doing the job for us. At the end of the Ice Age many centuries ago the northern regions were covered by vast glaciers, but these have shrunk to a comparatively thin ice coating. Doctor Kaplan has said that the melting of the polar icecaps is being accelerated by the increasing use of gasoline and oil, which creates gases that warm the world's atmosphere. Unless atmospheric temperatures can be controlled, this melting of glaciers could raise the ocean level forty feet in the next half century, he estimates.

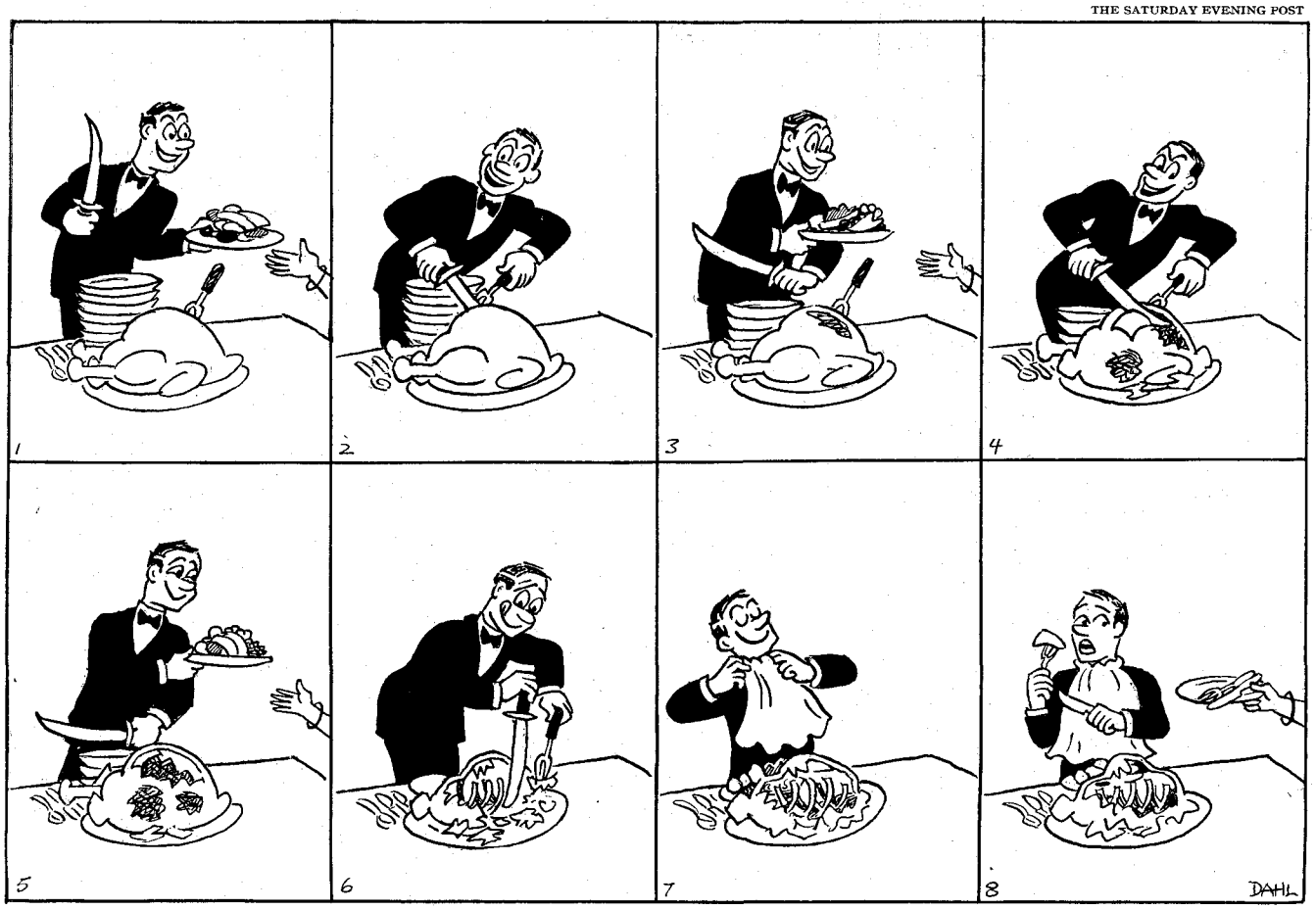
It is theoretically possible to melt the ice and snow in polar areas in a number of ways that would modify the climate. Snow and ice absorb only 10 to 20 per cent of the heat from the sun and reflect the remainder back into space. But Government-sponsored agricultural experiments in Alaska have shown that a minute sprinkling of coal dust, lampblack or other colored pigments, in a thin layer over snow and ice results in absorption of perhaps 80 per cent of the sun's rays. High absorption, of course, melts the ice and snow, and warms the soil. This method has made it possible to extend the growing season in Alaska by several weeks in the spring and fall. If carried out on a large scale it might melt the polar icecap. The Russians, incidentally, have used such methods to grow vegetables, flowers and grasses on experimental farms north of the Arctic Circle.

I have said a good deal here about the Russians because, while we have little information about what they are doing in weather modification, we know that under certain circumstances a dictatorship can produce surprising results, as with the Sputniks. Such surprises are less likely in a democracy. Some of our Government-sponsored weather projects are kept secret because they involve national defense, but others, such as the seeding of clouds to produce rain, are usually in the hands of commercial companies. Modern scientific attempts to increase rainfall usually are dated from experiments by August W. Veraart in Holland in 1930; but such efforts were often greeted with skepticism and sometimes with ridicule for the next twenty years—even after Dr. Irving Langmuir and Dr. Vincent J. Schaefer made important discoveries in the field in 1946. Then Dr. Bernard Vonnegut found that microscopic silver-iodide crystals—really silver-iodide smoke produced by generators—were most effective in seeding clouds. This resulted in greater interest by our Government, and several projects were established. By the early 1950's, from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 was paid annually by farmers and water-power companies to commercial cloud-seeding concerns in an effort to increase rainfall, mostly in the Western states.

There is no question in my mind that the seeding of clouds, which was ridiculed by many scientists only a few years ago, has been proved effective, within limitations, in increasing rainfall. The Advisory Committee on Weather Control analyzed data of twelve commercial cloud-seeding projects involving 427 storms which had been seeded. With the co-operation of Government and educational groups we set up experiments in various states from California to New Hampshire with carefully designed controls to provide evaluation data. In its report the committee concluded that silver-iodide seeding of wintertime storm clouds in mountainous areas of the Western states produced an average increase in precipitation of 10 to 15 per cent, "with heavy odds that this increase was not the result of natural variations in the amount of rainfall." In nonmountainous (*Continued on Page 49*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



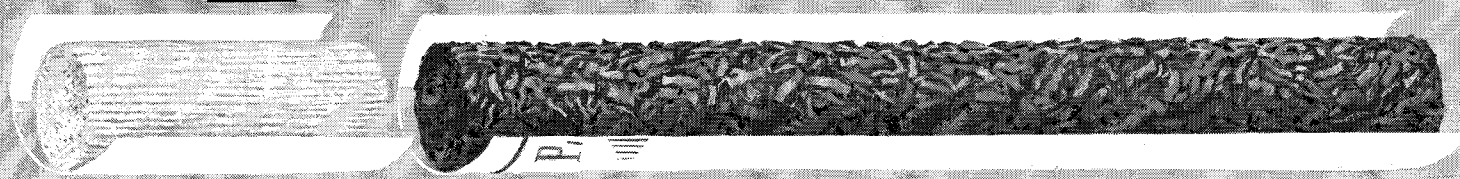
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 29, 1958

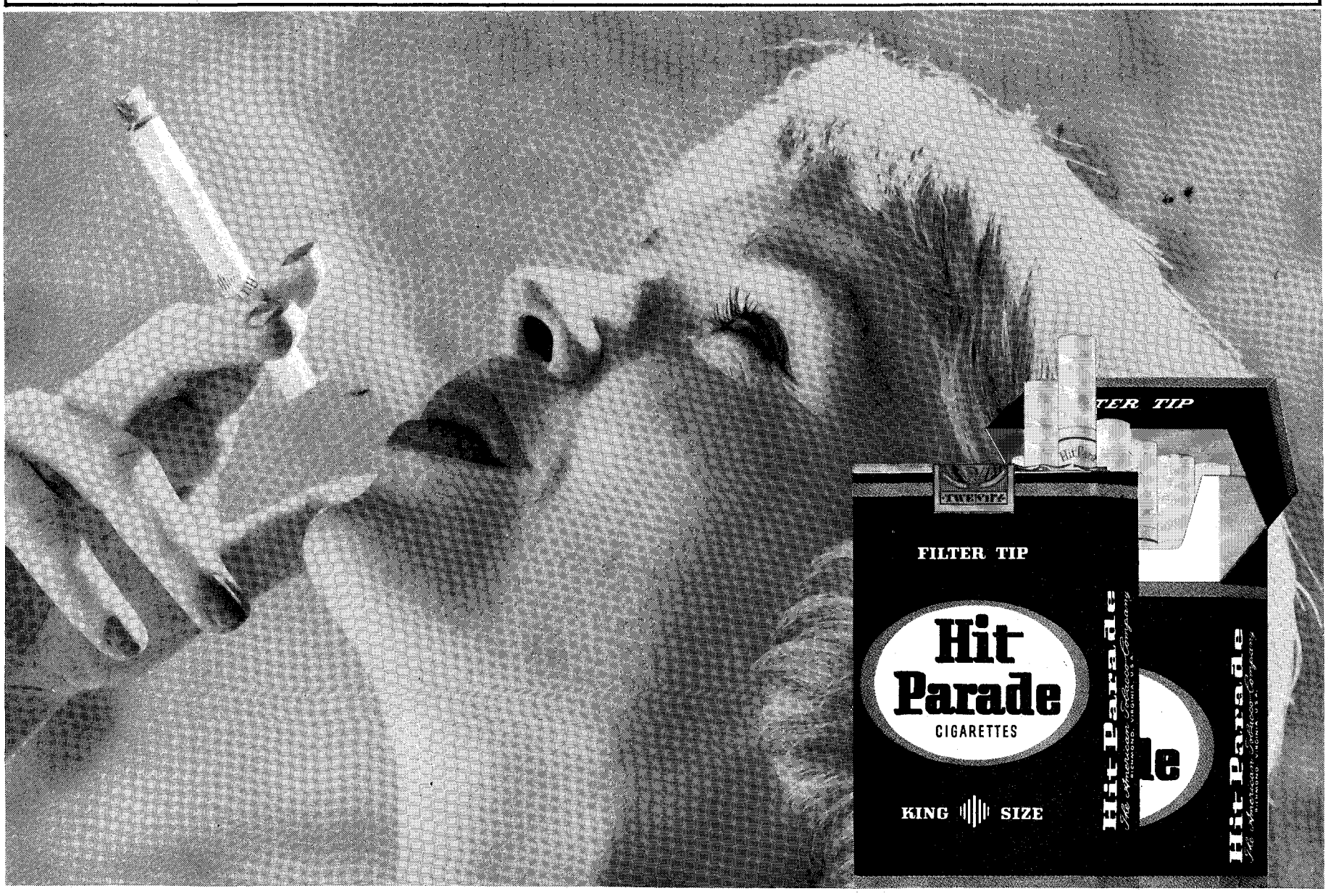
Pleasure up your smoking with America's Best Filter! Enjoy new Hit Parade

America's Best Filter

The world's finest tobaccos



with over 400,000 filter traps

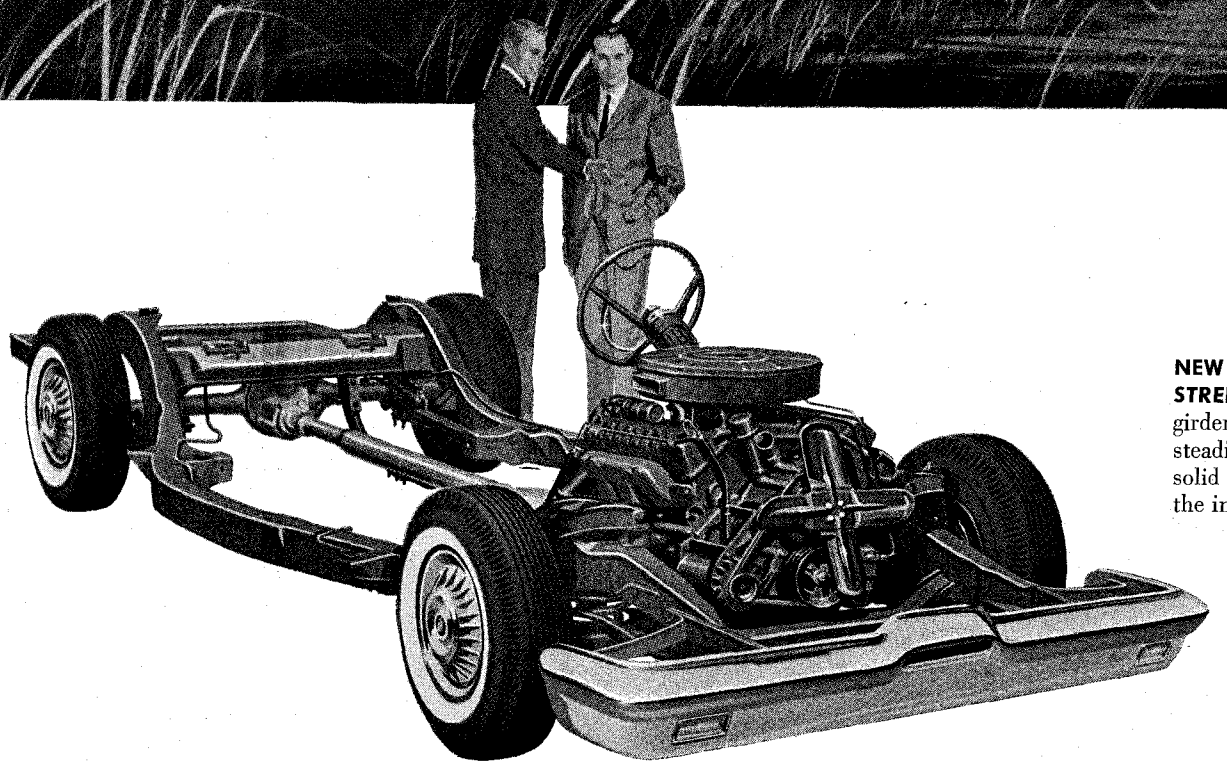


The pleasure's all *yours* in new Hit Parade. For its remarkable filter, with over 400,000 filter traps, takes no flavor toll from the world's finest tobaccos. It draws freely . . . delivers deep, full smoking enjoyment. And test after test* proves that new Hit Parade outfilters all leading filter brands.

*By the entirely new and improved testing method of advanced accuracy that traps and weighs total smoke solids.

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

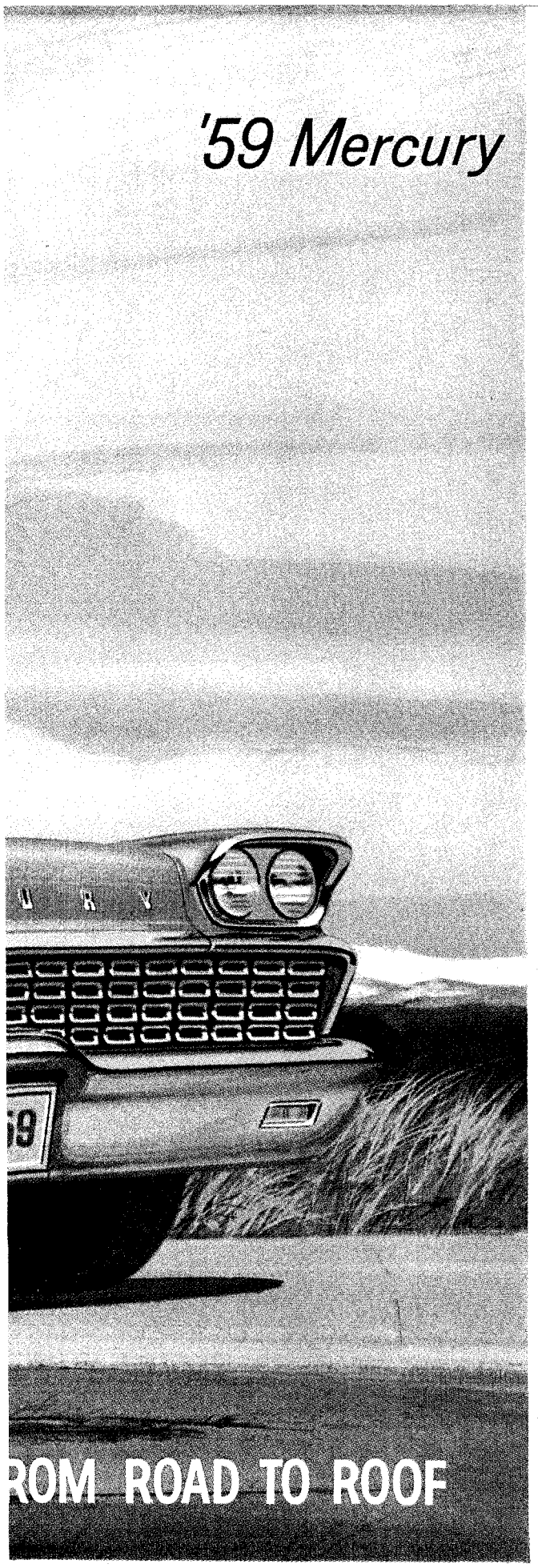
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW PERFORMANCE—NEW ROAD-HOLDING STRENGTH with Mercury's safety-width box-girder frame that is 4 inches wider—heavier, steadier and safer. The Monterey gives you a solid comfort ride on a turnpike—on a trail. Get the inside story from your Mercury dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'59 Mercury Shows You What New Really Means:



MERCURY ANNOUNCES ECONOMY-POWERED MONTEREYS

Gives brilliant V-8 performance—you "ride free" 10 miles out of every 100

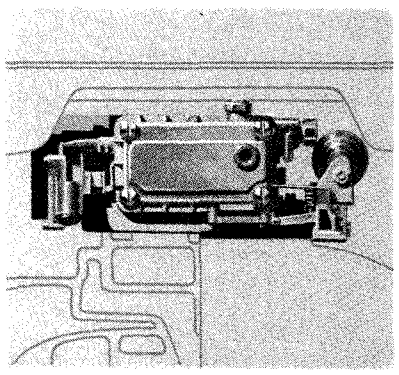
You "ride free" because the new Monterey V-8 engine gives top performance on regular (not premium) gasoline.

Now you can ask the man for "regular gas" and save 10%. On a 100-mile trip in your luxurious new Mercury Monterey you can figure that at least 10 of these miles will cost you nothing for gasoline.

In addition—the brawny Monterey V-8 squeezes more mileage out of every drop of gasoline (regular, not premium). And you do all this while cruising along in a full-powered, big-league car!

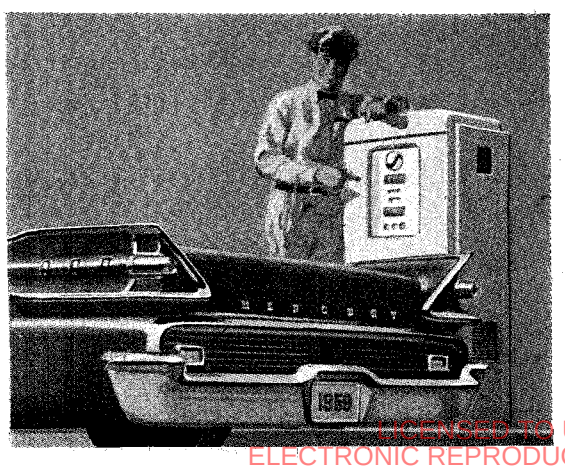
For all this economy and superb performance, mind you, there is no compromise in comfort. Mercury is a big space-planned car you can relax in. New, wider doors make getting into a Mercury easier. And, once inside, you'll find stretch-out room for 6 big passengers, including those in the middle! The hump in the center of the floor has been cut in half so passengers in the middle don't ride with their knees under their chin (the way they do in other '59 cars).

Best of all, this beauty with its Clean-Dynamic styling is attractively priced. Actually, 2 out of 3 new car buyers can afford the '59 Mercury. See it soon.



NEW ECON-O-MISER CARBURETOR is designed to satisfy full power demands, with a special booster that gives finer control of fuel metering, increases efficiency, saves gas.

SAVE 10% EVERY TIME YOU FILL UP. The Monterey's high-spirited Economy Engine earns its name on the road—and proves it at the pump! Here's one '59 car that performs brilliantly on "regular" gas—quietly, effortlessly, efficiently. Power without waste.

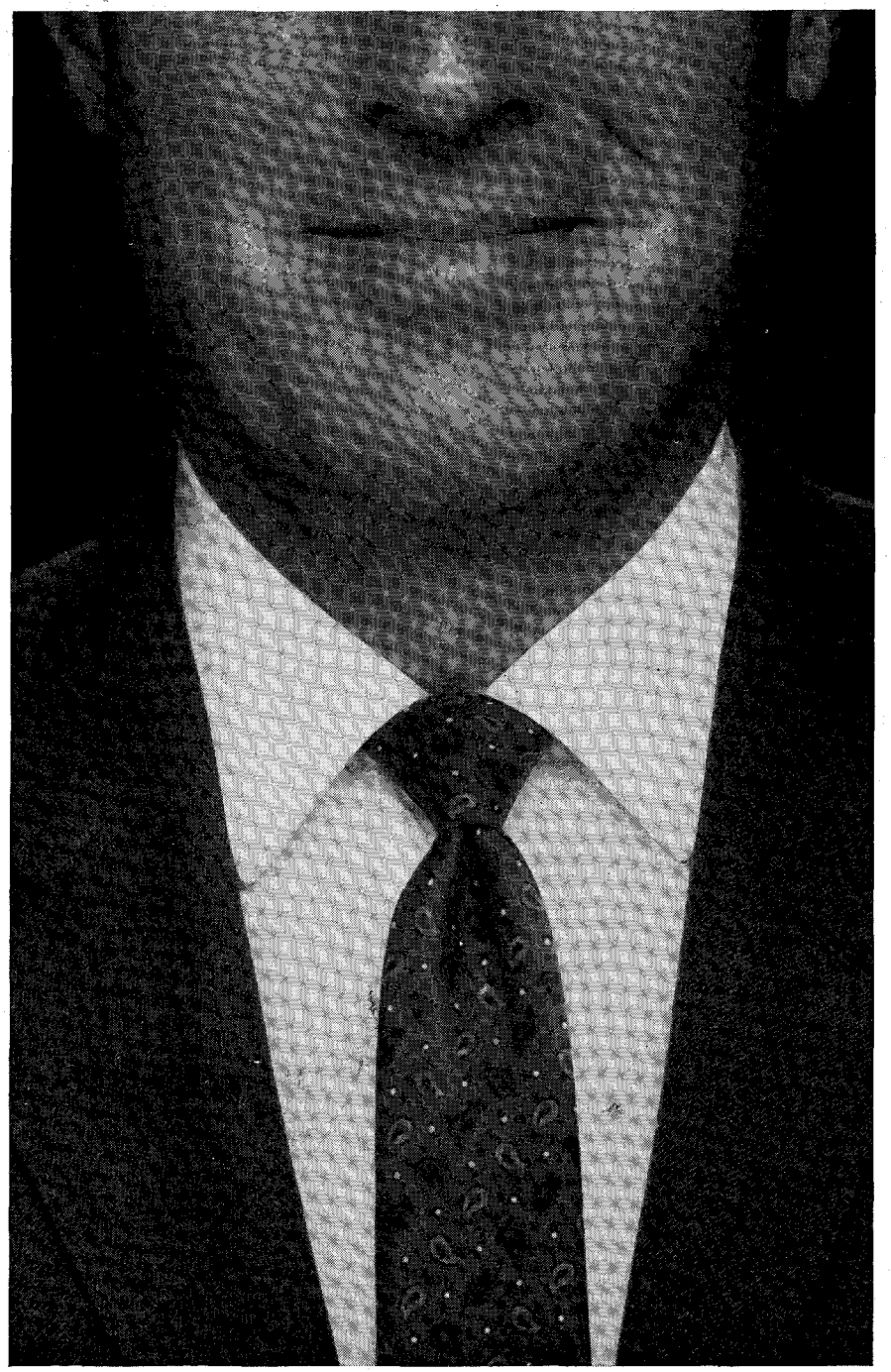


20th ANNIVERSARY

'59 MERCURY

BUILT TO LEAD—BUILT TO LAST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARROW *Whip*, 100% cotton, $4.00 ARROW Dacron tie, $1.50

ARROW *Glen*, Dacron and cotton, $6.95 ARROW Dacron tie, $1.50

You name it, Arrow has it...in Wash and Wear

Dacron and cotton or all-cotton—Arrow Wash and Wear shirts can be washed by hand, washed and dried by machine, and worn without ironing.

Your days of limited choice in wash and wear have ended! Choose 100% cotton or Dacron and cotton. Count on getting your favorite Arrow collar style—short points, medium points, soft or nonwilt, button-down, spread—you name it.

Convenience is the word for Arrow "Time-Saver" wash and wear. Wash them by hand, by machine (using the new wash and wear cycle), or send to the laundry. *No ironing needed.* They'll look impeccable—as though they'd been fussed over.

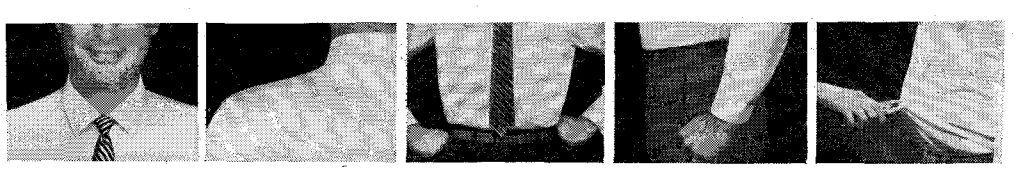
Other blessings of Arrow wash and wear: convertible cuffs—button or wear with links, as you wish. Fine *all-combed* yarns that caress you with luxury and wear like iron.

And rest assured of lasting fit. Every Arrow wash and wear shirt promises *that* with the "Sanforized" label. At Arrow retailers all over town. *Now.*

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW

first in fashion



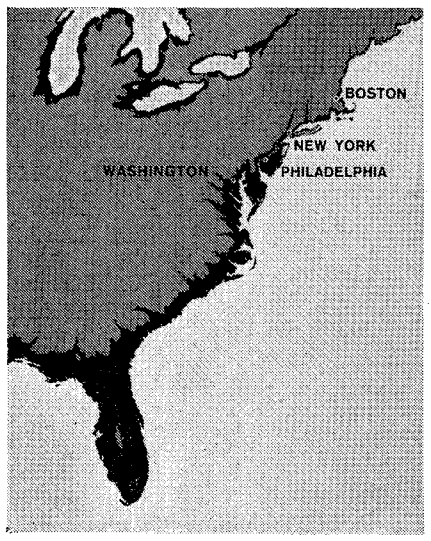
Men prefer Arrow 5-to-1 because of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" fabrics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*) states, increased precipitation was not detected, possibly because our statistical methods were not sensitive enough.

I should emphasize that our present methods of seeding are very primitive and our knowledge is very meager. Equipment will be vastly improved and, with information accumulating, we can expect much greater effectiveness in triggering rain clouds in the future as well as in controlling violent storms, preventing hail damage to crops and reducing the lightning that starts about 400 forest fires every year.

The modification of storms is a logical early step in weather control. Storms vividly illustrate the devastating force of nature. A man-sized hurricane, such as those that hit the Atlantic seaboard in 1954 and 1955, squanders enough energy in its average ten-day cycle to supply the United States with electrical power for almost a million years.



According to one theory, this is how the east coast of the U.S. would be inundated during the next half century if the continued warming of the earth's atmosphere accelerates the melting of the polar icecaps.

Regardless of whether we ever find a way to harness the incredible electrical power of storms, scientific progress in recent years has opened a vast new field of research in the processes of weather, leading toward eventual control of them. Our watch on the weather still is something like peering through a keyhole at a football game—at present we observe only about 10 per cent of the earth's atmosphere by means of weather stations, balloons, airplanes and ships at sea. But we obviously are not far from the day when we shall have a regular patrol of the world's weather by orbiting satellites equipped with television cameras and other instruments—and eventually such weather satellites will be manned. Only recently, Dr. Richard W. Porter, head of the U. S. satellite program during the International Geophysical Year, said a satellite with two sensitive photoelectric cells as "eyes" would soon be launched to study cloud patterns and storms, and report back to earth by radio. Television will show us instantly, instead of hours later, when a storm is being born.

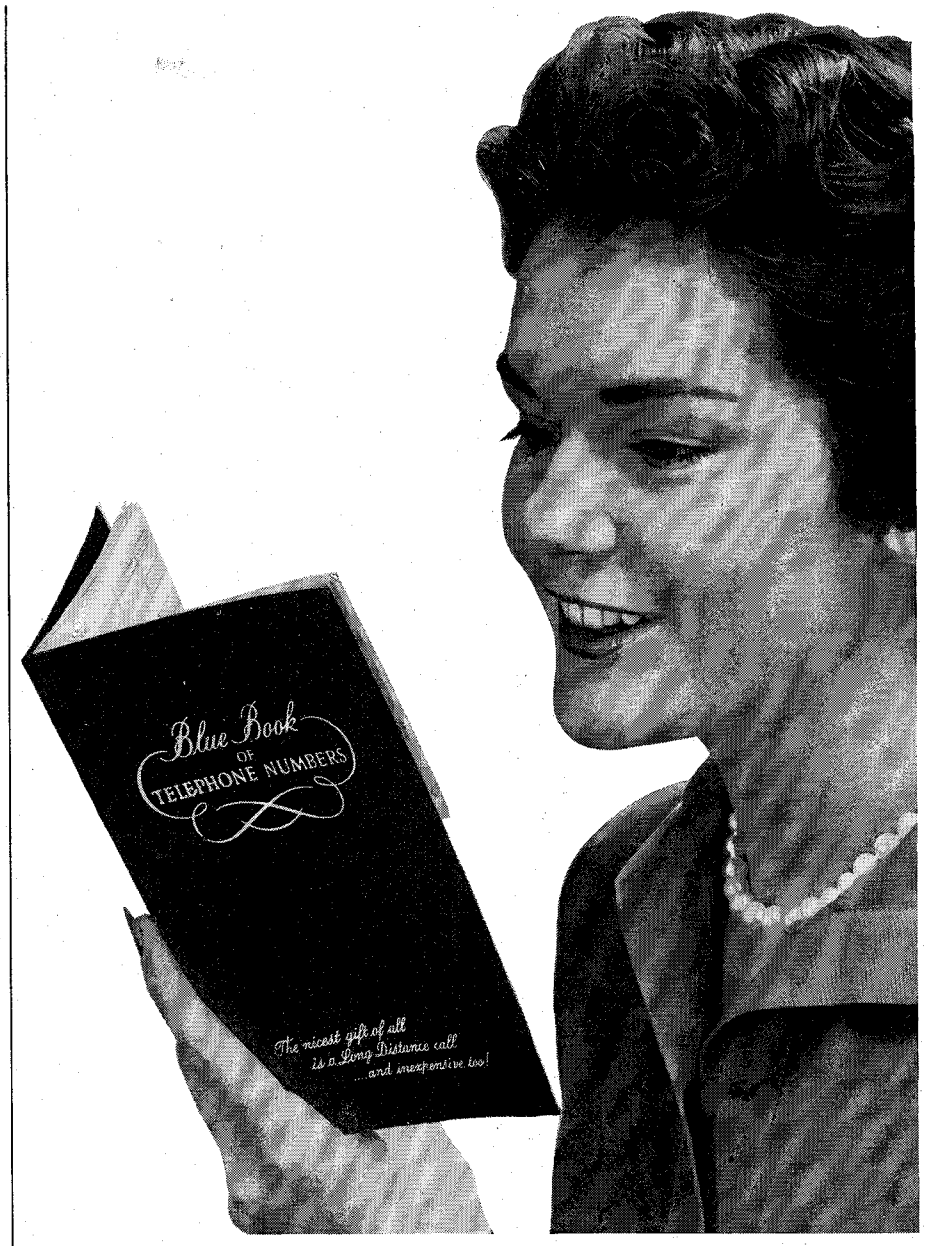
We have had tantalizing hints of the possibilities. Some time ago the Navy installed two motion-picture cameras in an Aerobee rocket, sent it into the upper atmosphere from New Mexico and automatically photographed cloud patterns over thousands of miles. When the cameras were recovered and the film developed, meteorologists were puzzled by a curious formation of clouds over the Gulf of Mexico. Further investigation showed that this was a newly born hurricane which, meantime, had done much damage along the coast. If the rocket had carried television equipment, that hurricane could have been spotted at birth, before it had grown into a big storm.

I am confident that someday such storms can be dissipated or modified if caught in the early stages. Hurricanes grow and gain intensity by "feeding" on the warm water over which they move. A young hurricane theoretically could be broken up into small thundershowers by aerial seeding of clouds with solidified CO_2 or silver iodide. The Weather Bureau plans to try this break-up technique in its present program of research. Some scientists also have suggested it might be possible to spread oil or patches of colored dye over the ocean to change the radiation-reflection balance of the water and thus interrupt the feeding of a hurricane. Another possibility has developed from Government-sponsored experiments to find ways of preventing loss of water in western reservoirs. These have shown that cetyl alcohol spread very thinly on the surface reduces evaporation by around 50 per cent. The same chemicals, properly applied, might reduce the heat and moisture on the ocean surface and thus disrupt the progress of hurricanes.

These theories probably will seem primitive, as we learn more about the basic causes of violent weather, particularly the role of atmospheric electricity. There apparently exists a kind of electrical balance between the earth and the ionosphere, which is the electrically charged or ionized air layer beginning some forty miles out from the earth. This balance is constantly changing and some researchers believe that violent weather, particularly thunderstorms, occur when an imbalance exists. The storms, in turn, restore the balance. Study in this field may produce the next major clue to eventual weather control. Dr. Bernard Vonnegut and his assistant, Charles B. Moore, are working in New Mexico on highly important research into atmospheric electricity. Such research—sooner or later—will provide the necessary data as to the cause and effect of electricity in thunderstorms. Perhaps we shall learn how to establish artificial electrostatic fields that will break up or modify violent local storms.

I referred earlier to Doctor Kaplan's remarks on how the earth's atmosphere is being warmed by man's use of oil, gas and other fossil fuels. This is actually a matter of changing the composition of the atmosphere—a basic principle of future weather control. Our weather is relatively stable because of what might be called the heat balance in our atmosphere. This balance depends on the amount of radiation reaching the earth from the sun and the amount that is reflected back from the earth into space. Thus at the poles where the icecap reflects 80 to 90 per cent of the sun's rays we have a deficit of heat, but at the equator, where the sun's energy is received for approximately twelve hours every day, we have a hot climate. The interchange of warm air masses from the tropics and cold air from the poles, which we recognize as wind and weather, establishes our atmospheric balance.

This balance can be altered and our weather changed by changing the composition of the atmosphere in a way that will increase or diminish the amount of solar radiation reaching the earth or the amount reflected back into space. For example, our burning of fossil fuels in furnaces and engines is increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and creating a gaseous layer of insulation around the earth. This insulation does not (*Continued on Page 51*)



FINGER-TIP FILE
FOR YOUR
OUT-OF-TOWN NUMBERS

Whenever you telephone out-of-town family or friends, your call goes through twice as fast if you call by number.

That's why it's a good idea to have a Blue Book. It's for your own personal list of out-of-town numbers. Each time you make a Long Distance call, the number is right there in your Blue Book.

Call the telephone business office to get your free copy.

YOU SAVE MONEY
WHEN YOU CALL STATION-TO-STATION
instead of Person-to-Person

For example:	First 3 Minutes Person-to-Person	First 3 Minutes Station-to-Station	Each Added Minute (applies to all calls)
Chicago to Toledo	90¢	60¢	15¢
New Orleans to Houston	$1.20	80¢	20¢
Detroit to New York	$1.45	95¢	25¢
Philadelphia to Indianapolis	$1.60	$1.05	30¢
Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles	$3.00	$2.00	55¢

These rates apply nights after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday.
Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New!...and only from **Motorola**

One 4", one 6" Golden Voice* Speaker in each "wing". Loudness, Treble, Bass, Balance Controls. 4-speed changer; dual sapphire styli in flip-over cartridge. Miracle fabric covering. Colors: Spice Brown; Black Alligator; Black Morocco and Irish Linen

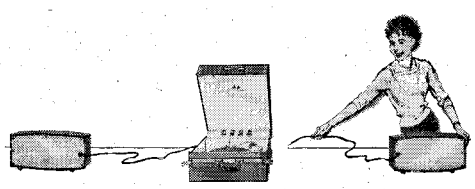
Complete Stereo Hi-Fi *in a compact* Portable

Sets up in seconds . . . for hours of thrilling 3-dimensional listening

Carries as easily as your overnight case

Opens up a whole new world of depth-in-sound

Speakers may remain attached to the unit



Speakers may be extended up to 20 feet apart

*TRADEMARK OF MOTOROLA, INC.

Nothing like it . . . *anywhere!* No other portable offers you so many superb-listening advantages: A dual-channel, 16-watt amplifier with high fidelity frequency range from 30 to 15,000 cps. Two pairs of matching speakers (which can remain attached to Control Unit, or detached and placed up to 20 feet apart). Four separate controls, including *single* Balance Control to equalize sound levels of *both* speakers individually for perfect stereophonic effect.

Only with this exclusive new Motorola Portable . . . and for the first time *in* any portable . . . can you get the full benefit of the new Stereo records with the tone quality that up until now has been restricted to larger console units.

And your present LP records will sound better than ever before . . . because you will hear them through the *two* separate pairs of speakers.

More to enjoy from

Motorola

World's Largest Exclusive Electronics Manufacturer

NEW DREXEL-DESIGNED CABINETRY . . . NEW CONTEMPORARY-STYLED CONSOLE UNITS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 49*) interfere with short-wave radiation coming from the sun, but it does trap radiation reflected back from the earth and prevents much of it from bouncing out into space. This gas layer is comparable to a greenhouse roof over the earth; some of our leading scientists believe it has caused the increase of one or two degrees (Fahrenheit) in our average temperature during this century. The present amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is estimated at only 2 per cent, but it is increasing. If it reaches 15 per cent our average temperature would become high enough to melt the polar icecap.

The accumulation of carbon dioxide is an accidental by-product of the machine age, but we now know that man can purposely change, at least temporarily, the chemical composition of the atmosphere. With the co-operation of the Air Force, rockets carrying small amounts of vaporized sodium and nitric oxide were fired some sixty miles into the upper atmosphere over White Sands, New Mexico. When the vaporized sodium was released there was a glow of brilliant color across twenty miles of night sky, as if a bit of the heavens had been set aflame. The effect continued on a diminishing scale for twenty-six minutes. In addition, the release of the nitric oxide created an artificial ionized layer of atmosphere which temporarily bounced back radio signals more efficiently than naturally ionized layers.

These experiments were primarily to study chemical changes in the upper atmosphere, but from the standpoint of weather control they demonstrated significantly that such changes could be achieved artificially. If the composition of the atmosphere can be altered on a considerable scale, then eventually we shall find chemical combinations that will increase or diminish the effect of the sun's rays and, in turn, raise or lower temperatures on earth. We already have reason to believe that while carbon dioxide in the air raises our average temperature, other chemicals may lower it. Whenever an H-bomb is exploded, radioactive atomic dust is blown into the upper atmosphere, where it forms a kind of canopy which reduces short-wave radiation from the sun and cools our atmosphere. Doctor Teller has estimated that if 2000 H-bombs were exploded in the next twenty years there would be enough radioactive dust aloft to lower the earth's normal air temperatures by fifteen degrees and bring on a new ice age.

There are other theories of how to modify weather in restricted areas, but further research is urgently needed to test them. For instance, we know from laboratory experiments that chemicals of a detergent nature, if spread on water, cause a bubbling action that exposes much more water to the sun's rays and speeds up evaporation. If a large area of water were covered with such chemicals at a point where prevailing winds blow toward the coast, the normal rainfall and temperature theoretically would be increased for some miles inland.

Another method for warming up limited areas has been suggested as a result of experience in Alaska with large silver-coated aluminum reflectors, used to concentrate the rays of the sun on planted fields and thus to increase the heat in the ground. Some researchers with vivid imaginations have suggested that similar huge reflectors made of very light plastic materials could be set up in space, as satellites, to intensify solar radiation over a large area on earth. Admittedly, this is a fantastic idea today, but many things that now seem impossible may be feasible as we move into the Space Age. We are confident, for instance, that space platforms can be established one day. Several might be set up approximately 22,000 miles from the earth where they would move in a twenty-four-hour orbit that would keep pace with the rotation of the earth and would keep them constantly over the same area on earth.

These platforms or satellites could be used to suspend in space very thin reflectors such as sheets of polyethylene sprinkled with silver particles. This reflector field would cover an area several miles long—it would be as weightless as a satellite in space—and would intercept and redirect solar radiation in much the same way you might use a mirror to concentrate the rays of the sun on a given spot. The reflector field could be positioned to concentrate radiation on a specified area on earth and thus cause the temperature to rise until the field was shifted or switched off.

Impossible? Perhaps. But I would not be surprised if some such method proved practicable—sooner than other theories of weather control—as a way to prevent frosts, to melt ice in the Great Lakes or icebergs in the ship lanes, or probably to modify violent storms.

Another idea that grew out of the New Mexico rocket experiments has the fascinating goal of turning night into day. In one test, ethylene gas was released at an altitude of ninety miles and created a red-and-green glow that could be seen for several hundred miles. Only nine pounds of gas was used, and we believe that as you go higher into the ionosphere a small amount of chemicals has an even greater effect. Therefore, suppose that a dozen satellites generating ultraviolet light were put into twenty-four-hour orbit some 22,000 miles from the earth. It seems logical to me that the ultraviolet light—invisible to the naked eye—would serve to amplify what scientists called the night airglow and that the satellites would appear to us on earth as a set of artificial suns, lighting up the darkness until we could see just about as well as on a dark, cloudy day.

Of course, we shan't know whether we can make artificial suns until we know much, much more about the night airglow and other atmospheric phenomena. I'm not sure there will ever be any good reason for turning night into day. A winning general in the midst of a battle might be pleased to be able to hold back darkness, but no matter how much our world changes I hope there would still be bitter complaints from young couples interested in spending an evening under a June moon.

Regardless of what the future may bring, I am sure of one thing. We Americans cannot afford to neglect the essential research that will one day lead to weather control. The Russians are hard at work on meteorological research and there is the possibility that they have a crash program. Yet today the United States is spending only peanuts on the kind of research that must be done to achieve weather control.

What is really needed? A minimal program, based on recommendation of the Advisory Committee on Weather Control and the Meteorology Committee of the National Academy of Sciences, calls for an increase of from 50 to 100 per cent in Government support for meteorology at educational institutions and the use of Federal funds, if necessary, to stimulate greatly the interest of young men in careers in this field. Even more important, it calls for establishment of a National Institute of Atmospheric Research with a capital investment of $50,000,000 and an annual operating budget of around $15,000,000.

These, and various supplementary recommendations would give us a start. Just what it would cost to beat the Russians to weather control is problematical, but it would be cheap if it cost no more than we spent to develop the atomic bomb—$2,000,000,000. Even the early benefits of the program, such as vastly improved forecasting, would be worth billions of dollars to farmers, air lines and others, whereas failure to keep ahead might mean disaster. I should mention here that various members of Congress are alert to the importance of a comprehensive program. Senator Francis Case, of South Dakota, for instance, was instrumental in legislation that established the Advisory Committee in 1953 and recently co-sponsored a bill to turn the functions of that committee over to the National Science Foundation.

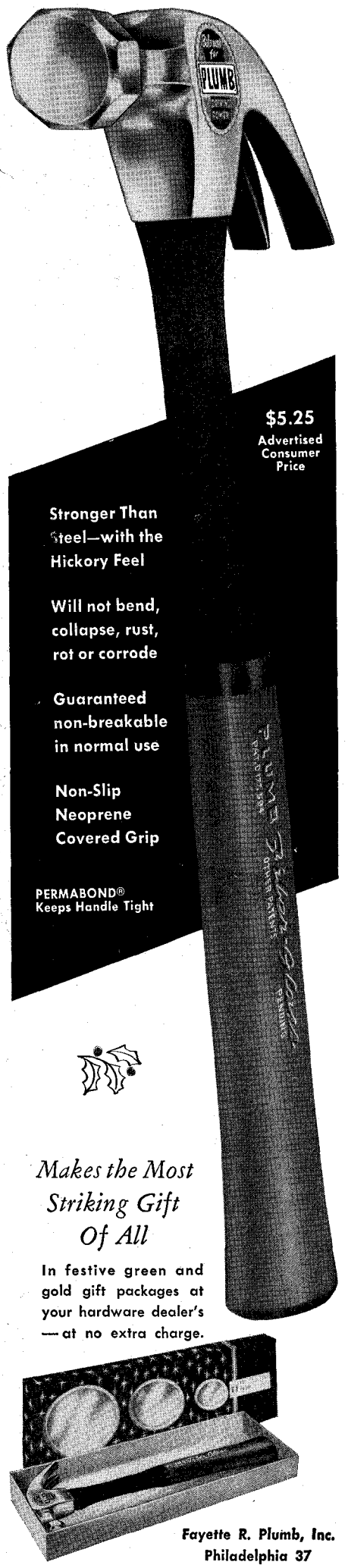
The road to weather control is slow and difficult. Many of the future possibilities described in this article are, as I hope I have made clear, purely theoretical and one day may be regarded as crude or impractical. But they indicate that we have the opportunity now to acquire knowledge in a vast and tremendously exciting new field and that we can benefit greatly if we act promptly and with wisdom. Our exploration will not be without its dangers, but only by knowledge can we face and overcome those dangers.

THE END

"Clara makes friends wherever she goes!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PLUMB
F-57 HAMMER
NON-BREAKABLE
Fiber-Glass
HANDLE

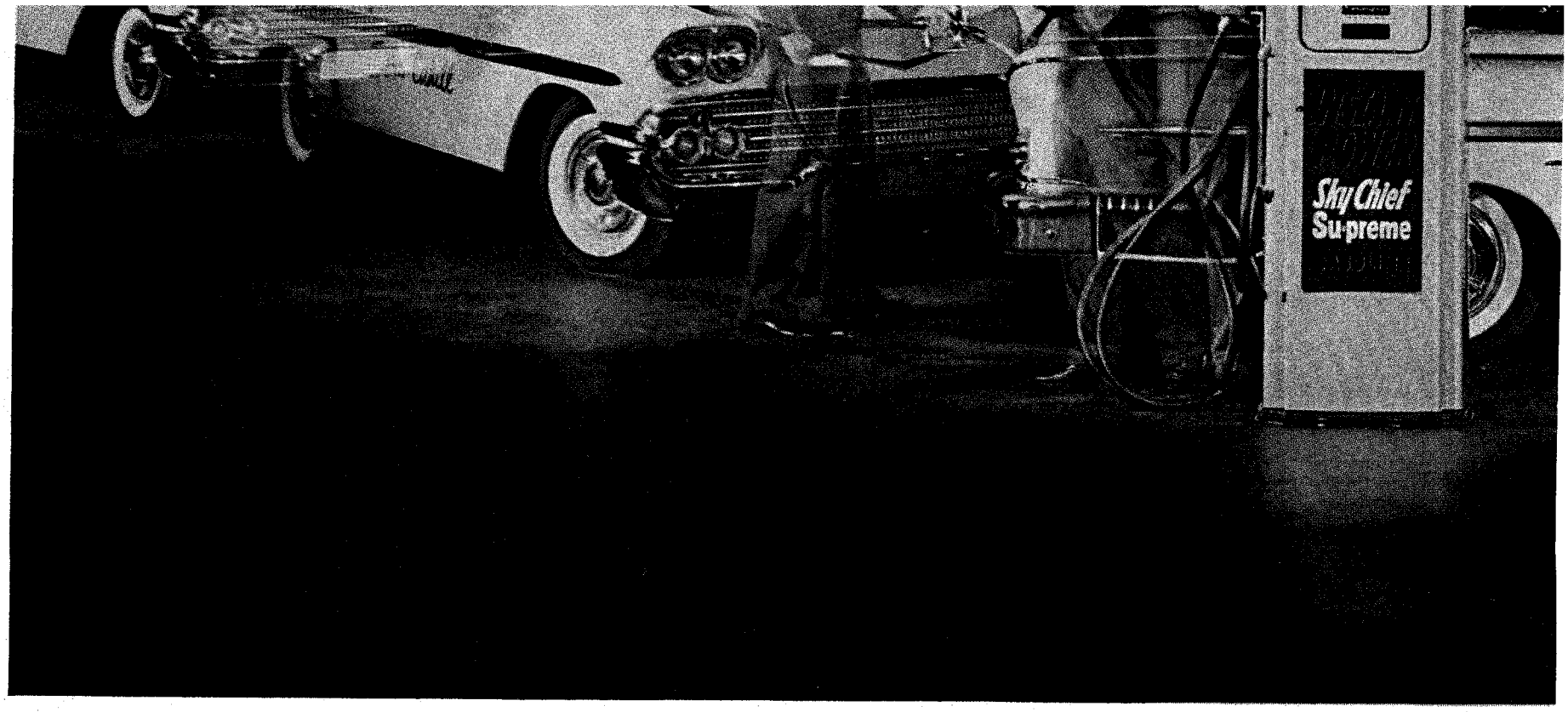

PLUMB
$5.25
Advertised Consumer Price
Stronger Than Steel—with the Hickory Feel
Will not bend, collapse, rust, rot or corrode
Guaranteed non-breakable in normal use
Non-Slip Neoprene Covered Grip
PERMABOND® Keeps Handle Tight

Makes the Most Striking Gift Of All

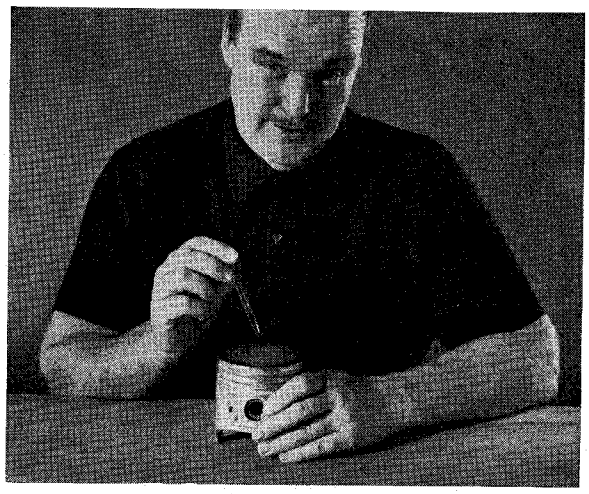
In festive green and gold gift packages at your hardware dealer's —at no extra charge.

Fayette R. Plumb, Inc.
Philadelphia 37

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

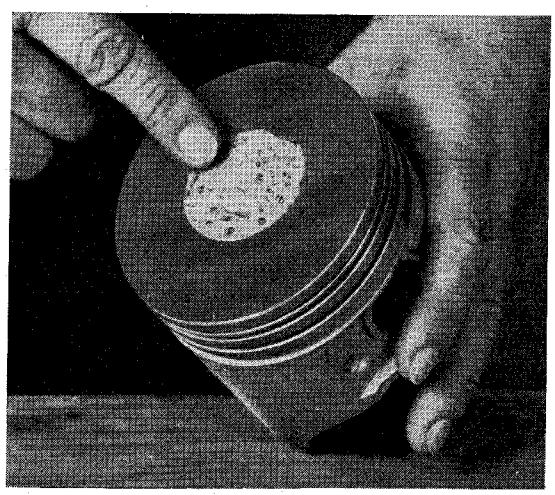


"Here's how PETROX protects your engine and gives i



Tom McCahill shows *how* Petrox protects your car's engine from harmful friction and wear, gives you instant power. "First I siphon a small amount of Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme right out of my own gasoline tank – drop it on the top of this clean piston – let it evaporate, and now . . .

"To show you clearly the area protected, I brush some colored water on the piston. See that protected area remaining in the center? That's a thin film of Petrox! It is this film that prevents power-robbing friction and wear, prevents rust, keeps engines *clean.*



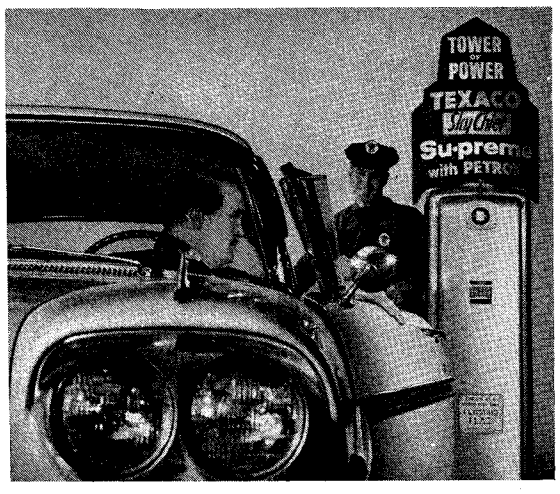
"It is the Petrox in Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme that le this microscopically-thin protective film on every m surface it touches – from your gas tank, through carburetor, into the combustion chamber – spark pl valves, pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gives you Instant Power!" says Tom McCahill

famous automotive authority

nstant power!"



trox is Texaco's exclusive petroleum-base additive. It's more effective than any upper cylinder lubricant — ause it provides all-over internal engine protection. And is protective film of Petrox is being constantly renewed h every combustion cycle!"

What Texaco has proved in millions of miles of testing, motorists everywhere are proving and enjoying every day. Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme gives you Instant Power . . . all the knock-free power your engine can deliver. A cleaner, wear-free engine that stays younger longer, for continued new-car performance. Greater gasoline mileage. Get Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme, supercharged with Petrox, at Texaco's *Tower of Power!*

The Texas Company

TEXACO

DEALERS in all 48 states

Texaco products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

TUNE IN . . . Metropolitan Opera Radio Broadcasts Saturday Afternoons, CBS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new idea!

Write your own Health and Accident plan

New idea! You take pen in hand . . . write in the benefits you want, in the amounts you want, choosing from six benefit categories in a wide range of coverages.

Guided by an AHM expert, you "custom" a plan that should meet your needs. It's a great new idea! Call an American Hardware Mutual man soon.

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

A Deal With a Lady

(Continued from Page 37)

We're almost the same age, she thought. *Practically grew up together. But here I am, hardly more than started with my life, and poor Old Kiote almost through with his. It doesn't seem fair.*

She gave the dun horse's neck an affectionate pat as Ignatz and Joe-Mary fogged to a stop before her.

"*Por favor*, Meess Sandee!" The Mexican accent of Mr. Ignatz Head-of-a-Cow's English had a flavor of buckaroo breeziness. "Señor Beldum arrive. He like to talk you something."

"That's nice," smiled Sandy. "Did he arrive afoot?"

"He drive from town in a libertystable red-wheels boggy," Ignatz shrugged. "There is also a person."

"My cousin Agapito also have a red-whills boggy," bragged Joe-Mary Morning-Star, "but much more beeg."

"Wagon!" Ignatz corrected him scornfully.

"Boggy!" retorted Joe-Mary.

Without further recourse to word war, Mr. Ignatz Head-of-a-Cow suddenly yanked Mr. Joe-Mary Morning-Star's sombrero down over his eyes with one hand and gave his horse's flank a quick thumbing with the other. The startled cow pony promptly bucked a couple. His dumpling rider stayed aboard with jaunty ease, meanwhile readjusting his sombrero, and came back to pop his quirt within a half inch of Mr. Ignatz's sharp nose. Ignatz uncurled his own *chacote* to reply in kind, but lowered it at the look Sandy gave him.

"That'll do, boys," she said kindly.

Quirt popping was a rather rough pastime these two seemed to enjoy even more than digging postholes.

Joe-Mary popped his quirt in the air. "If I get mad, I wheep somebody two times my heavy!"

"Well, Ignatz isn't more than half your heavy—and you aren't mad," Sandy advised him. "Did you say Charles has somebody with him?"

"A person," said Ignatz.

"She is of beeg long size," said Joe-Mary.

Sandy thought uneasily of her lawyer fiancé's mother, who did not approve of dungarees on young ladies.

"You mean Mrs. Belden?"

The two cow hands swapped winks.

"Listen, you waggle-wits," demanded Sandy, "what's all this about?"

"A cowboy person," said Ignatz. "Name Meester Salty Keenkhead."

"She come by horse," said Joe-Mary.

"Nize wave black hairs!" Ignatz gave his black eyes a roguish roll. "Better you don't smile much to him, *patrona*. By jeengs, I theenk he got some eye for the girls!"

"Same like my cousin Agapito," nodded Joe-Mary, to whom the gender of English pronouns was purely a matter of taking potluck. "But thass before she marry hees future wife."

"Thanks for the warning, boys," said Sandy dryly. "Now get back to work. Corral posts to set, remember? Tell Mr. Belden I'll be along pretty soon. Kiote is too old to push very fast."

Their young *patrona* watched them popping quirts at each other as they galloped away in a fog of dust.

Crazy as hoot owls, but she would sure miss them, living in town, almost as much as she would miss this buckskin cow horse that had been her favorite almost as far back as she could remember. But she had been growing more and more lonely and weary of ranch worries ever since big Mike Halloran's departure to the last roundup.

Mrs. Charles H. Belden. . . . It had a real nice sound. It should have. Charles Belden was a real nice man, as well as a prospering young lawyer.

Sandy had first come to know him as attorney for her father's estate, in which capacity he had been both attentive and efficient. It had not surprised her when he asked her, rather formally, to marry him. She had known for some time that he was going to, and that her soberly considered answer would be yes.

"If I could only take you with me, Old Kiote." Sandy let her thoughts come aloud on the problem that bothered her most. "But even if Charles would agree to it, you wouldn't like it penned up in a two-by-four corral, no good old gramma grass, no room to kick up your heels."

Kiote toggled his small ears pleasantly back and forth.

Charles Belden, in a neat gray business suit and black derby, and a long lank cowboy in shirt sleeves, low-belted dungarees and a warp-brimmed laloo hat seemed to be inspecting the windmill when Sandy rode in at the ranch. Salty Kincaid came strolling up as she turned a ladylike cheek up for Belden's gentlemanly kiss.

"Yum-yum!" said the cowboy.

"I beg your pardon?" Sandy's squelching look only widened his grin.

"Excuse it, honey child! I'm just not used to seeing pretty girls get kissed—on the cheek."

"And I'm not used to sassy talk from strangers!"

"I'm sure Kincaid meant no offense, Sandy." Belden chose to be tolerant. "You know how these cowboys are. The important thing is, he wants to buy the Rocking H, lock, stock and mortgage. It's the chance we've been waiting for!"

"Yes, Charles," said Sandy, but she said it small.

"I don't want to rush you, Sandy"—Belden reached a possessive arm around her shoulders—"but an immediate sale would mean we could still make it a June wedding." He turned to the cowboy. "Miss Halloran and I are to be married as soon as she can make satisfactory disposition of ranch and livestock. I've given you an accurate description of the property. You have agreed that the terms sound reasonable. I have the necessary forms with me. Why don't we go in the house and close this deal right now?"

"Mister," said Salty Kincaid, batting his wide-set brown eyes, "if you're fixin' to marry this little lady, I don't blame you for being in a hurry. But I'm not, so I ain't. Give me a week or two to look the place over. Then maybe we can talk business. That suit you, honey child?"

"Not," retorted Sandy, her chin a little high, "unless you mend your manners!"

"Thass right, by jeengs!" broke in Ignatz, the two waggle-wits having deserted posthole digging to join the conference. "Somebody get frash with *La Patrona*, I keeck him onto the meedle of nex' week!"

"One time my cousin get frash weeth a mule," offered Joe-Mary, "but she keeck him first!"

"All right, *primos*," drawled Salty Kincaid with a good-humored grin. "You've got me surrounded! Miss Halloran"—he swept off his hat with an elaborate bow—"may I explain that where I come from, honey-talkin' the lady folks comes as natural as howdyin' the neighbors. Please think nothing of it."

With great swish and swagger, Ignatz and Joe-Mary swept off their disreputable sombreros and bowed low to each other in exaggerated imitation of the cowboy.

"Honey child—beg pardon—Miss Halloran." Salty arched a dark eyebrow inquiringly. "Do these two whistle-wits go with the ranch, heaven forbid?"

"Like a cinch with a saddle," Sandy nodded soberly. "They were like right and left hands to my father. I'll expect any buyer of the Rocking H to keep them on—if they want to stay."

"Same like thees horse." Ignatz picked up Old Kiote's reins. "Many years the favoreet cows horse of the *rancho*. Almos' from baby-time Meess Sandee have big affections weeth him. But Señor Beldum, he say no place for keep horse in town. Also his mother theenk ——"

Sandy broke in quickly, "Charles is right, Mr. Kincaid. Town is no place for an old cow horse. I don't know how you feel about horses, but this one must be guaranteed a home here for the rest of his life—or I won't sell the ranch."

Now, with the sure-handedness of a man accustomed to look horses in the mouth whenever he felt like it, Kincaid was examining Old Kiote's teeth.

"Old hoss," he commented; "without checking her molars, I'd take you and your lady-boss to be about the same age." He turned to the girl. "Maybe you've

(*Continued on Page 56*)

"I don't know about you people, but I have a busy day ahead of me tomorrow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

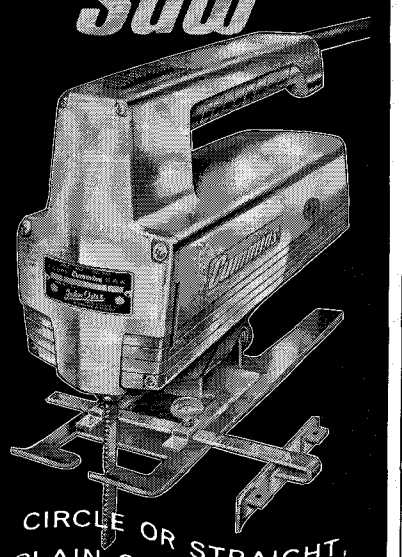
Cook up a Mediterranean holiday with real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Ravioli

No meal was ever this quick or thrifty! These tender macaroni pies are plump with succulent beef or tangy Italian-style cheese and simmered in a hearty tomato sauce. Delight the family with either Beef or Cheese Ravioli, for only about 15¢ a serving.

Now available in Canada.

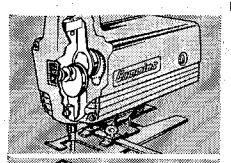
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Vibration! in the New Cummins® Sabre-Jig Saw

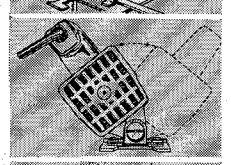


CIRCLE OR STRAIGHT, PLAIN CUT OR DESIGN, VIBRATION-FREE CUMMINS STAYS RIGHT ON THE LINE

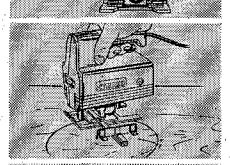
Most versatile, most easily operated tool you can own! Use it to: 1. rip, 2. cross-cut, 3. band, 4. keyhole, 5. hack, 6. jig, and 7. scroll. Chip-free cutting—cuts on up stroke, clears chips on down stroke to reduce blade drag and prolong blade life. Cuts plywood, plastics, leather and metal.



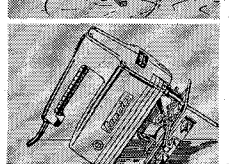
• **Dynamically Balanced Armature And Cam Drive . .** gives non-stall, vibration-free, less-tiring operation. Ball bearing construction.



• **Adjustable Saw Shoe . .** with Calibrated Quadrant. Tilts right or left for bevel cuts. Easily cuts two inch dressed lumber at 45 degrees.



• **Variety Of Cuts . .** Cummins Sabre-Jig Saw cuts its own starting holes for inside pocket or keyhole cuts. Rip fence attachment and circle cutting attachment for accurate round cuts, 3" to 14" diameter.



• **Handy Heel Rest . .** protects blade when saw is not in use, simplifies blade changing.

SAVE $5.00 With Special Introductory Offer regularly $44.95

BUY THIS NEW SAW AT YOUR CUMMINS DEALER NOW... $39.95

complete with three blades for wood and metal. Offer is limited.

Cummins Portable Electric Tools

5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.
made by John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.
In Canada, 18 Hook Ave., Toronto, Ontario

© 1958 J. O. M. C. Prices slightly higher in Canada

(*Continued from Page 54*)

heard the old cowboy saying: a horse ain't much good to a man after twenty—nor a woman much before."

"There is also an old saying, Mr. Kincaid," said Sandy, "that beating around a berry bush never boils any beans. The point in question is ——"

"I know: if I buy the Rocking H, will I also make it a rest home for two whistle-witted waddies and a wore-out old cow pony? Well, I haven't bought the place yet. So that question can wait. Right, Mr. Belden?"

"Except," replied Belden a little stiffly, "I warn you that Miss Halloran won't hold the deal open for you indefinitely."

"Charles, dear," said Sandy sweetly, "shall we go in and see if Josefa has the coffeepot on?" She moved close to the horse, feeling a pang that the hair on his neck felt rough under the caress of her hand, not silky-sleek as it once had. Kiote made a soft whickering sound in his nostrils and rubbed his head against her.

"Ladyfolks," said Kincaid, "that pony's a one-woman pet. Wherever you move to, he belongs to go with you."

Sandy stood a moment looking after the horse as Ignatz led him away.

"Kiote does think a lot of me, Mr. Kincaid," she said gravely. "But I expect you know what home-place people horses are. Take him off two hundred miles and he'd probably head straight back for his old home range. I just can't ——"

"Excuse me, Sandy," Belden said, "but didn't I hear you mention coffee?"

Tía Josefa, the well-upholstered aunt of Joe-Mary Morning-Star and his cousin Agapito, had coffee and fresh Mexican fried pies ready. She beamed like sunrise over a mountain when Salty complimented her cooking in passable Texas-Spanish.

"*Gracias, señor!*" Tía Josefa gave him a motherly pat on the shoulder. "You flitter the womans joost like my nephew Agapito—who no much good for other somethings."

"That's us." Salty sent her a comradely wink. "Sugar on the tongue but no gravel in the gizzard. Now, if you'll kindly excuse me, Miss Halloran, I'll take me a little stroll to look at the ranch. If I like what I see as well as what I've seen so far, I'm liable to be back in a few days. Maybe with a saddlebag full of nickels. Meantime, good day to you both."

"Please quit worrying about that horse," Belden said when the cowboy had gone. "Kincaid isn't fooling me any, Sandy. He's holding off for a better price, but make no mistake about it, he means to buy, and a little matter like pensioning one old cow pony for what little time he has left to live won't stand in his way."

The hand that reached across the table was innocent of sun and wind, but its grasp on one of Sandy's small brown ones was firm. Maybe a little too firm.

"For what little time he has to live." Such an easy thing to say about an aging dumb animal. . . . Dust over a roundup. . . . A sleek buckskin pony, ears at alert, threading quietly into the herd, easing a cow and calf out to the cut with such knowing skill that the teen-age cowgirl on his back need never touch a rein. . . . Big Mike Halloran's midnight ride over an icy mountain short cut in a snowstorm to fetch the doctor for the dying wife whom big Mike never stopped calling his "little swateheart." . . . Fun races at a barbecue. . . . A familiar nicker beyond the pasture gate. . . . So many heart-tugging things to remember about a buckskin pony, a horse that never failed you, whatever the chore.

"—— counting on you to ride back to town with me and spend the weekend with us," Belden was saying. "Mother wants to show you how she has arranged the house, and have you meet some of the neighbors."

"I'd like to, Charles—I really would." Sandy couldn't help wondering why she felt compelled to sound so darned earnest. "But we've got some late calves to brand and wet cows to move to the Ojitos pasture—I'm sorry."

"Never mind. One of these days you won't have calf branding to worry about, Mrs. Belden-to-be! Well, I'd better get started. If Kincaid comes back, close the deal if you can. Otherwise, let me know and I'll get after him again. I understand he's camping at Doc Tipton's place. And now—a kiss for the road?"

Sandy turned her face up to Belden's. His hands rested lightly on her shoulders as he bent to kiss her—on the lips.

Respectfully yours, Charles H. Belden, attorney-at-law, husband-to-be. . . . But hadn't big Mike always said never to trust a horse or marry a man who didn't respect you?

Sandy waved as Belden drove off in the red-wheeled buggy. Then she went and saddled up Old Kiote. There would still be time to shove a few cows with unbranded calves into the holding pasture.

She was not much surprised when a tall, black-haired cowboy on a tall black horse came down off Sabinosa Mesa to help her. Neither of them mentioned selling or buying the ranch again.

What Salty mostly did was to sing, as he rode, snatches of some nonsensical song about "The life of the cowboy, so gay and so free; no fences, no females, no fiddlededee." Several times he flicked the tall black in the flank with his quirt, and laughed when the horse bucked a few jumps. Both rider and horse seemed to enjoy the whingding.

Big show-off, thought Sandy. But she had seen her father enjoy the same kind of antics in his younger days.

It was getting dusk by the time Kincaid levered shut the wire Texas gate behind a dozen cows and calves. Before Sandy could thank him or decide whether to invite him along to supper, he stepped across his saddle, raised a hand to the rim of his hat, said, "So long, honey child!" and loped off toward Doc Tipton's place.

"By jeengs!" said Sandy, borrowing from Ignatz and Joe-Mary. Never mind what she meant by it. She couldn't have told you herself.

"By jeengs!" said Ignatz Head-of-a-Cow. "If you do some hurt to thees horse, *La Patrona* gonna put some shoot-bang holes through your geezzard!"

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Salty Kincaid. "But I don't aim to hurt him. I'm just fixin' to work on his teeth. Here, help me get this speculum on him."

The hour was a considerable somewhat before sunup. Sandy Halloran either wasn't up yet or else hadn't noticed what was going on at the corrals. Maybe she would approve of volunteer dentistry on her beloved horse, maybe she wouldn't. But this Texan seemed to know what he was doing. Ignatz decided to help. Joe-Mary concurred.

They had no trouble getting the spreading device of the speculum fitted to the pony's mouth, but when suddenly Salty forced his jaws wide open and set the notched ratchet to hold them that way, Kiote claimed undue infringement upon equine dignity, and began to raise a little hell. They were too busy holding him to notice Sandy's hurried arrival.

"Hey, here! What are you doing to my horse?" She sounded somewhat riled.

"Señor Keenkhead feex the tooths," said Ignatz.

"We poosh open her mouth weeth spaculum," explained Joe-Mary. "Joost take look!"

"I expect he'd stand better if you'd kinder put an arm around his neck, honey child," said Salty without looking around. "I know I would."

Kiote quieted as soon as he felt Sandy's touch on his neck, but he still looked wall-eyed. "I hope you know what you're doing," said Sandy.

"I try to make that one of my best bad habits, Miss Halloran."

With the horse's jaws held open by the speculum, Salty was running a long forefinger slowly over Kiote's teeth.

"A heap of old horses don't die of old age, honey child," he commented. "They die from bad teeth. Some too long, some wore down too short. Keep this pony's filed down even, so he can chew good, and he's liable to live forever and turn to a gray mule. Hand me that file, Ignatz. Then hold his tongue out of the way."

Ignatz handed him the file, but he looked doubtful.

"By jeengs! S'posin' that theeng come loose, he bite me off?"

"Then you'll just have to get used to scratching one-handed, *primo*," said Salty dryly. "But if you're scared ——"

"I'll do it, Ignatz," said Sandy.

"No, no, *Patroncita!*" Both Ignatz and Joe-Mary pulled her hand away. It was Joe-Mary who won the brief struggle to get his hand in the horse's mouth.

"I believe these *primos* kinder like you, honey child," grinned Salty, and went to work with his long-handled file.

It took all four of them to get the job done, and they were sweat drenched by the time Kincaid loosened the speculum and let the pony close his mouth.

"Tough treatment, ol' timer." He gave Kiote's mane a rough-gentle wooling. "But you'll like the way you can chomp oats again."

"You like horses, don't you?" said Sandy. "Even old ones."

"Horses and lady-folks, ma'am. But that don't mean I aim to keep this one on pension if I buy your ranch."

"Then I won't sell!"

"So you mentioned. Way I look at it right now, I might buy the place, even with these two whistle-wits thrown in—but you keep the horse."

"Mr. Kincaid, I've already told you ——" (*Continued on Page 60*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A man who knows everything has a lot to learn.

The thing which most often makes a college football team play like a bunch of amateurs is not getting paid.

The man who finds it easy to keep the wolf from the door probably has no daughters.

College never hurts a man. Unless, of course, he is the student's father.

Nothing makes some people stoop so low as a keyhole.

America is still the richest nation. Where else could they afford a recession like this?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big family-size station wagons give you more sitting and carrying room—and more features besides! Rear window rolls into tailgate. Seats fold flat into floor. Third seat faces rear.

Cars that can do what they look like they can do

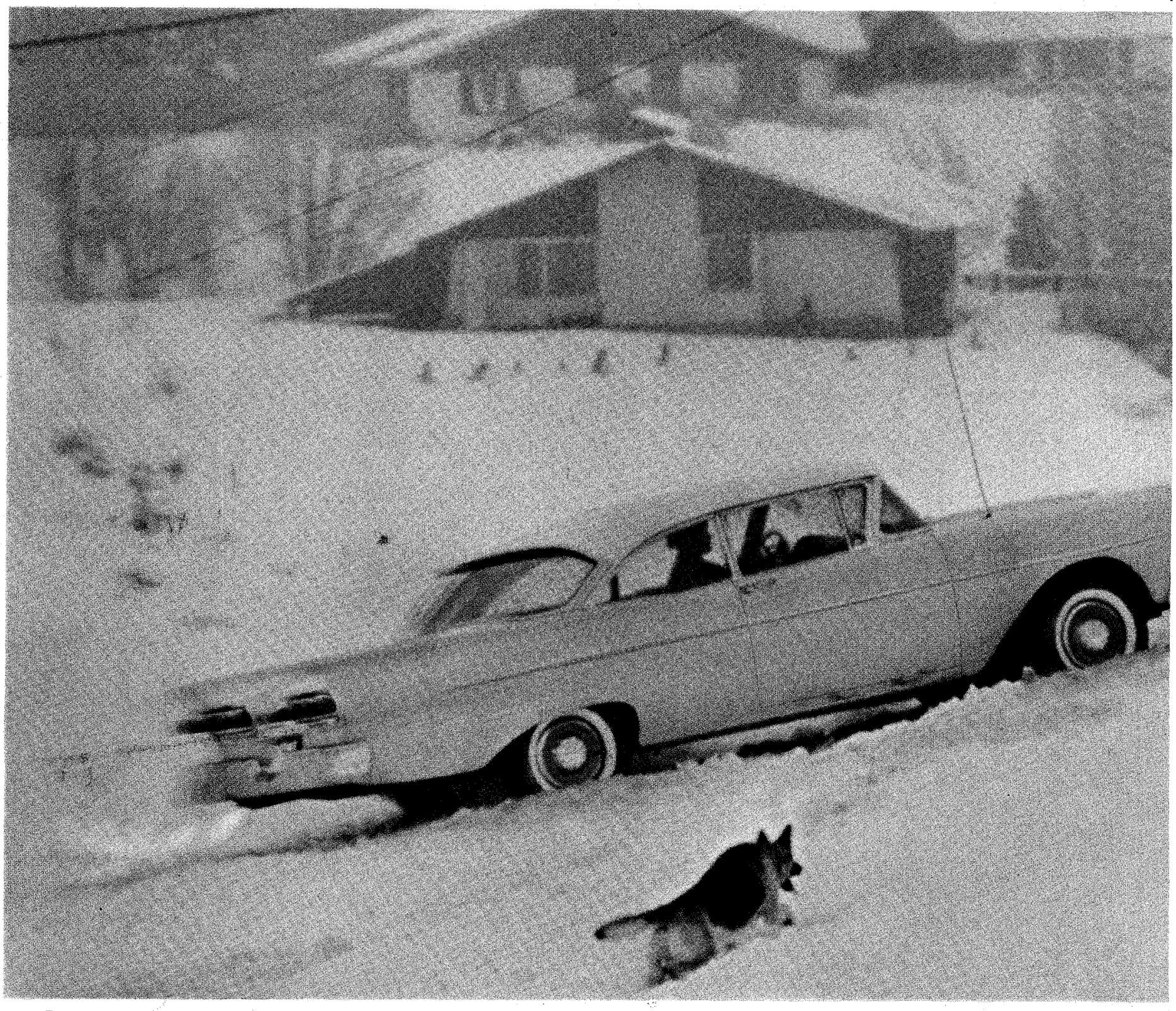
Built for 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
Quality Cars of The *Forward* Look for '59
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
out the difference great engineering makes.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

[and unmatched for whine-free



You get triple-action traction only in Firestone

Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, Ketchum, Idaho, housewife says..."Sun Valley winters are perfect for skis, but not for cars. I just won't drive through our snow and ice without Town & Country tires. They have what it takes for mud and slush, too!"

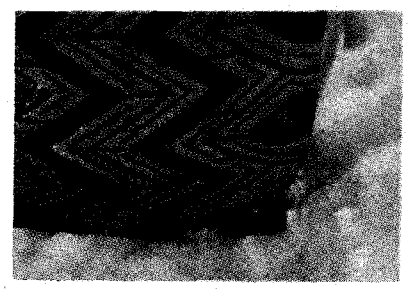
Look across America when winter going gets tough, and you'll see Firestone Town & Country tires on the job. Through deep drifts and icy stretches, Firestone Town & Country tires have the pull you need. On dry pavement, Firestones give you smooth, quiet performance.

Now, along with unmatched traction, Firestone brings you tougher, safer, longer wearing Firestone Rubber-X. Here's brand-new stamina for every Firestone Town & Country tire—*plus* still more dry pavement mileage.

Firestone's exclusive Triple-Action Traction gets you out of trouble spots, swiftly and surely—delivers sure-footed skid-resistance on ice. And, on all roads, Firestone Town & Country winter tires give you whine-free quiet.

Start this winter right with Firestone winter tires on your car. They're guaranteed to go thru ice, mud or snow or your Firestone Dealer or Store will refund the tow charge. Get yours now, in S/F (Safety-Fortified) rayon or nylon, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or with tube.

1 PULLING ACTION—No more spinning when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get whine-free quiet—and Firestone Rubber-X assures long care-free mileage comparable to regular passenger car tires.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 29, 1958

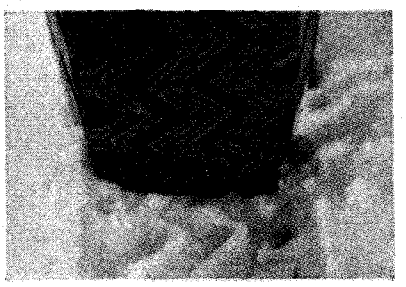
OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

dry-pavement mileage!)

Town and Country Tires!

2 NON-SKID ACTION—Sharp, action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. And their design also features thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on wet or icy surfaces.

3 SELF-CLEANING ACTION—As Firestone winter tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud from the tread—helps prevent "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—ready for instant-traction action.



Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1958, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

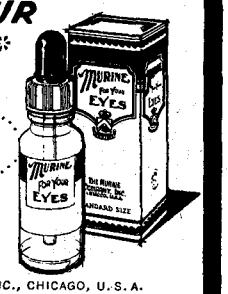
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How I use **Murine to rest my eyes** while working"

JO STAFFORD
famous Columbia recording star, whose latest album is "Swingin' Down Broadway"

"When I take a break during recording sessions I give my eyes a rest, too. Murine washes away that tired feeling quickly." Use Murine to comfort *your* eyes during busy days. Makes them feel clean and rested. Soothes away the discomforts of smoke, dust and glare. Good idea every morning and evening, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES*



THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from Page 56*) "So you have, so you have, honey child. Well, whenever you shuck your stubborn and change your sweet mind, just send up a smoke."

"Mr. Kincaid"—Sandy's chin was a little high—"I am obliged to you for doctoring Kiote's teeth. You may come in to breakfast if you wish."

"Don't mind if I do, honey child. I might try and find out if Tía Josefa is ticklish. A heap of plump ladies are."

It turned out that Tía Josefa was ticklish—and didn't mind it a bit.

So was Old Kiote when Salty fuzzed him in the flank with a mullein stalk. That was a couple of afternoons later while they were driving wet cows with freshly branded calves to the Ojitos pasture. With Salty Kincaid's more than expert help, the gathering and branding hadn't been much of a chore.

Kiote already seemed to be feeling sproutier. He threw a little whingding and seemed to enjoy it. So did Sandy, but she chose not to say so.

"You're just busting out all over with cute sudden notions, aren't you?" she scolded.

"Sudden notions are one of my many bad habits, Miss Halloran," Salty assured her with a gallant lift of his hat. "You might get used to 'em in time. *Oh, the life of the cowboy, it's gay and it's free!*" He leaned to give the tail of a lagging cow a moderate twist. "*No woman to scold when he goes on a spree!*"

"*La vida del vaquero,*" echoed Joe-Mary, "*caramba, qué pasa?* No got heem no woman, no keeds in the *casa!*"

June-freshening grass underfoot . . . June sunlight dappling through aspen trees on the sleek red backs of cattle strung out along a gently hill-hemmed draw. . . . The organ-toned bawl of an oversolicitous mother admonishing a too-frisky white-faced calf. . . . This was how it had used to seem before Mike Halloran died.

Salty's long back leaned to pluck a bright red paintbrush. He eased alongside and stuck it in the front of Sandy's hatband.

"For luck!" he smiled—whatever he meant by that.

"*Caramba!*" Ignatz beheaded a thistle with his quirt and stuck the lavender bloom askew in Joe-Mary's hat.

"*Chile con carne!*" echoed Joe-Mary, returning the favor with a sprig of skunkweed, then taking a pop at it with his quirt.

"Half-monkey whistle-wits," commented Salty Kincaid. "But I've seen 'em work cattle!"

They had dismounted to water out at a little willow-ruffled spring, the cattle already loosed to pasture, when Sandy suddenly found Salty standing disturbingly close to her. With an odd, panicky feeling that made her heart pound, she stepped around to the other side of her horse.

"Wup!" said the cowboy, with that faint hint of a grin that she never quite understood. "You're pretty fast on the jump, Miss Halloran!"

At the Ojitos gate, Salty quite cheerfully said, "See you when the grapes get ripe, honey child!" and loped off toward the Tipton place. The next day he helped Ignatz and Joe-Mary fix fence on Sabinosa Mesa, miles from the ranch house, without seeing Sandy.

"Tell your *Patrona,*" he told Ignatz, "that I'm still a-waitin' for her to send up a smoke."

That day Sandy Halloran, with an indirect assist from Charles Belden, finally succeeded in roping and hog-tying her problem with a decision. She did it almost prayerfully and with some misgivings, pushed by an uneasy sense of urgency.

Around noon a fifteen-year-old homesteader's son named Gene Milligan, from over east of the Rocking H, arrived with a note. It was from Charles Belden. It stated, in effect, that Mr. Milligan had agreed to let his boy take the Kiote horse to keep and cherish as long as the horse might live. Mr. Belden hoped that she would find this solution of the horse problem agreeable, and if she could arrange to have Kincaid on hand, he would drive out Sunday afternoon, confident that sale of the ranch could then be consummated.

"I sure do want the horse, Miss Sandy," the Milligan boy told her earnestly. "We've got lots of feed and good pasture. I sure would ride him easy and treat him good."

Sandy knew the Milligan place and family well. They were good, kind people, honest and responsible.

"You could come out and ride him any time you want, Miss Sandy."

Sandy drew a deep sigh as she tucked the note in her pocket.

"All right, Gene," she said, "you can take Kiote back with you. You're a good boy, and I appreciate it."

Sandy had not yet fallen asleep that night when, around midnight, she was startled to hear soft guitar chords drift in through her open window, then a man's voice singing—not bold and rollicksome as she had heard it before, but tenderly deep, and soft as June moonlight.

Sandy closed her eyes and listened till the old Mexican love song was through, then slipped on a robe and went to the open window.

"Salty?" There was an odd catch in her voice. "Salty, you mustn't ——"

But the serenader was already riding away, the outline of man and horse looking twelve feet tall in the moonlight.

Early Sunday morning Sandy sent Kincaid word by the inseparable Ignatz and Joe-Mary to be at the Rocking H about one o'clock that afternoon if he was still interested in buying a ranch.

"Señor Keenkhead say he come," Ignatz reported back around noon. "Excuse me, pliss, *Patroncita,* you look *muy triste* around the geells. I theenk ——"

"I think you boys and Mr. Kincaid will get along fine," Sandy broke in with what was meant to be a reassuring smile. "Even if he makes you work!"

"*Sí, Patroncita,*" said Ignatz soberly.

"One time my cousin Agapito try to also sell her ranch," offered Joe-Mary, "but he want to t'row in hees wife—and they no take."

Charles Belden had not yet arrived when Salty Kincaid came riding in. Instead of going to the house, he joined Ignatz and Joe-Mary on a whittle-scarred bench under the cottonwoods.

Presently Sandy came out to them, walking slim and prim in a flowered cotton dress.

"Yum-yum!" Salty stood up, hat in hand, to greet her. "Purtier than ever in lady clothes. I heard about Old Kiote. They'll give him a good home. You still aim to sell out, ma'am?"

"There's no longer any obstacle, Mr. Kincaid," said Sandy. Then, impulsively dropping all mask of restraint: "Salty, I—I've got to! Mike Halloran's daughter keeps her promises! That is, if you still ——"

"I made my bet, Miss Halloran. I try to make it a habit to pay off."

"Look a-comin'!" Ignatz broke in excitedly.

"*El bayo coyote!*" echoed Joe-Mary.

With a little cry of anguish Sandy ran to the gate. The buckskin pony nickered softly, nuzzling against her, as she took hold of his tousled mane and led him limping through the gate. Blood from a ragged wound high up inside the left hock joint rivered down in dark, crusty streaks to redden the hair above his hoof.

It was Salty who put in words what they all instantly knew.

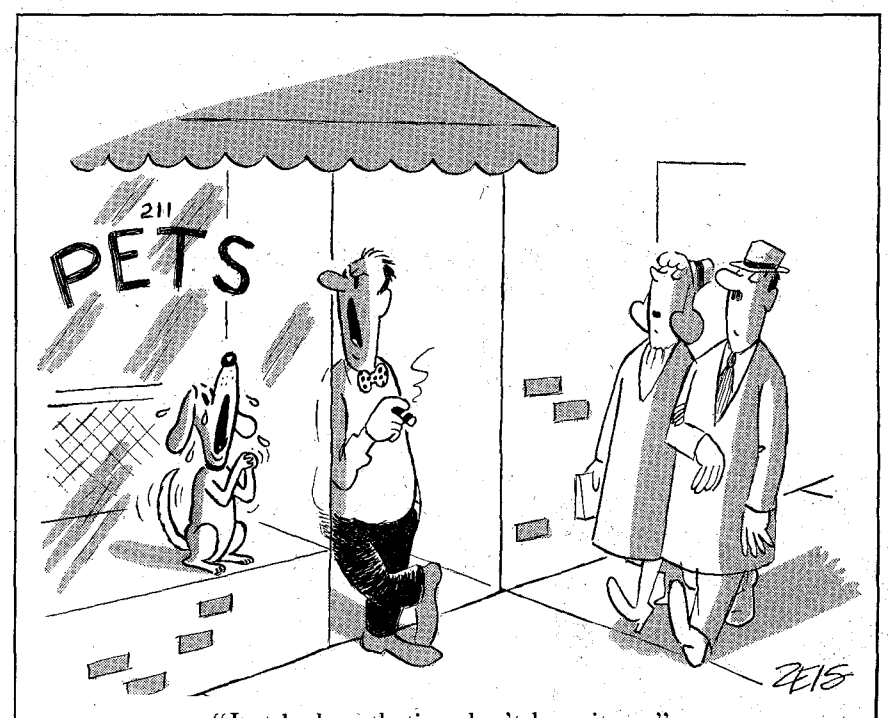
"Poor feller," he said, "jumped a bobwire fence to come back home, and cut himself all to hell—and it's my damnfool fault."

"You'll be all right, honey horse!" Sandy said, pressing her cheek against the pony's dusty neck. "You're home, now."

Salty took a quick look at the hurt horse's tongue.

"Looks kinder white. He's bled right smart—but not too much, I reckon. If that hock joint just ain't opened"—he bent to examine it—"which it looks like it ain't. I'll lead him to the shade, Sandy. You fetch a big pan of warm water—soap it some if you've got no carbolic acid or such."

Within brief minutes, Sandy and Tía Josefa came out with water, a dishpan, a handful of clean rags and a bottle of carbolic acid. (*Continued on Page 64*)



"Just look pathetic—don't ham it up."

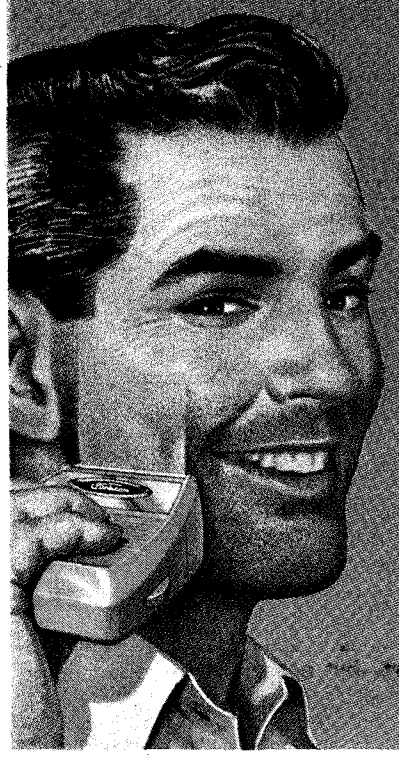
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

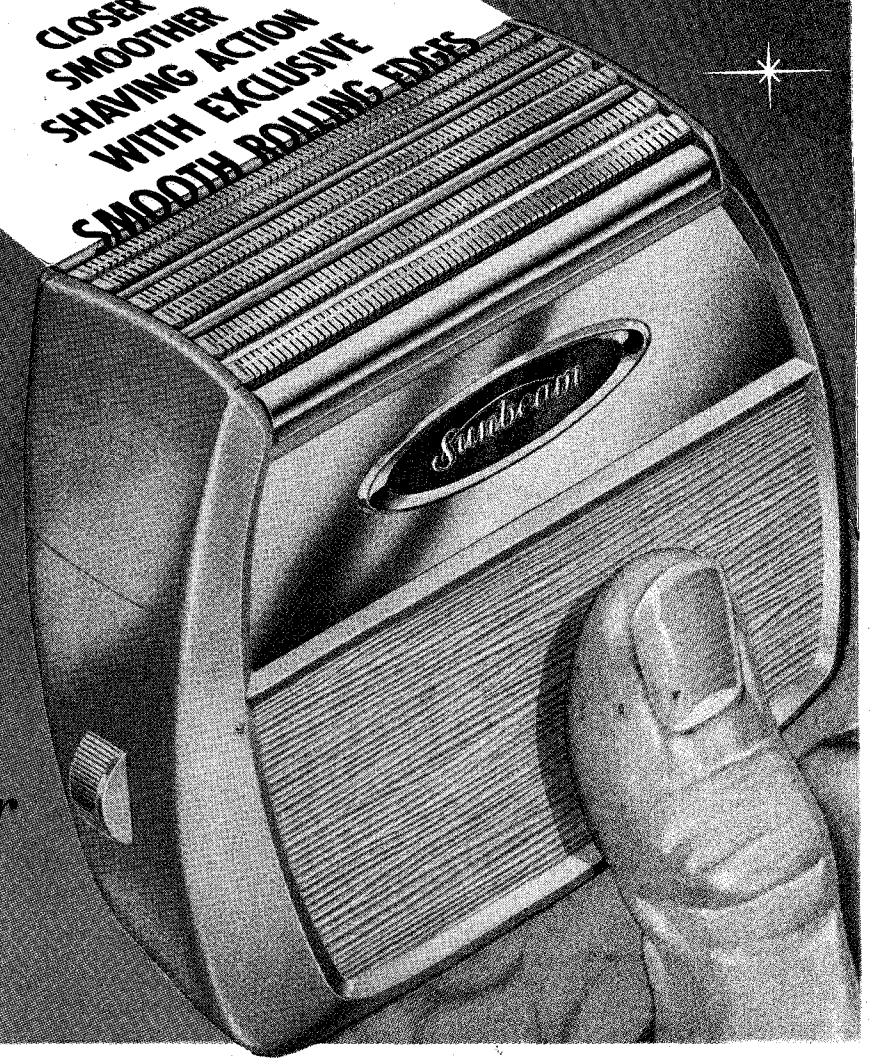
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the ALL-NEW Sunbeam Rollmaster SHAVER

Here's the ultimate in multiple-head electric shaving. Featuring the exclusive Rollmaster TRIPLE-TWIN SHAVING HEAD that shaves a wider path, cleaner. And *all* with great new shaving comfort.

CLOSER SMOOTHER SHAVING ACTION WITH EXCLUSIVE SMOOTH ROLLING EDGES



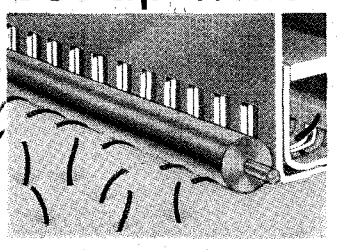


for the Toughest beard and the Tenderest skin

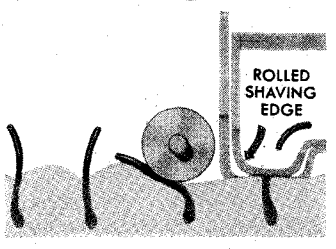
the NEW Sunbeam Rollmaster

shaves closer, smoother, faster

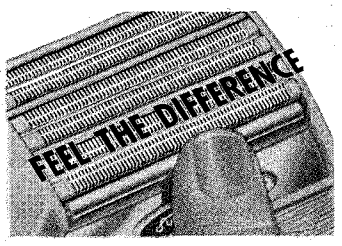
How SMOOTH ROLLING-EDGES set up whiskers for CLOSER SHAVES



Rolling-Edge depresses skin mounds . . . pops up all the whiskers.



Triple-Twin rolled inner shaving edges give closer, more comfortable, irritation-free shaving action.



Unlike ordinary multiple-head shavers, Sunbeam has exclusive smooth rolling edges to give the smoothest shaves.

Luxurious New Gift and Travel Case Complete
Introductory Price $23.50

Give the NEWEST and the finest

This Christmas make his gift the very latest . . . the handsome all-new Sunbeam Rollmaster Shaver. It's the finest multiple-head electric shaver made.

For the finest in Electric Blade Shaving
Sunbeam
BLADE-ELECTRIC SHAVEMASTER RAZOR

Perry Como Stars for Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE
Saturday nights over NBC-TV.

VALUE THRU QUALITY

Suggested retail price.

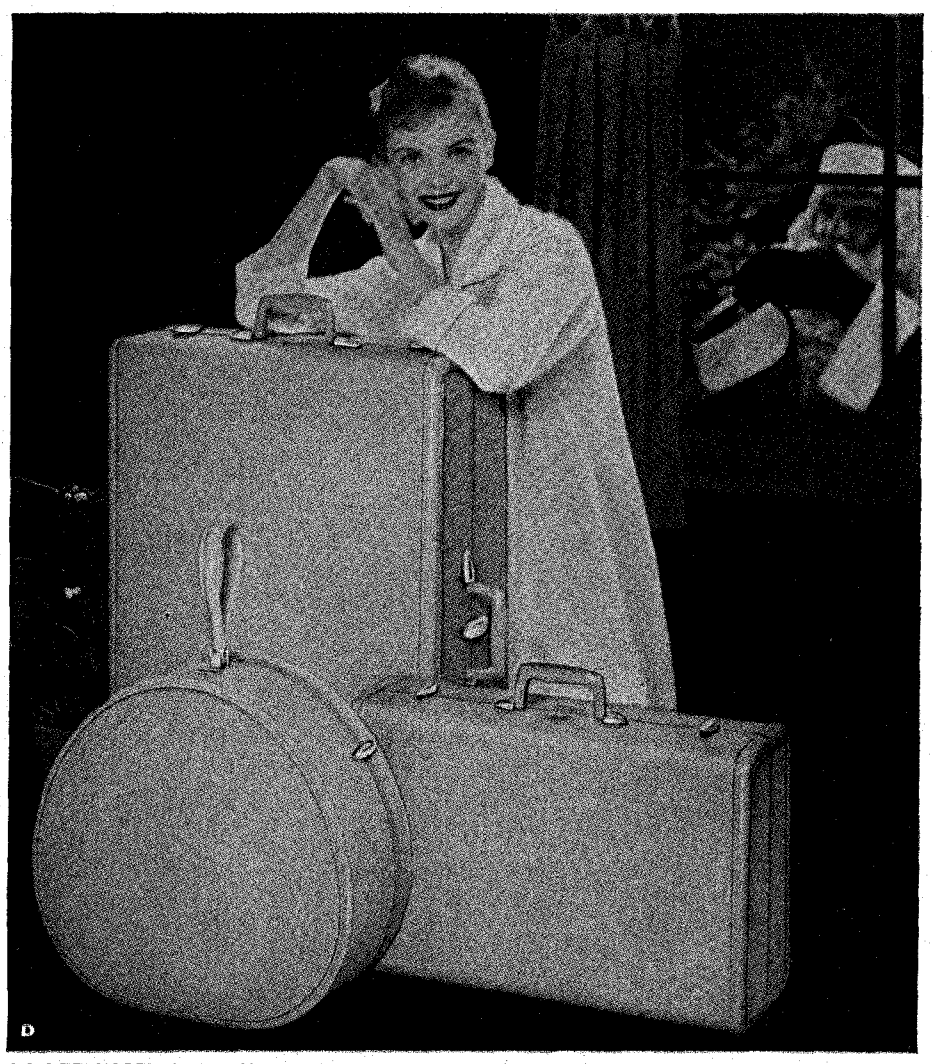
Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada: Toronto 18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

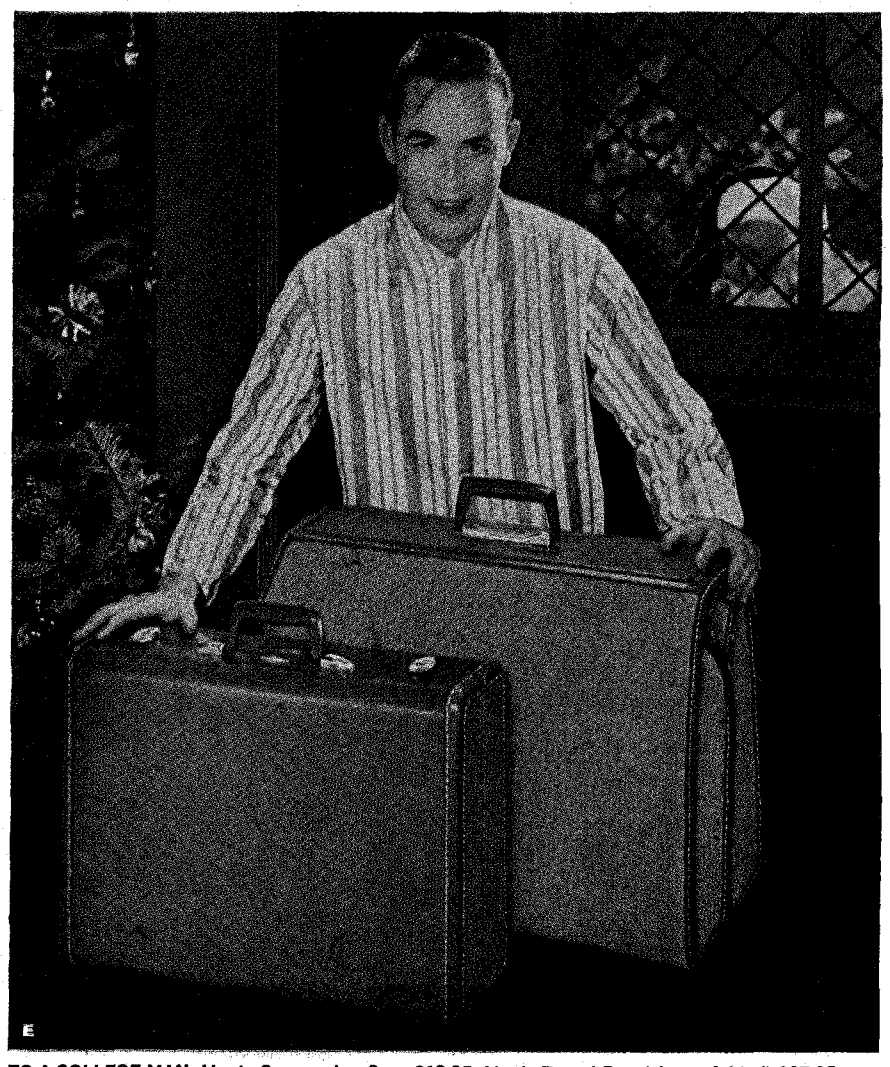
TO A WIFE: Ladies' Wardrobe **$25.95;** Ladies' Personal O'Nite Case **$17.95**

TO A BUSINESS MAN: Men's V.I.P. **$19.95;** Men's Three-Suiter **$27.95;** Men's Two-Suiter **$25.95**

"...and to all a good



TO A TEENAGER: Ladies' Hat Box **$15.95;** Hand Wardrobe **$35.95;** Ladies' O'Nite Case **$19.95**



TO A COLLEGE MAN: Men's Companion Case **$19.95;** Men's Travel Bag (shown folded) **$27.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIANCEE: *Pullman Case* **$27.95;** *Ladies' Train Case* **$17.95**

so much beauty... so much value... at such low prices!

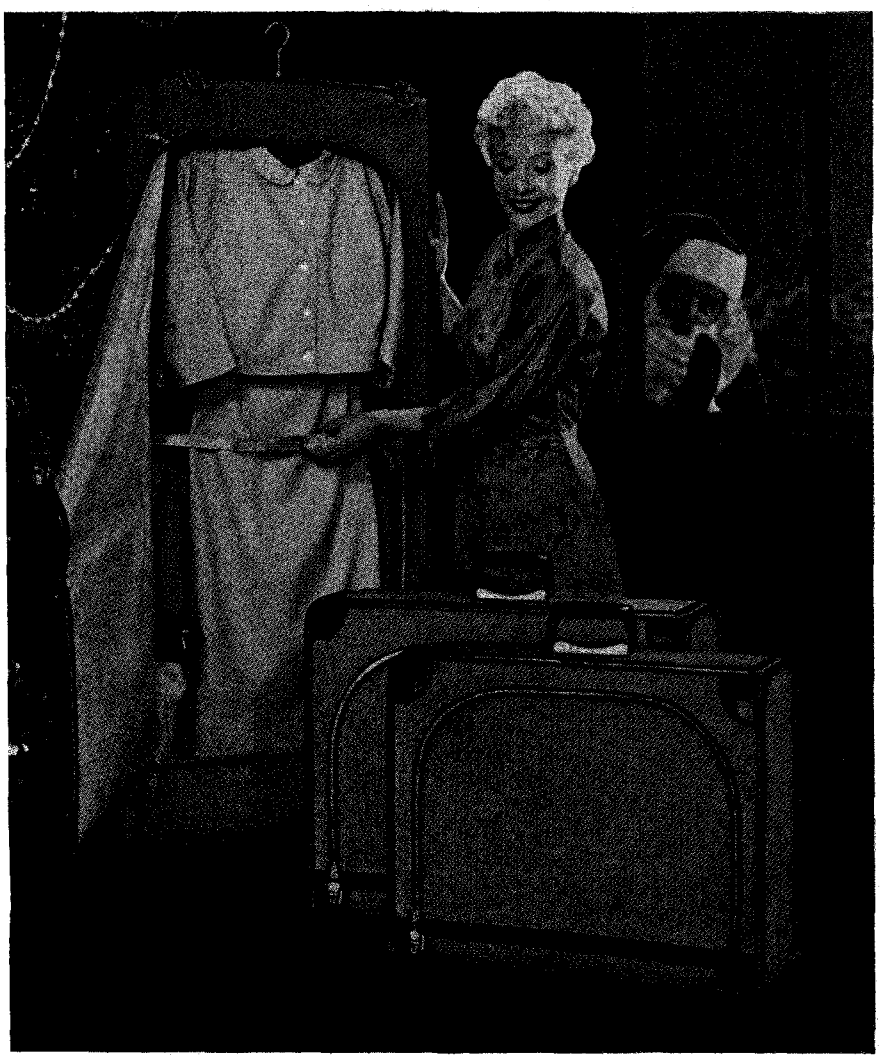
THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE in your life deserve Samsonite . . . the best luggage in America today.

Samsonite Streamlite combines smart styling with durability. The "Travel-Tested" finish resists scuffs. A touch of a damp cloth wipes it clean. And Streamlite's rugged construction gives you complete clothing protection. The big, roomy interiors are fully lined in rich fabrics. Yet, Streamlite costs less than you'd imagine—from $15.95.

Samsonite's Travel Bag makes packing easier than ever. Hang the Travel Bag by its swivel hook, zip open the full length, side-opening door. Holds more, because it's extra wide. Clothes hang neatly and a tie-strap holds them secure. Travel Bag folds over compactly, too. The latex-backed fabric is colorfast, virtually soil-proof, puncture-proof and water-proof. In dress or suit length. Rawhide Finish, Saddle Tan, Aviation Blue, Ebony Grey, Colorado Brown, Military Green.

New Travel Case as light as any luggage you've ever carried, yet its roomy interior packs plenty. Packs easier, thanks to its extra width, zip-open panel. The top is covered in wipe-clean vinyl and the heavy-duty fabric matches Samsonite Travel Bag. In 4 "featherlight" sizes: 21″, 24″, 26″, 30″. 6 colors: Rawhide Finish, Saddle Tan, Aviation Blue, Ebony Grey, Colorado Brown, Military Green. From $19.95.

SAMSONITE"



MOTHER: Ladies' Travel Bag **$29.95;** New Travel Cases, 26″ **$25.95;** 30″, **$29.95**

Samsonite Luggage...the perfect gift for any member of your family

(A) LADIES' WARDROBE—4 molded plastic hangers, elasticized curtain, roomy shirred pockets, ribbon ties, and luxurious lining—shown, Hawaiian Blue

LADIES' PERSONAL O'NITE CASE—compact, yet roomy. Ideal for overnight necessities, lingerie, nightgowns—shown, Hawaiian Blue

(B) MEN'S V.I.P.—business, clothing case includes file pockets. Hinged divider locks securely over clothing compartment—shown, Colorado Brown

MEN'S THREE-SUITER—a two compartment case for extended trips. Comes equipped with 3 plastic hangers, divider and tie rack—shown, Colorado Brown

MEN'S TWO-SUITER—2 plastic hangers and hold-fast bar for wrinkle-free suit packing, plus full compartment for furnishings—shown, Colorado Brown

(C) PULLMAN CASE—extra large, roomy, all-purpose luggage. Divider, shirred pockets, ribbon tie-tapes—shown, London Grey

LADIES' TRAIN CASE—full-width mirror in lid. Removable sectioned tray holds cosmetics, jewelry. Case holds 52 travel needs—shown, London Grey

(D) LADIES' HAT BOX—stylish "off-round" shape can't roll away, wonderful for overnight or short trips—shown, Crystal Green

HAND WARDROBE—4 hangers, triple compartments, curtain divider, top and side handles, king-size packing space for extended trips—shown, Crystal Green

LADIES' O'NITE CASE—slim overnight case with curtain divider—Crystal Green

(E) MEN'S COMPANION CASE—Holds one suit, 3 shirts, plus loads of accessories. Tie-tapes hold clothes securely for wrinkle-free traveling—shown, Saddle Tan

MEN'S TRAVEL BAG—44″ suit length. Has roomy zippered expandable pocket for shirts and furnishings, shoe pockets, custom plastic hangers—shown, Saddle Tan

(F) LADIES' TRAVEL BAG—54″ dress and coat length. Has lingerie pocket, shoe pockets, and tie-strap that keeps dresses neat—shown, Ebony Grey

NEW TRAVEL CASE—so roomy and extra light. Has zippered panel opening, 2 generous pockets, tie straps. Gives full clothing protection—shown, Ebony Grey

Samsonite *Luggage*

© 1958 Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Makers of Samsonite Folding and Classroom Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario. Prices slightly higher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) Ignatz stood at the pony's head, Joe-Mary with a hand on his right hip. Sandy quieted him with reassuring endearments while she and Salty cleaned the ragged cut with a gentle swabbing of the disinfectant. Except to toggle his ears inquiringly and flinch a time or two, Old Kiote never moved.

"He'll make it, honey." Kincaid straightened and put on his hat. "I'll lope right over and see what kind of wire-cut medicine Doc Tipton's got."

He was mounted and halfway to the gate when Sandy called to him to wait.

"Salty," she said gravely when he rode back. "You know what this means. I—I can't sell out and leave now with Kiote hurt like this. I guess it sounds foolish, but——"

"I've loved a horse or two myownself, Sandy." The cowboy stepped off the tall black to stand soberly before her. "I've got a new proposition to make, honey child: a life partnership in the Rocking H—and *we'll* keep the horse—together!"

Mrs. Sandy Kincaid, ranch wife. . . . Somehow it sounded so much better now than Mrs. Charles H. Belden that it gave Sandy Halloran a dizzy feeling.

"But I promised Charles ——"

"Listen, Sandy, honey, from the first minute I saw your sweet little honey-child face, I wanted its owner a heap worse than I wanted the ranch. I never dreamed it might get your pony hurt, but I figured if I could just keep you putting off selling the ranch long enough, maybe I could make you change your mind and ——"

"I know," broke in Sandy quietly. "And I guess I didn't try very hard to stop you. But Charles is coming this afternoon, expecting to ——"

"If he loved you like I do, he'd have been out here every afternoon, and he wouldn't be late today. Lawyers are O.K.—but us cowpokes believe in minding the store. Sure, I know you've got to fight the rope a little, honey child, but now ——"

Now, with a sigh that was anything but unhappy, Sandy Halloran quit fighting the rope.

A dust in the near distance became recognizable as Charles Belden in a red-wheeled buggy.

"Oh, gosh!" Sandy's distress was genuine. "How will I ever tell him?"

"*Caramba!*" cried Ignatz, reaching for his horse. "We take care of those!"

"*Chili con carne!*" echoed Joe-Mary, also reaching for his horse.

They went yonder, hell-bent in a fog of dust. Sandy's conscience-prompted cry of protest served to delay them not at all.

A few minutes later it was observable from under the cottonwood that the red-wheeled buggy had turned around and was returning whence it had come. So had two wild-riding *vaqueros*.

To a fanfare of popping quirts they reined to a jubilant, tail-sitting stop before a reddish-haired ranch girl standing unashamed within the circle of a tall cowboy's arm.

"We tell Señor Beldum same like the leetle boy tell to the *chango:* 'You monkey round too long, somebody estole your sugar.' He say in those case joost conseeder the case dismeessed, an' very bes' regards."

"One time a just' of the peace also say 'case dismeess' to my cousin Agapito," observed Joe-Mary. "But thass the trouble weeth womans—hees wife lock heem up joost the same!"

Go West, But Keep Your Guard Up

(Continued from Page 27)

What curious manner of men are these
Who ladle out salad ahead of peas?

(It had better be all well, because I just did so.) But it would be a crying shame if people in other parts of the country started believing all the wild stories about this cozy coast where the Pacific laps and the redwoods play, and not a Boston accent is heard all week.

The point is, this new West is a civilization unto itself—tolerant of, but not very much affected by, anything east of the Rockies. It's different, but it seems insane only part of the time. It has its own rules, habits and enthusiasms. It grew up so free of yakking grandfathers (who never got here at all or were tired out from talking about the trek by the time they made it) that youngsters have done things pretty much their own way—building houses, cooking meals, wearing clothes, painting street signs. It's not like Rhode Island, but they like it.

About work, for example. Certainly, Westerners work. They work when it's raining, or out of hunting season. They think while waiting for wind in a sailboat. Some think especially well while wearing the loudest sports shirts the dyers can provide. It's just that Easterners don't understand at first. But sometimes they catch on. Then, they're even harder to find during office hours than the natives.

Easterners, actually, are a little dull about it all. A Philadelphia editor went to Los Angeles five or six times before he could figure out *XING PED* painted on signs and on streets all over town. He couldn't decide, he admitted, whether it was an advertisement for a Chinese pediatrician, or Romanized Arabic. In the new Western culture, you don't have to figure out signs like *XING PED*. You just go squirreling your hot rod by one of them when a pretty girl is waiting to cross and a cop is near—and he'll tell you about them; he'll tell you, good.

Similarly, it is unnecessary to worry too much about the rest of the Western language. CRAZY MAX, the used-car dealer, is a businessman who'll explain, given just half a chance; and UNCLE JOE THE STINKER, selling pink-tinted household furniture sets, even buys radio time to spell out the reasons for his name.

As for the dumb alien who doesn't understand the exact meaning of "Footlongs, ½ Mile" on a sign beside a main highway, he may starve to death, but who cares? He's going to have trouble anyhow, because the highway approaches to the next town will be lined with motels. The motels all will have lighted signs saying either "No" or "Sorry"—but this poor cluck probably will have to be told that they mean the same thing. As likely as not, he'll try to buy some kitchenware in a dingy place that advertises "Pan"; and he's just never going to understand what they sell at the desert roadside stand advertising "Thunder Eggs." This man needs educating.

What Else?

The boys were all she thought about—
She wasn't grown up then—
But now they never cross her mind.
So what's her interest? Men.

Bob Herz

Figuring that some readers do, too, I may as well explain: a foot-long is a hot dog; the motel signs refer, coyly, to no vacancies; *panguingui* is a card game favored by Filipinos and loggers; and a thunder egg is a geode which is defined in the dictionary for the really curious.

One visitor has claimed that clothes of the West are even stranger than the language, and mentioned that the sound of women's feet, slapping along a street in shoes with no straps on the heels, could be compared only to the clatter of wooden geta in a Tokyo alley. He was quite sure that there were California male necks which never had felt the constriction of a necktie—although I doubt this. If they never had any other, they undoubtedly own, somewhere, one of those glow-in-the-dark jobs suitable for wear with fancy cowboy shirts and tight pants tucked into high-heeled boots—which, naturally, never have been near a horse.

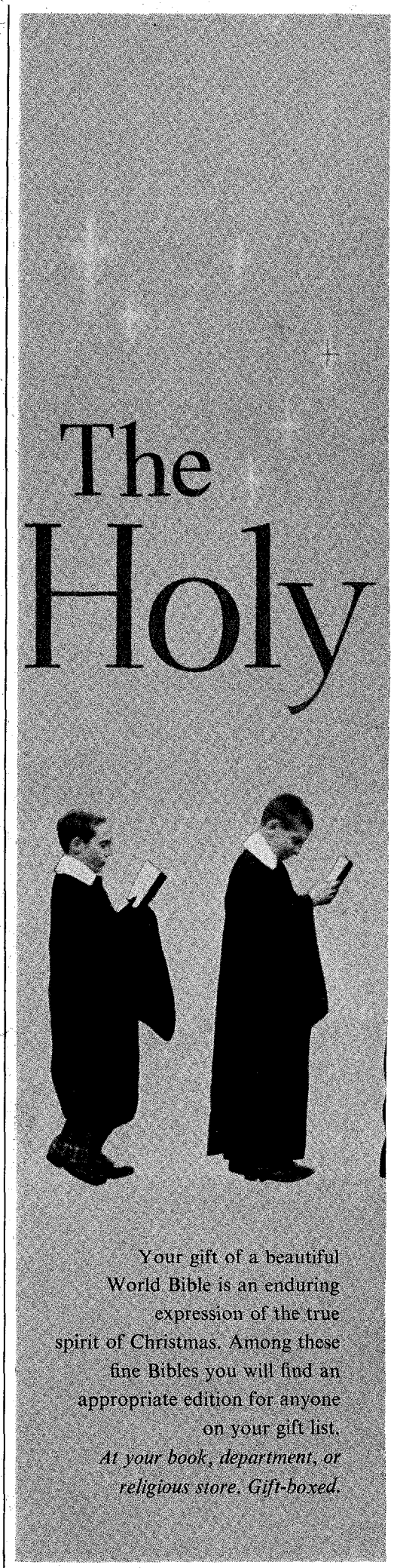
Quite sensibly, some thousands of Westerners decline even to buy a white shirt, thereby saving on laundry; a good colored sports thing can be worn for a week without washing. A California millionaire who died some time ago left only three suits. "His tastes," said a news story of his death, "ran to other types of clothing." Notably, several dozen sports jackets, in rainbow hues.

It is untrue that no Western men own full dress. On an opera opening night in San Francisco, tail coats emerge in droves. That they may have been pulled in from all the rental agencies for hundreds of miles is beside the point—they're there. The dinner coat may even be considered a fairly normal part of a middle-class wardrobe, although called a Tuxedo and may be maroon or even yellow. But the Westerner will go to great lengths to avoid wearing it. On a party invitation, "semiformal" generally means that women will wear evening dresses, while men are bound only to forgo tweed jackets in favor of a dark suit.

What happens at other affairs was well illustrated at an all-masculine civic dinner. Invitations had specified Tuxedos. During the meal, one dinner-jacketed and morose young man had several extra whiskies, growing more morose with each. By the time the toastmaster tapped a glass, George—to give him a name—was in a frame of mind. Unsteadily, he arose and declared, "Before all this talking starts, I want to say just one thing ——" He stared owlishly around. "Sam, Hugh and Bill, stand up." Three men of the fifty present arose, twitching their black ties uneasily.

"You three," said George, "take a look at all those other jerks. Did you ever in your life see forty-six higher-paid bozos who couldn't afford to rent a tux?"

The important items of a Western wardrobe are things ranchlike, even though the wearer can't tell a sheep from a Brahman bull; and things nautical, even though the owner gets seasick at Navy movies. If there's a typical male headgear, it must be either a wide-brimmed hat or a yachting cap. Perhaps some psychologist can explain why the city cattleman's hat almost always is nearly white and spotlessly clean, while the boy who keeps a yachting cap to wear around his tenth-floor apartment really cherishes the thing only after it's been stomped on and smeared (*Continued on Page 66*)

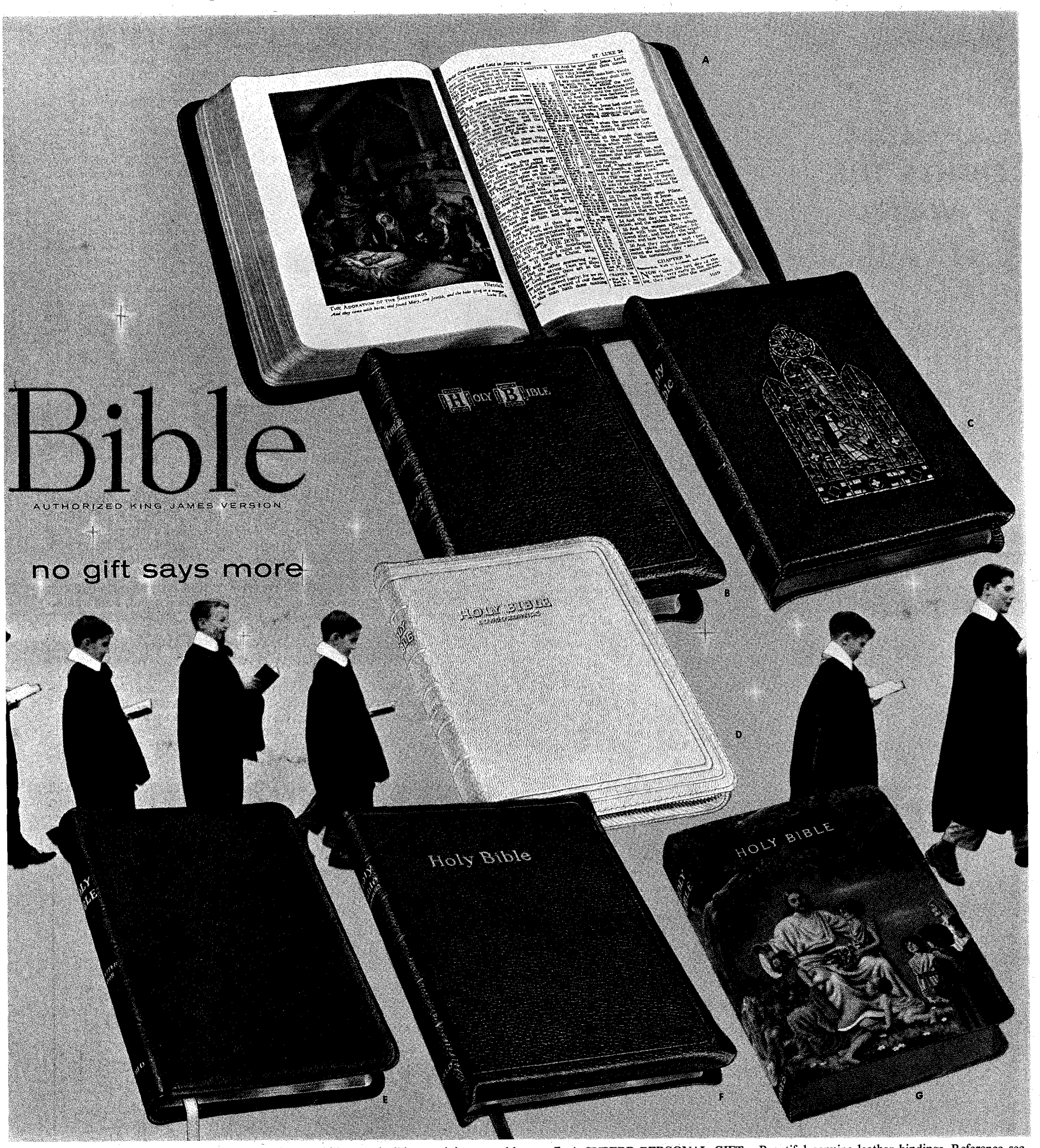


Your gift of a beautiful World Bible is an enduring expression of the true spirit of Christmas. Among these fine Bibles you will find an appropriate edition for anyone on your gift list.

At your book, department, or religious store. Gift-boxed.

World Bibles are printed on World Indo-Text, the loveliest of all India papers. In all price ranges there are editions illustrated by eminent religious artists, editions with Concordances and other special reference sections.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bible

AUTHORIZED KING JAMES VERSION

no gift says more

A. FOR SOMEONE SPECIAL – A superbly bound illustrated Bible containing a wealth of reference material. Red Letter Edition. Black genuine leather, No. 1109C — **$7.50.**

B. A FAMILY GIFT – Master Art reference Bible. 64 reproductions of famous religious paintings, 32 in color. Biblical Encyclopedia. Red Letter Edition. Thumb-indexed. Black genuine leather, No. 2846-I — **$10.95;** or genuine morocco, No. 2847-I — **$15.00.**

C. THE NATIVITY BIBLE – A lustrous replica of a stained glass window is set into the cover of this splendid Bible. Red Letter Edition. Illustrated. Bound in Leathertex. Black, No. 240C, or maroon, No. 240CM — **$5.00.**

D. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS – Easy-to-carry Bibles with many supplemental aids for study. Red Letter Edition. Illustrated. Bound in Leathertex. Zipper-closed white, No. 236CZ, or black, No. 231CZ — **$3.75.** Black, overlapping covers, No. 230C — **$2.75.**

E. A SUPERB PERSONAL GIFT – Beautiful genuine leather bindings. Reference section, illustrations. Red Letter Edition. Red, No. 238C, or black, No. 239C — **$6.50.**

F. FOR OLDER READERS (and those who prefer extra large type) – Self-pronouncing Pica type, well-spaced on 6½″ x 9¼″ pages. Black genuine leather, No. 714 — **$9.50.** Black imitation leather, No. 712 — **$6.25.**

G. TO DELIGHT A CHILD – The Rainbow Bible, with durable full-color pictorial cover. Contains the entire Old and New Testaments, 8 full-color illustrations and many other appealing features. No. 603 — **$2.50.**

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland 2, Ohio

Bible Publishers to America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR CHRISTMAS

Delta
LIGHTS THE WAY!

DELTA POWER-KING
Shoots light ½ mile. 12 volts. Swivel head. Perfect gift for *any* man. $7.50

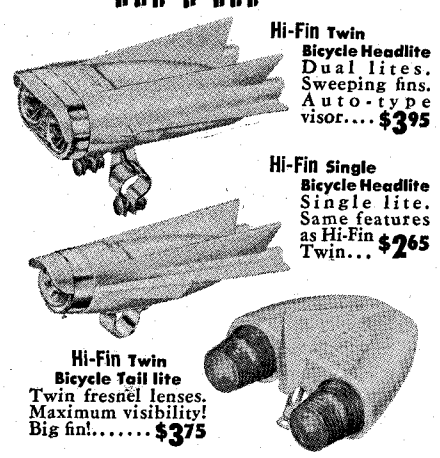
DELTA POWERlite
Shoots brilliant 800-foot spot-lite and wide-spread flood-lite. 6V. Handy. Rugged. An all-time favorite $5.85

DELTA FLASHING POWERlite
Flashing red top. 800-foot side spot-lite. A great buy at..... $5.95

FLASHING POWERTOP
Flashing red top. Big head swivels 180°. Sealed beam model only... $7.25
Std. reflector model $5.95

You can't go wrong when you give Delta electric lanterns and bike lites for Christmas. Everyone on your list can use one—or more—from toddler to Grandfather . . . *See your dealers!*

INTRODUCING THE GREAT NEW Hi-Fin BIKE LITES



Hi-Fin Twin Bicycle Headlite
Dual lites. Sweeping fins. Auto-type visor.... $3.95

Hi-Fin Single Bicycle Headlite
Single lite. Same features as Hi-Fin Twin... $2.65

Hi-Fin Twin Bicycle Tail lite
Twin fresnel lenses. Maximum visibility! Big fin!..... $3.75

Prices shown do not include batteries

Delta ELECTRIC COMPANY MARION, IND.

ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS & ELECTRIC BICYCLE ACCESSORIES

(*Continued from Page 64*) tastefully with engine oil. I've had trouble enough explaining to visitors that while they no longer really need six-shooters out here, they don't need wardrobes for boating either. Hugh Downs, a television personality, recently had to be talked out of refusing an invitation to a day's salt-water cruise on Puget Sound. "I left all my yachting outfits in the East," he said. "I just don't have the proper clothes to wear."

Not until he saw the rest of the guests all dressed in—at most—faded blue denims, was he willing to accept the Western boating maxim: "We don't care what you wear when you come to sea. Just bring a wrench so you can help fix the bucket when something goes wrong."

Actually it's untrue that nobody in the West dresses like sensible people elsewhere. The Ivy League suit can be seen. Bankers own them, and bright young men in bright young advertising agencies are as clothes-conscious as their brothers on Madison Avenue—although they stop somewhere short of packing a rolled-up umbrella. My son even wears a suit to school, by headmaster's dictum. But he corrects that the minute he goes out with a girl, for whom he wears a loud shirt, slacks or jeans, but neither necktie nor coat. He must be right, because he keeps on getting dates.

Wear a suit if you insist, says the Westerner, but don't turn up your nose at a Canadian Indian sweater. It may be—and usually is—a greasy-looking, gray-and-darker-gray creation, almost knee-length and heavy as sin. But it is both authentic and nearly waterproof. Hence, certain bums and millionaires up and down the coast wear the things, summer or winter. You can't really tell the two apart unless you see the bank accounts. So with wooden clogs, favored for home wear by people who have spent a couple of weeks in Japan. And coconut hats, which stage small new invasions of the Pacific Coast every time a planeload of tourists gets back from Hawaii, which is three or four times a day. It cannot be proved, but there is a strong suspicion on the Coast that the current national sack-dress insanity is only a version of the "mumu," a completely shapeless dress which was carried to the Pacific islands by missionaries who insisted that the native girls cover up their nakedness.

That the missionaries' granddaughters everywhere now should be paying a hundred bucks or more for modern versions of similar sugar bags seems no more than fair retribution. But it's nothing new in the West. Women who should know better have been bringing "mumus" back from the islands for years, and wearing them to supermarkets, shopping alongside other women who are sensibly barefoot, shorts-clad, bare-midriffed and halter-topped. Nobody comments on the latter style except the store which suggests "Barefoot customers please keep off the moving stairs." The crisis of a painted toenail caught in a gear of the stairs is something no store manager wishes to face.

Housing out our way offers just as much variety as clothing. Every grandfather who did make it to the Pacific brought along ideas about how a house should be built. But a look at any Western city shows that no two grandfathers agreed. So in the older sections, Mexican hacienda—modified, naturally—squats alongside New England almost-colonial. You'll find an 1890 high-style across the street from maybe-Mediterranean. But in the postwar suburbs the ranch house is supreme.

Just what is a ranch house? That's difficult to define. It has a low-pitched or flat roof, some big windows often giving a view of the neighbor's back yard, and a kitchen which isn't entirely separated from the living room. Beyond that, it's anybody's choice. Wood or stucco, sometimes roman brick; usually a carport, but sometimes a garage; L or U or box shape, and as many levels as the architect, if any, was able to sell the prospective stair climbers. Nobody really can define these things; but no young Western wife is really happy until she has one, tailored to resemble something she saw in Hilo or Tucson and modified by gadgets which the man from the appliance store said would practically eliminate housework.

Only a few things are absolutely certain: somewhere in this house will be quantities of driftwood and a Japanese lantern. Driftwood madness affects the entire female population. Most Western ocean beaches are sprinkled periodically with wood: escaped logs from rafts which have run into sea storms; cedar knees which have floated down northern rivers, out to sea and back again; bark; whole trees; ship planks and house planks. Thrown up by spring tides, these treasures sit waiting for mamma and her long-suffering male. No proper family car comes back from a beach expedition without some of it, sliver or ten-foot log. No flower arrangement is complete without at least one weathered knot somewhere under the apple blossoms.

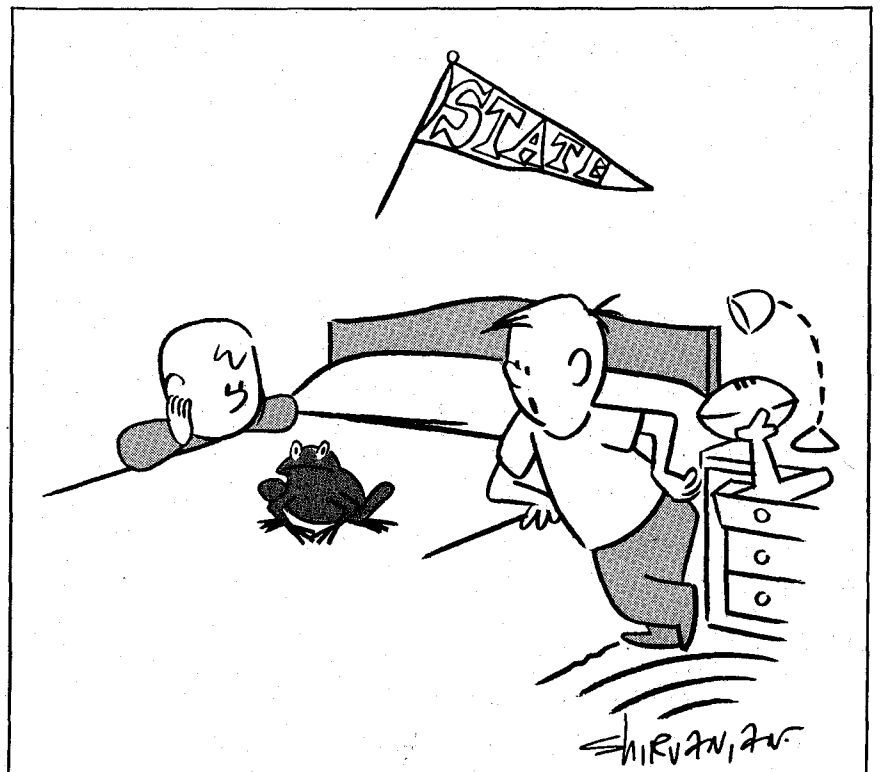
Driftwood is almost an essential to Western living, especially if it has been sitting around long enough to whiten while the old beer bottles near it were acquiring a lovely purple cast from the sun. The proper housewife just has to acquire some, for the mantel or to make a fence of it. She tastefully arranges the purple beer bottles or green glass fishing floats somewhere nearby. To my knowledge, there is no way for husbands to escape hauling this junk home. But any reasonably devious male can dispose of quite a lot of driftwood, in time. You just chunk it into the fireplace when nobody's looking. Sometimes mother won't miss it for weeks.

A sun-spot is a simple, although a worrisome Western thing. A sun-spot is somewhere on a 100-by-100-foot lot where a woman can go to be alone and bake in peace. Often, this requires expensive and reluctant greenery for screening, a pane or two of slanted glass, plus a hand-split cedar fence. But it can be created, and is. No woman is happy unless she can show one to her friends. "That," she says, "is our sun-spot." After that, she never again goes near the place.

Plumbing probably is no worse in the West than elsewhere—it's only talked about more. Cities of our coast never were middle-aged. Frontier towns, they turned around twice and found themselves elderly—being abandoned for the suburbs before they had time to extend sewer lines. As a result, most of the West's young adult population today lives with waste-disposal problems. Dishwashers and automatic laundries make further complications—a dinner-party host may disappear into the utility room with a wrench at any moment. All he needs to say is "septosis." Everybody not only understands, but will launch into descriptions of his own septic problems unless headed off.

Septosis is only one dinner curiosity. If the visitor accepts any invitation—whether to mansion or houseboat or house trailer—he's likely to be in for a barbecue, willy-nilly. A barbecue is a woman's trick to get a man to do the cooking, and an excuse to sprinkle papaya juice on tough meat. But Western it is, in inception and usage, creating an enormous market for charcoal, and clouds of meat smoke over the suburbs. The visitor may as well be prepared: for half-done chicken or scorched steak; corn not only on the cob but still in its jacket, which invariably burns the hands of the unwary; coolish coffee and cinders in the eye. Westerners will eat almost anything: Mexican beans and squid, soggy imitations of sukiyaki; artichokes by the ton; kippered salmon; pickled herring; and millions of onions. The supply of fresh vegetables probably is more varied and continuous than in any other part of the country because of the variations of season in the growing areas which directly feed this market. Fields from Mexico to Canada produce fresh peas from February to October, watermelons, lettuce, green onions and tomatoes for almost the same periods.

Of course, this has nothing to do with what's available in most restaurants. Many avoid fresh orange juice like the plague in (*Continued on Page 68*)

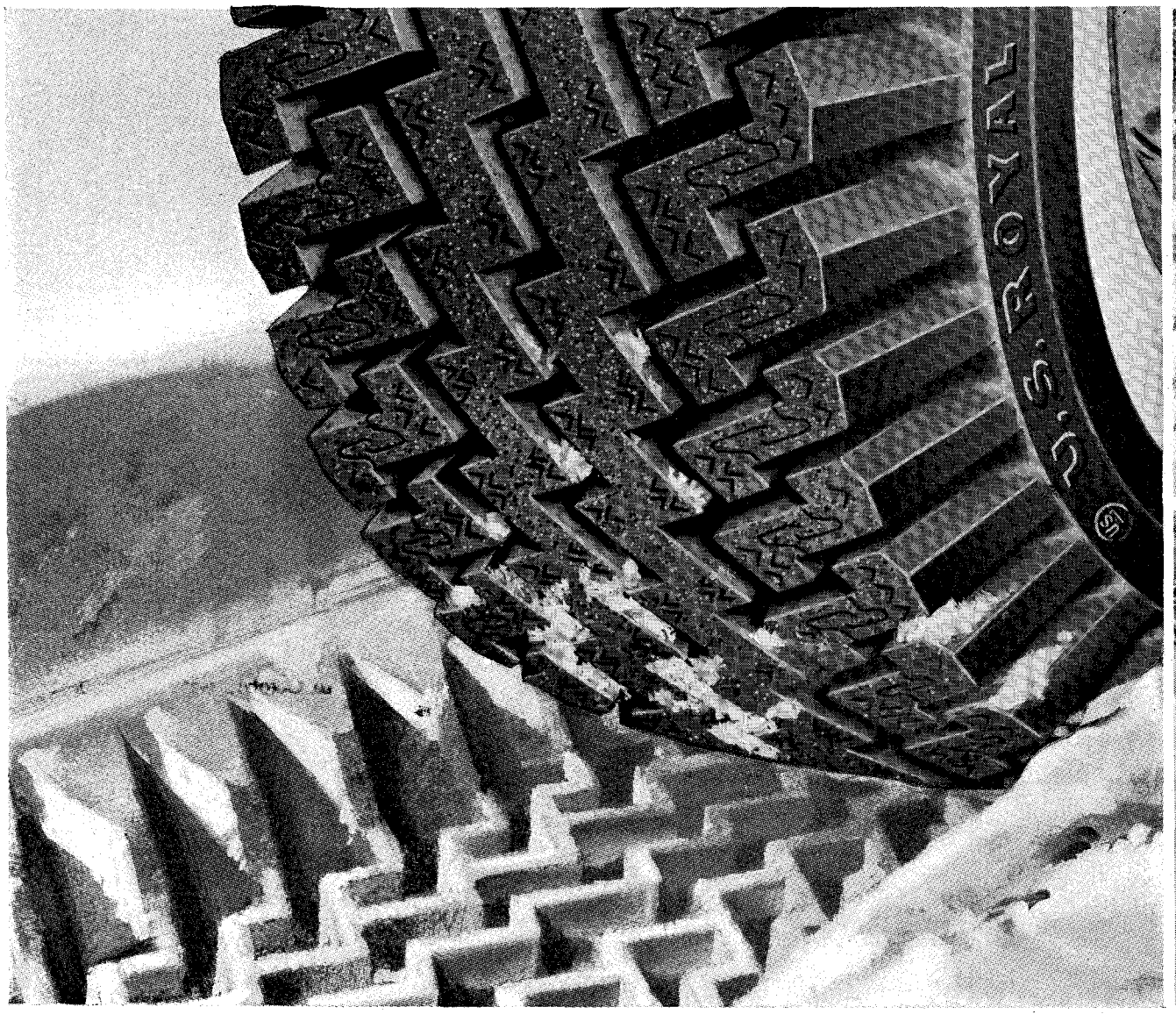


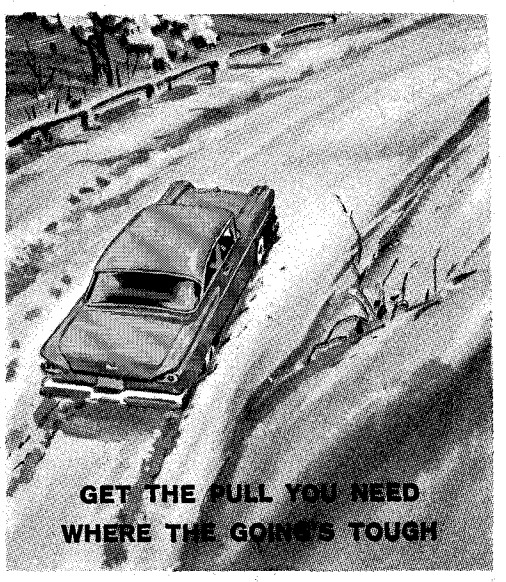
"He's in pretty good shape considering he's been through the automatic washer!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PULLS YOU OUT... THEN KEEPS QUIET!





U.S. Royal SAFETY 1st Winteride

THE WINTER TIRE THAT PUTS YOUR SAFETY FIRST

Winter won't stop **you** when you've got the U.S. Royal Winteride on your rear wheels. This tire pulls you out and through deep snowdrifts, sticky mudholes. It gives you sure non-skid stops on wet roads. Every day, even in worst weather, you **go**...yet you go in **quiet comfort.** For on the open highway, the Winteride rolls smoothly—**without** annoying hum, rumble or whine. You'd never think you had snow tires on!

Take your choice of tube-type or tubeless, rayon or nylon, black or white sidewall—2 for only $2 down. Now, before the blizzards, see your U.S. Royal Dealer!

US RUBBER

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. *In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.*

See things you never saw before. Visit U.S. Rubber's new Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 66*) orange-producing areas, serve frozen fish on the docks of fishing villages, and view with suspicion any form of meat not thoroughly fried. To obtain a fresh avocado is a major operation in most California eateries. Oregonians grow so tired of fresh strawberries and plums in season that restaurants don't bother to stock them. Of course, some good restaurants and careful chefs violate these generalities. But the diner in any old place around the corner will get just about the same fare as in Cincinnati.

For eating enthusiasts, however, it's a different matter, with seafoods making the most difference. East Coasters never make the mistake of ordering lobster on the West Coast more than once. He's not a true lobster if native, and too long frozen if imported. But rock cod and red snapper, Dungeness crabs, pismo and butter clams are available—and even a poor cook would find it hard to spoil them. A fresh baked salmon will make a believer even out of a man forced to eat canned salmon patties when young. An octopus can be a delicacy if cooked with love and affection. Dr. Edward W. Harvey, of the Oregon Seafoods Laboratory, contends that anything in the northern seas is edible, and makes his point by dishing out shark cutlets, porpoise steaks, salmon-egg caviar and—if pushed—anemone soup.

Oysters are a bit of a shock for Easterners. Only the fast-disappearing, thumbnail-sized Olympia of Puget Sound approximates Eastern or European oysters. The native Canadian rock oyster is a bit too big and too strong to gulp down raw. But the most common of all, the Japanese or Pacific oyster, generally raised in Washington, British Columbia or Oregon bays from imported seed, is also the biggest, a monster often eight inches long in the shell. This one, baked or steamed, can be strictly wonderful.

In this peripatetic nation, there is no point in trying to establish that the Western seaboard has different habits of reading, listening or viewing. Traffic problems, school worries and medical fads are about the same as you'll find in the rest of the country.

Nevertheless, the Westerner is different and has a different culture—a culture of dress, eating and housing, of habits at work—and in avoiding it. Very soon, the visitor learns a few things. If a wealthy family has a cook, it's a good bet that she'll first whip up the dinner, then sit down and eat it with her employers, nobody considering this unusual. In the gaudy supermarkets clerks will suggest how to cook an eggplant if given half a chance, and cheerfully haul the loot out to an automobile even in the rain. The surly taxi driver or trainman is a rarity, not a rule. The roadside produce stand, along with bottled olives and date candy, willingly passes out highway information—although it's often wrong. These people are all travelers themselves—each and every one firmly expects to be taking off for Canada, Mexico or an Idaho fishing lake at any minute.

This is the land of the flopping female shoe and the blinding checkerboard jacket for men, people who make a living finding forest ferns, a state pridefully checkered with eucalyptus trees as a memento to some Australian salesmen who were even better at their jobs than California's own real-estate artists.

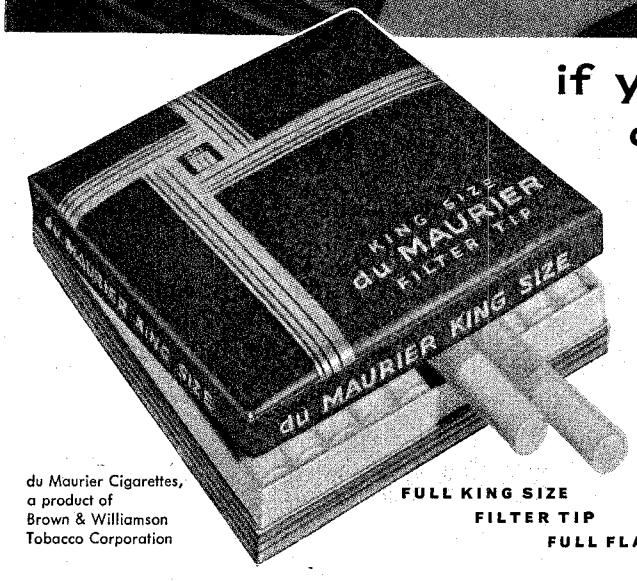
Culture? Why, certainly. This is an area where executives and skin divers very seriously organize a cannon hunters' club, to search for old, buried or sunken cannon. What they'll ever do with them, I haven't a clue. These cultured people don't have much time to worry about international affairs, however. How could they? There's a terrible plague of snails eating the lemon trees in the south, and more mice in Oregon than the cats can keep up with. Western hops have a blight, and nematodes are eating the daffodil bulbs—these are the serious matters.

A Westerner will have definite opinions about commercial fishing, although he may not be able to distinguish a tuna clipper from a shrimp boat, or a salmon troller from a herring seiner. He'll climb mountains, or bowl, or raise quarter horses, or grow competitive roses most of the time, and do what work is necessary in between. He'll know, but may forget to mention, that the clop-clop waitress in a fanciful Oriental restaurant also is a candidate for an advanced degree at the nearest university.

He may put radishes in martinis—it wouldn't surprise *me*—very probably his wife will serve a big salad as the starting point for dinner, considering any other dish abnormal. The Pullman porter may call *him* George, but he also refers to the president of his bank as Frankie Old Boy. He may make a living operating a ski tow or as dean of the college of arts and sciences. But in either case he will be convinced—and you'll have to agree politely—that he's the best barbecue cook alive, even though the chicken isn't entirely done.

You might as well agree. If you do, he'll be nice, hospitable, and possibly feed you a huge oyster, steamed to a turn. But give him trouble, and he's a hard man. Look out, or he might feed you *to* the oyster. They're both big enough.

THE END



if you have a taste for luxury
do say du MAURIER
do say DEW - MORE - EE - AY
when only the best will do

Aging mellows tobacco. And du Maurier's extraordinary tobaccos age for years in wooden casks . . . maturing slowly, leisurely. They are never roused from their slumber till they reach the mellow age of distinction.

This longer aging gives you a mellowness in smoking you could never experience — until now.

Do say du Maurier.

du Maurier Cigarettes, a product of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation

FULL KING SIZE
FILTER TIP
FULL FLAVOR

If your dealer does not have du Maurier do ask him to order them today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gem Thief (Continued from Page 30)

that I am growing soft with age. Have you breakfasted?" The old man indicated a plate of raw herring that lay by the dishes of bonbons that were always beside him.

Ivo shuddered. "Spare me, Prince Pavel."

In the rich folds of his dressing gown, the Prince sat lean and upright in a Spanish chair, his beak of a nose like a knife under the ancient skin. His cropped white hair stood indignantly erect.

The Prince shook his fist at a naked space on the wall. There should have been a fabric there, of purple velvet spangled with golden bees. It had been there yesterday.

"You see it? It's vanished!"

"So it is." Ivo's head throbbed. "Your tapestry."

"My beehive! Stupid that I am, without the wits to guard my own. You must find it for me, Ivo, and bring it back before the bees lose their honey."

"Honey?"

"They have nourished me through all these years," the Prince quavered. "But now the comb is gone."

Age, with his stealing steps, Ivo decided, hath clawed him in his clutch. "Bees," he said. "Little bits of golden thread. Sentiment, I expect?"

When men don't know what they're talking about, they are usually discussing women.

PEP MEALIFFE

"Sentiment be damned! They were my strength, those bees. They provided the last legitimate Dolgorukov with all the delicacies I need. And now some lousy peasant has liquidated them."

"Have you called the police?"

The Prince snorted. "My dear fellow, I was cured of policemen at an early age. No, you are the only one discreet and capable enough. You must find them for me. Say you will, Ivo?"

Noel stroked his aching temples, and he saw the misery in his old friend's face. He grinned wryly. "I love to hear that unicorns may be betrayed with trees——"

"Your confounded bits of Shakespeare!" the Prince interrupted. "I've often wondered, were you an actor?"

"Great heavens, no! Merely the victim of an English education. As a boy, for my crimes I had to memorize various passages from the Bard. Before I left school I could recite every line he wrote. It's become a habit, and I, a creature native and indued. . . . Yes, well, the bees." He ran fingers through his shaggy hair. "Do I recall something about Napoleon?"

"My bees were woven for Louis Napoleon's coronation," the Prince nodded. "They were the Bonaparte cipher. They used to decorate the throne room in the Luxembourg Palace in Paris. But after the fall of the Second Empire, and the Paris Commune—*pfaff!*" His eloquent hands scattered the pomp and the glory. "Some of them turned up in Russia. The Emperor bought them and for years they hung in Gatchina, in a corridor among the banners and statues. I played games under them when I was a lad. Then once again—*pfouff!*" He dismissed the Russian revolution and popped a candy into his mouth. Ivo looked deliberately out at the sun-bleached roofs of Mexico City.

The Prince chewed. "I got away with a pocketful of trinkets and contrived to exist in a welter of evasions, until one day I found—I shan't bore you with the details—this piece that had been hacked from the great tapestry. In memory of childhood games," he said, "I annexed it. After that we traveled, my bees and I, until we came to this accommodating land and I established this club. Now, after so many years, no honey."

Ivo poured him a snifter of brandy. "Has anyone," he asked, "shown an outstanding interest in your—ah—honey?"

The Prince's glance stole momentarily aside. "The tapestry has always attracted collectors, connoisseurs—that sort. I've had many offers. But I am like Antoine, I love it too much to let it go."

"Antoine? Your chef?"

"Yes. Let me tell you that every morning when he enters he salutes it. But no, not what you're thinking. Antoine's been with me for years. I know all about him. Why, I even trust my stomach to him!"

"Have you told anyone else about the robbery?"

"No. Why should I?"

Sadly the Prince shook his head. "I seldom go out nowadays, but last night when I presided at our dinner I left my rooms unlocked. Why would I not trust my friends? Yet they flew away last night, my poor insects, and now they'll die."

"How can they die?"

Ivo caught a glint in the old man's eyes as the lids drooped down. "I'm tired," the Prince sighed. "Please go. I know you'll find them and bring them back to me. Alive." (*Continued on Page 71*)

DE LUXE tailors this woven sport shirt made with 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and cotton. Available at fine stores everywhere.

ROBERT BRUCE fashions this handsome cardigan of 100% "Orlon"** acrylic fiber. Available at fine stores everywhere.

THEY DRY NEAT, STAY NEAT

Sport shirts of 65% "Dacron" and 35% cotton need little, if any, touch-up ironing...sweaters of 100% "Orlon" keep their shape with no special care

What better way to please both mothers and sons at Christmas. Mothers' delight: sportswear with high percentages of "Dacron" or "Orlon" that stays neat with a minimum of care . . . has wash and wear convenience that lasts the life of the garments. Boys' treat: good-looking, comfortable clothes that take hard wear. See them today at your favorite store.

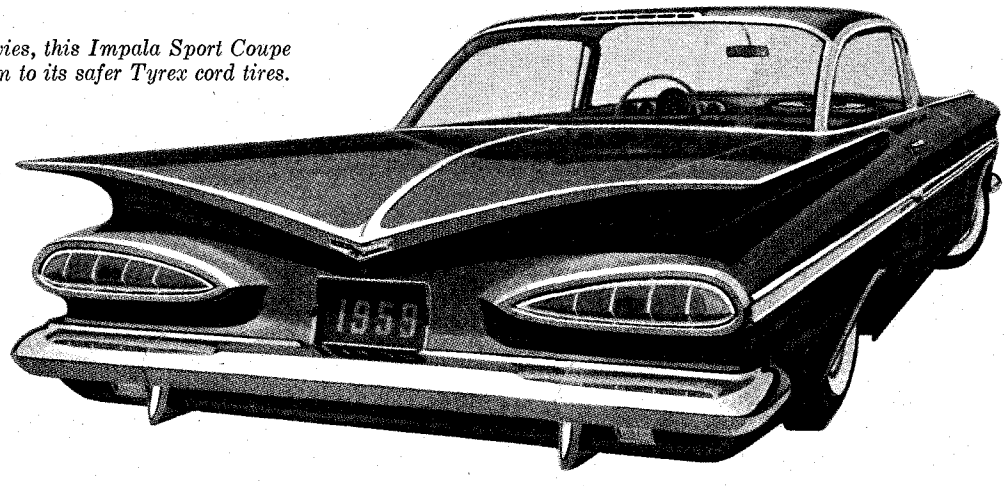
*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. **"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or clothes shown here.

DRESS RIGHT—you can't afford not to! MEMBER: AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, INC.

DACRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ORLON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Like all '59 Chevies, this Impala Sport Coupe is new right down to its safer Tyrex cord tires.

FRESH, FINE AND FASHIONABLE!

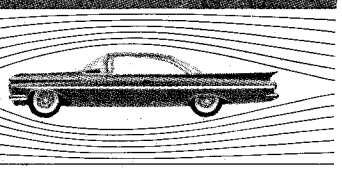
Chevy's Slimline design says new in a way all its own. And beneath the beauty there's new engineering that goes down deep. When you drive this one, you'll wonder why anyone would want a car that costs more!

From the clean thrust of its grille to the jaunty flare of its rear deck, this '59 Chevrolet is shaped to the new American taste. And you'll find its beauty has a practical slant too—with more seating room, new areas of visibility in every direction and a new Magic-Mirror acrylic lacquer finish that requires no waxing or polishing for up to three years.

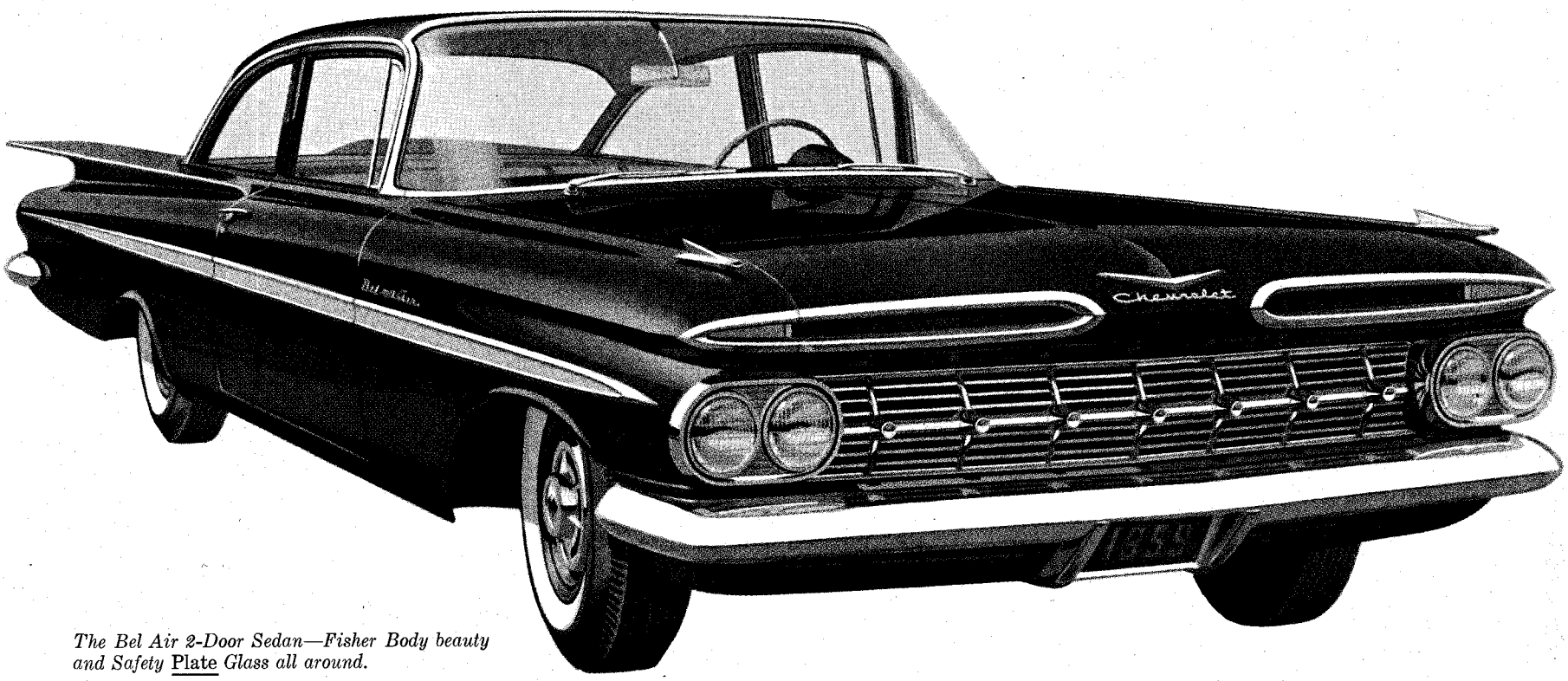
Once you're on the road, you'll discover such deep-down engineering benefits as bigger, better cooled brakes for safer, surer stopping; new easy-ratio steering and a wide choice of power—from vim-packed V8's to a new Hi-Thrift 6 that goes and goes on a gallon. Your dealer's waiting now to show you the car that can give your pride a big lift at a low price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

'59 CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET



What America wants, America gets in a Chevy!



The Bel Air 2-Door Sedan—Fisher Body beauty and Safety Plate Glass all around.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 69*) Downstairs in the clatter of the kitchen, a pudgy cook in a tall white cap was squeezing cream over a tray of confectioneries. He saw Ivo and beamed. "M'sieu Noel! I trust last night's dinner sits well with you?"

"You surpassed yourself, Antoine. Those sterlets in wine! The steak; the mousse!" He sighed in ponderous ecstasy. "Tell me, did you use honey?"

"But naturally. M'sieu has a discerning palate."

"Have you a preference for honey?"

The cook shrugged. "It has its uses."

"And bees?"

"Why the devil should I cook bees? Am I a Zulu?" Antoine's face lengthened. "Forgive me. M'sieu knows. This nonsense; what a smear on the dignity of a Prince!"

"It touches you deeply," Ivo observed.

The cook threw out his chest. "Am I not Antoine, *premier officier de bouche du Prince?* In the old days that was the title of the chefs of the French kings. I am a royalist, m'sieu. That tapestry was to me a throne. An exile, I revered it."

"His Highness seems fond of it too." Ivo's hand reached idly to the tray.

"Ah, no! No!" Antoine darted around the table. He picked up a knife. "Not if you value your tripes." His round eyes twinkled. "Those are indigestible. For the hang-over, better this." The knife whisked paper-thin slices from a haunch of beef.

"How right you are." Ivo munched. "Were—um—many people interested in Napoleon's drapery?"

"Some. Enough. I see indeed that you are, yourself, m'sieu."

Ivo clucked. "Am I a beekeeper? Who has been curious about it recently?"

Antoine looked vague, he spread his hands. "There was M'sieu Kairos," he said softly. "Lazar Kairos."

Ivo almost bit his tongue. Kairos, a jeweler here in Mexico City. And before that? Memory came back to him of the early war days and the rash of shabby speculators who infested the fringes of Europe, turning disaster into money for themselves. A man named Kairos had worked a nasty little racket fleecing refugees from Occupied France. He said, "I didn't know you knew the jeweler?"

"But certainly, m'sieu. Often I supervise for him when he has one of his grand parties. I do not love that species, but one has to live, doesn't one?"

"Indeed yes. Any others?"

Antoine pouted. "Kairos I remember. And why? All these bonbons are for him. A very grand party, at his home tonight." Suddenly his stomach shook and he began to giggle. "If you should eat them there tonight, m'sieu, believe me, you would not find them too rich. On the contrary, smoothly digestible!"

"It's very rude to keep staring over my shoulder when I'm talking to you," said the red-haired young woman. She reached up and retrieved Ivo's bow tie and patted it into place.

The air was delicate with perfumes and tobacco. Under the blaze of chandeliers a hundred couples danced to the rhythms of a *mariachi* band. The room was packed. There were diplomats and actors, politicians and high-ranking officers, and everywhere among them, the soft gleam of bare shoulders. Kairos, Ivo thought, had certainly come up in the world.

"You're not listening to a word I say," the redhead complained. She followed his gaze to a gorgeous brunette who stood vivid as a flame among her admirers. The redhead sighed. "I know your trouble exactly. Let me warn you, it bites!"

Ivo grinned. "Never shake thy gory locks at me," he said. "I am stabbed with a white wench's black eye and you should know how vulnerable I am. Tell me, could it really be ——"

"Carmela Mountfort. Of course. Kairos' latest. As bees to honey, or am I getting the facts of life confused?" She put her arms up to him. "Ivo, let's dance."

Ivo looked owlish. "Have you ever watched an elephant in a circus, when he climbs up on a little tub and wiggles his drooping rump and lifts his great forefeet—one, two—in time to the music? Me, dance? Let me get you a drink."

He led her to the buffet, into a crowd of people, and put a drink in her hand. Everybody was talking at once and no one noticed when he edged away. He shouldered across the room and stood squarely in front of Carmela.

She was tall in a blood-red gown, and wore a fine gold throat chain that held a burst of jewels at her breast. She saw him and smiled. "I don't know you, but I'd like to. Yes, I might like that."

"But who does not know the greatest actress since Duse?" Ivo said. "Many times and in many places I've sat at the feet of the incomparable Carmela Mountfort. Literally, in the orchestra stalls. I couldn't otherwise believe that any mere human could have such passionate eyes. Will you dance?"

"We ought to do this again, next year."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Carmela looked at the men around her and slid into his arms. After a while she said, "I guessed as much. You're very light on your feet."

"For such a lump?"

She laughed. "Who are you? What are you?"

"The full sum of me is sum of nothing. Name's Noel."

"Like Christmas. Exciting!"

"Herein Fortune shows herself more kind than is her custom. I, who was poor this noon, have now a nameless treasure. Though not to say nameless, exactly."

She looked up at him curiously.

"You are the hopeful lady of my earth." Ivo purred the classical lines. "The all-seeing sun ne'er saw your match since first the world begun. Earth-treading star ——"

"He's mad," she purred. "I adore it."

"I am but mad north-north-west." He eyed the jewel on her white flesh. "When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

"Ah-ha, now I've got it. Shakespeare." She laughed happily. "Did you ever see me play Lady Macbeth?"

"The part is much too old for you, though you and a dagger go naturally together. You inspire madness."

She reached up and straightened his tie. "Let's go out to the terrace. All this noise."

They leaned on a balcony and breathed the fragrance of the garden.

"Where's our host?" Ivo lit cigarettes. "I haven't seen Kairos at all tonight."

"Business, he told me. He had to leave."

"And abandon you? He must be out of his mind."

"Do you think so?" She lifted the jewel at her throat. "He gave me this. Is he out of his mind, do you think, or am I, to accept these diamonds?"

"It's my belief that rich men exist merely to set a proper frame for beauty," Ivo said. "It hurts me when they fail. I'm disappointed that you allowed it."

Her eyes widened. "What can you mean?"

He flicked the pendant contemptuously. "Diamonds, madam, they ain't."

She drew a hissing breath. Like lightning her hand lashed out and scratched red welts along his cheek. She turned. Ivo watched her go imperiously from him.

He backed into the shadows and dabbed a handkerchief at his face. At the far end of the terrace he saw a streak of light through drawn curtains. He moved cautiously, and peered in.

A man was seated at a desk with his back to the window. Ivo saw his polished fingernails in the light of the desk lamp. He saw Napoleon's tapestry lying limp across the back of a chair, with golden bees glinting in its folds.

Ivo rapped on the glass. The man inside reached into a drawer. Then he came and unlocked the French window and opened it a crack. He said, "Pancho? Did you bring him?" The blue steel automatic was too large in his hand.

Ivo pushed the window wide. "Excuse me. Scratched myself out there, a branch or something. I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Kairos?" He walked in. "Ah, good! I see you found it."

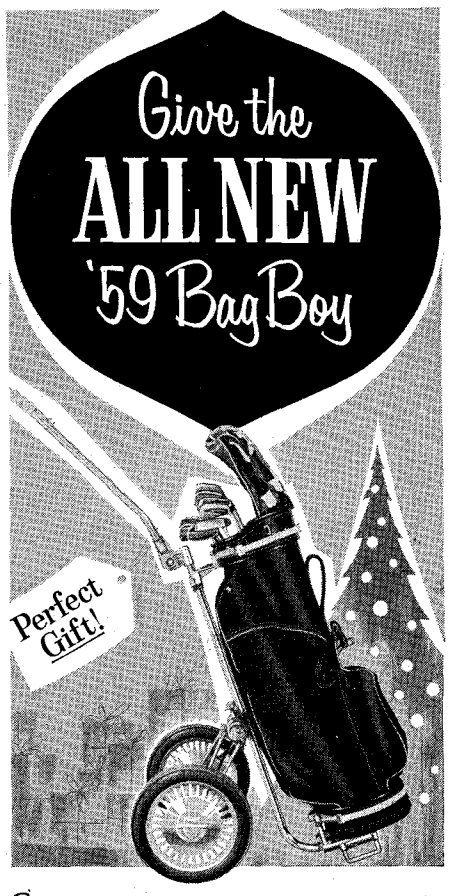
Spruce as a bantam cock, Kairos held the gun level. "Found what?"

"Prince Pavel's passion, that bit of rag there. He told me it had been stolen."

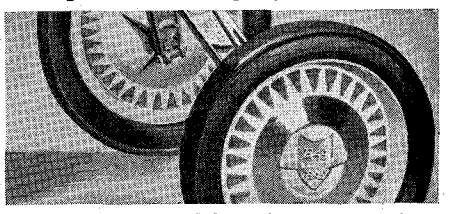
Kairos gestured with the gun. "Sit down. What else did he tell you about it?"

"You mean its history? Louis Napoleon and so forth?" Ivo smiled. "Please put that gun away. It terrifies me."

"I doubt it. You see I know you. You have a (*Continued on Page 73*)

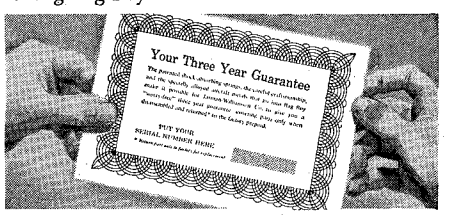


Give the gift you know will please . . . the new '59 Bag Boy golf cart. This all new Bag Boy looks lighter . . . is lighter; it rolls easier; it's the golf cart every golfer wants! Thousands of golfers throughout the world get more fun out of golf with their Bag Boys.



New easy-roll wheel, looks lighter...is lighter

Buy the golf cart that rolls easier . . . Bag Boy. New lighter wheel design combined with a new narrow rolling-ridge on the tires and famous shock-absorbing springs make this the easiest rolling Bag Boy ever made.



Bag Boy is backed by three-year guarantee

You can depend on your Bag Boy to give you years of enjoyable golf. Its quality design, materials, craftsmanship and shock-absorbing springs make Bag Boy the most dependable golf cart you can buy. Give the best . . . give a Bag Boy.

At pro shops, department and sporting goods stores. *Deluxe* $37.95, *Special* $29.95, *Golf and Sport Seat* $11.95.

BAG BOY®

World's favorite golf cart

Made by Jarman-Williamson Co., 601 N.E. 28th Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

MONEY...

In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
463 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE MAKES

THE

MOST WANTED

LUGGAGE IN THE WORLD

TRI-TAPER® by AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

West Warwick 9, R. I.

EXCLUSIVE WITH AMERICAN TOURISTER

Stainless Steel Flexible Interlocking Closure.*
Dust-proof and moisture-resistant.

FLIGHT APPROVED · AA · AMERICAN AIRLINES

SMARTER The beautifully contoured (imitated but not duplicated) design,* is synonymous with the most fashionable luggage obtainable anywhere today.

LIGHTER The lightest luggage you've ever carried. Actually pounds lighter than other luggage.

STRONGER Fiberglass reinforced one-piece molded construction.* Ounce for ounce the strongest luggage. Permanite* coverings resist scratches and scuffs . . . wipe clean with a soapy cloth.

ROOMIER Packs up to 25% more clothes than comparable size luggage.

*PATENTED FEATURES

FOR WOMEN: Ten sizes in five smart colors — American Blue, Tourister Gray, Golden White, Silver Dusk, Resort Tan. $18.95 to $49.95**

FOR MEN: Six sizes in four colors — Silver Dusk, Resort Tan, American Blue, Tourister Gray. $24.95 to $44.95**

**Plus Tax. Slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada. Available in Canada through General Distributors, Ltd. Toronto. Consulting Designers: Jon W. Hauser & Assoc. Patents: D-168,709; D-175,945; D-177,475; D-178,889; D-179,016; U. S. 2,714,945.

Write for name of nearest dealer plus booklet on Travel Hints.

the luggage that defies comparison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 71*) reputation, Mr. Noel; and not only for the way you speak."

"Overblown, would you consider it?"

Kairos cocked an eye at him. "So the Prince hired you to find his tapestry? I can save him the expense. Take it. I make him a present of it."

"Now that's extremely generous of you."

Ivo took the velvet on his knees and began to stroke its pile. Suddenly he stopped. His finger had caught in a slit. He turned the material over. There were rows and rows of small slits. Most of them had been neatly sewed up again, but there were new, gaping cuts. Ivo sighed.

Kairos was watching him. "I'd like to make His Highness a present of the thief as well. That damned renegade cook of his, that Antoine. Unfortunately ——" He moved the lamp an inch and put a hip on the desk. "Perhaps you can help me."

"How?"

"Antoine has disappeared. I sent Pancho to fetch him, but he wasn't to be found. My boy is still out looking. As a matter of fact I thought you were he. At this moment, Mr. Noel, Antoine is undoubtedly dangerous. Hence the gun." He put it trimly in his pocket. "Now, if you can help me I'll make it worth your trouble. Say twenty thousand pesos if you bring him to me tonight."

"That's a lot of money for a cook."

Kairos shrugged. "I'd like to make the gesture to the Prince. His tapestry; his thief."

"You have the tapestry," Ivo said. "Why not let the poor devil go?"

Kairos stroked his nose. "Thirty thousand."

"These wretched scratches," Ivo mumbled. "They're beginning to sting. I'd better have them looked at." He got slowly to his feet. The velvet cloth fell from his lap. "No, Mr. Kairos, I think not. Good night, sir. Thank you for your hospitality." He forced himself to walk normally. At the door he said, "I'll tell the Prince you'll return his tapestry." The back of his neck was prickling as he went out.

It took him a while to get through the crowded ballroom. In the street he climbed into his car and sat thinking.

If I were a cook, Ivo asked himself, *where the devil would I hide? I'd be too fat to crawl into one of my own pots —— Ah, you think so?* He turned on the ignition and pulled quickly away from the line of parked cars. Before long a dark handsome car eased out behind him.

No moonlight reached into the corridors of the Popocatepetl Yacht Club as Ivo passed silently through them. He hesitated outside the kitchen, and behind him a quick shadow melted into the blackness. The door was open. He shrugged and went in under the single lit bulb.

"*Assez!* Stop!"

Ivo moved only his eyes. "Come forth, thou fearful man."

Clutching a meat cleaver, Antoine crept out of the farthest gloom. "M'sieu Noel. I should have known; you too." His breath whistled in his nose.

"Me and Kairos," Ivo said. "Time is running very short. Where are they?"

"The tapestry? I tried to make that clear to you this morning."

"I'm more interested in the honey."

"And not only you."

"I know. The difference is, I want to return them to the Prince."

Antoine laughed mockingly.

"Don't be an ass," Ivo said. "You can't possibly get rid of them. Give them to me and we'll say no more about it." He came forward.

The cook raised his cleaver. "Keep away, I beg you!"

Ivo advanced a step. "Antoine, you're scared. You're sweating. Be sensible. You're not a fighting man."

"No, but a desperate one. I warn you, keep back!"

"You should be glad I found you before Kairos did." Ivo took another step. "I'm not armed, so put that down and let's talk. You can trust me."

"You? Why should I?"

"Good Lord, you don't think I want to steal them?"

"Yes. The way that pig Kairos tried!"

"But I thought you were working with him?" Ivo saw the sweat beading the cook's lip.

Antoine gulped. He lifted the cleaver high above his head.

Lesson in Philosophy

By John Robert Quinn

My mother, who boasted of no degree,
Was tutored in philosophy.
Five butter beans within a pod
Were generosity from God.
A broom could sweep the shadows out;
Churning put many a fear to rout.
A young pear tree in bridal veil
Was beauty's triumph over the gale.
And every star that blinked on high
Was proof that, body and breath put by,
No darkness was so vast, so deep,
But that the Shepherd would find His sheep.

From the blackness beyond came an ominously quiet voice. "And I thought you were working with me too."

Kairos was standing in the door, his hat pulled low and the lapels of his coat covering his shirt front. The gun was dark in his gloved fist.

Antoine began to shiver. His arms came slowly down and the cleaver rattled on the floor.

Kairos kept them covered. "You should have accepted my offer," he said to Ivo. "Didn't you wonder why I let you go so easily? It was clever of you to think of this place. And now your work is done."

"Not quite. I still haven't found them."

"Antoine wouldn't tell you? Perhaps he'll talk to me."

The dark figure of a Mexican slid into the kitchen. Kairos raised inquiring eyes; the Mexican shook his head. Kairos looked around, stroking his nose. "The trouble with this place," he said, "is that one doesn't know where to begin to look. What we need is a quiet talk. Not here—we may be interrupted." His gun nudged them to the door. "If you please," he said.

Antoine filled his lungs and opened his mouth to yell. Kairos gestured, "Pancho!" The Mexican took two steps and chopped his hand into Antoine's neck. The cook dropped like a sack.

"I hope you won't make that mistake, Mr. Noel," Kairos smiled. "Let's go. Quietly."

The Mexican took the cook's arm across his shoulder and lifted his feet clear of the floor. Kairos walked behind Ivo.

Under a dead street lamp the Mexican hefted his load into the back of the dark car. Ivo got in, then Kairos. The limousine sped through forsaken streets. Kairos spoke once: "It's a pity we have to take you along, Mr. Noel. You pose a problem."

The Mexican braked the car into a familiar driveway. Ivo noticed that there were now no automobiles parked outside of Kairos' house.

Pancho opened the door and prodded Antoine. The cook moaned, stirred. "Make him walk," Kairos said. "The air will revive him." They crossed the moon-striped garden and entered by the far window that Ivo had used before.

Antoine staggered into a chair. Ivo sat down by him and watched Kairos bolt the window. Pancho flicked on the ceiling light.

"It's so much easier to talk here." Kairos moved the desk lamp to shine full on Ivo and the cook. "Antoine, suppose you begin."

The cook's voice was a painful rasp. "I say nothing."

"One way or another, you will," Kairos said. He looked at Pancho. Pancho moved toward Antoine. "Why not make it easy for both of us?"

"I spit on you!" Antoine croaked; and spat.

The Mexican smashed his knuckles into the cook's mouth.

"You never were a hero," Kairos said. "Why try? Just tell me where you put them."

"I spit on you twice!" He spat again.

The Mexican raised his fist.

"You might as well talk," Ivo urged mildly.

Antoine licked his cut lip. "So you can get your share?"

"There's no gratitude in this scum," Kairos sighed. "After I saved the idiot's life."

"Saved!" Antoine was trembling. "You mean ruined."

Kairos sneered. "When Hitler's army was rolling through Northern France, our brave little cook turned tail and ran. He shot his lieutenant first. Stupid fool, he could have waited twelve hours and spared himself the trouble."

"How do you know this?" Ivo asked.

"He came to me in Saint-Jean-de-Luz. The harbor was jammed, but I went to some trouble to help him get away."

"I paid you for it," the cook said hoarsely. "Every sou I owned. I've been paying you ever since."

"And now when I want a favor," Kairos continued, "he cheats me."

"You forced me to rob the only friend I have." Tears gathered in Antoine's eyes. "It was like stealing from my father."

"How sad. So you brought me the empty shell and kept the rest for yourself."

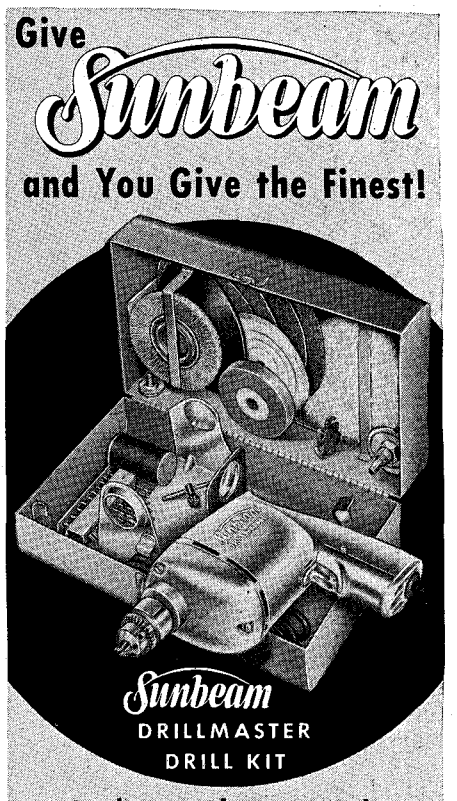
"I made sure you wouldn't get them—blackmailing swine!"

Kairos started. His gun whipped across the cook's face.

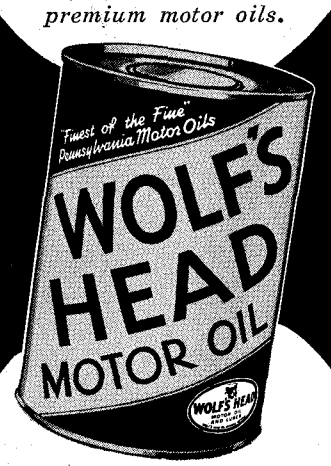
"No." Ivo spoke gently. "Fish not with this melancholy bait for this fool gudgeon."

Kairos' nostrils were pinched white. "You refused me once tonight, Mr. Noel. I'll try again. If you can locate the stones ——"

"What are they? How much are they worth?"



Sunbeam Electric Tools
...The Modern Gift for Men
The most useful gift for any home... it's really a gift for the whole family! Highest quality accessories make drilling, polishing, grinding, buffing, sanding and hundreds of other jobs fun for everyone. The powerful, cool-running Sunbeam Drillmaster Drill does every job faster, easier.
Drillmaster Drill Kits from $29.95 to $47.95
Drillmaster Drills from $25.95 to $42.50
Made by Sunbeam
famous for Mixmaster, Shavemaster, etc.
Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.; Canada: Toronto 18
REG. © SUNBEAM DRILLMASTER MIXMASTER SHAVEMASTER

YOU CAN TELL THE
DIFFERENCE
Change to WOLF'S HEAD. You can tell the difference in lower oil consumption, fewer repair bills, better all around performance.
It's the "finest of the fine" premium motor oils.


- The Oil with *Nature's Miracle Molecule* —100% Pure Pennsylvania.
- *Refined three important steps* beyond ordinary motor oils.
- *Scientifically fortified* to clean as it lubricates.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—*New*

YELLO-BOLE

"DUO-LINED"

is the sweetest pipe you ever smoked

A *double lining* of real honey makes "Duo-Lined" cake even faster; smoke even sweeter than regular Yello-Boles. If you don't agree it's the sweetest—return it and get your money back.

$3.50

Other Yello-Bole pipes, also of imported briar $1.50-$2.95

Sweet as smoking through a honeycomb

By the makers of Kaywoodie, Dept. Y36, New York 22, N.Y.

There's an Edmont glove that fits your job

IS THIS IT?

THUMBS UP, coated with flexible neoprene, gives more all-around hand protection than any other work glove. Resists cutting, snagging, abrasion, oil, acids, solvents. Outwears ordinary leather and many pairs of canvas gloves. Try a pair. Made by Edmont Mfg. Company, Coshocton, Ohio.

Makers of Green Thumb garden gloves.

Edmont

JOB-FITTED GLOVES

"Werx"—Outwears canvas 5 to 1
"Monkey Grip"—Longest-wearing plastic
"Turtle"—Super-flexible plastic

"Diamonds, as you've already guessed. Worth to you, when you bring them here, thirty thousand."

"In that case, their value must be quite a bit higher. Could you trust me?"

"Pancho will be at your side. Now, either you agree to help me—and incidentally do yourself some good—or I pick up this phone and turn you both in as thieves. I could even shoot you in self defense. Who would contradict ——"

Ivo stopped him. "I've changed my mind," he said to the cook. "The diamonds are useless to you now; but don't, for God's sake, tell Kairos where they are."

Antoine took his hands from his face and stared at Ivo.

"Shut up!" Kairos barked. "This pig is going to squeal and you won't stop him. Pancho!"

Before the Mexican could move, loud pounding hammered the door. Ivo swallowed his breath. The banging continued, augmented with kicks on the lower panel.

Kairos backed against the desk, his finger tight on the trigger. The Mexican pulled a knife from his belt and went and turned the knob. He inched the door open.

It flung back in his face.

"Get out of my way, you monstrous baboon! Where is he?" She stormed in like a Valkyrie. "How dare you keep me waiting! Me, Carmela Mountfort. How do you dare!"

"Carmela, please. Not now." Kairos' voice had an angry cadence.

"Yes, now! Do you think I'm to be kept waiting like a chorus girl? I demand to know about this!" She flaunted the pendant under his nose.

"Go ahead and tell her." Ivo shifted in his chair. "We don't mind waiting."

Kairos whirled on him. "Don't try anything."

Carmela's fist beat on the desk. "Don't interrupt! Tell me the truth, did you try to palm off your filthy imitation diamonds on me?"

"Get out of here," Kairos said savagely, not even looking at her. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"The devil with your business! Answer me, are these paste?"

"Of course they're paste," Ivo said. He gauged the distance between himself and the gun. It was dangerously far. He glanced at the cook.

"You cheap rat!" Carmela tore the bauble from her throat and flung it at Kairos' feet.

"All right, they're paste!" Kairos shouted. "Now shut up, or do I have to close your mouth for you? Pancho, hold her quiet!"

It happened in seconds. Carmela seized the lamp and hurled it. Kairos ducked. The lamp's cord snaked out, for a moment it entangled the Mexican.

"Now!" Ivo yelled.

He launched himself low. From the corner of his eye he saw Antoine get to his feet. Kairos jerked the trigger. Ivo heard the bullet snick past him. The Mexican flicked his wrist and an icicle stabbed high in Ivo's shoulder. He fell on Kairos and wrenched the gun from his fingers. "Watch the other," he called.

There was no reply.

Ivo held the gun on the two men. "Antoine." He glanced swiftly behind him and saw the cook, face down, on the carpet.

He straightened slowly. "Carmela."

She came to him. "You're bleeding." She touched the handle of the knife that was angled in above his armpit.

"All right," he nodded. He grunted as she pulled it away. He put the gun in her hand. "Shoot if they move."

"Even before." Carmela smiled wickedly.

Ivo knelt and eased the cook over. A wet stain darkened Antoine's shirt, low down. His breathing was ragged.

"Hold on," Ivo said to him.

Slowly the cook's eyes focused, he tried to grin. "M'sieu Noel, how were the bonbons?" he whispered. Then he was staring at nothing.

Ivo looked at the body. After a long minute he went and picked up the phone.

Night was lifting into dawn as Ivo climbed once more to the top of the patio steps. By his side Carmela held the tapestry regally around her shoulders against the cool, thin air. There was no need to knock; through the sprung door they could see overturned chairs, ripped cushions, the rug flung back.

Ivo found the Prince in his bedroom, on a gutted mattress, gagged and trussed with the bedsheets. "Pancho's whimsical touch," he said grimly. He called to Carmela for brandy.

The Prince lay inert as Ivo worked over the knots, but a spark of life leaped in his eyes when Carmela came through the door. She shrugged the tapestry off her shoulders and held a glass to his lips. He brushed it feebly aside.

Ivo could barely catch his words: "You got it, thank God!"

"There's no hurry now."

Ivo took the glass and forced brandy down the reluctant throat. The old man sputtered as Ivo rubbed the blood back into his arms and propped pillows under his frail shoulders. Then Ivo laid the tapestry in his lap.

The Prince's anxious hands groped among the folds. He clawed, he looked, he clawed again. He lifted the tapestry and shook it with all his strength. Then he fell back, exhausted. "Dead," he muttered. "All my bees are dead."

"Your Highness, the honey is safe," Ivo said to him.

The old eyes flew open. "You've got them?"

"What honey?" Carmela said.

"Where are they? Are they all there?"

Ivo held up his hand. "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!" He waited for silence. Briefly he related the night's events. "So," he came to an end, "in his red blood Antoine's day is set!"

The Prince sighed. "The poor unhappy man. He should have come to me for help. I always believed he was my friend."

"He was," Ivo said. "When he found out what Kairos was really after, he put the diamonds ——" He interrupted himself. "My dear sir, how thoughtless of me. You must be famished." He hurried out of the room.

"Dammit, come back!" the Prince called. "Where did he put them?"

Ivo returned with a large dish of candies. He stirred them about. Some were decorated with spirals, some with stars, some circles. "Try this." Mentally keeping his fingers crossed, he held one out.

"In heaven's name, not now." The Prince tried to turn his head aside. "Oh, if I must!"

He bit; his teeth grated. He spat. A pistachio-flavored diamond lay in his palm.

"Careful, you'll make yourself sick." Ivo moved the dish away as the Prince reached eagerly for more. "I was afraid I would have to feed you a dozen of these abominations before we struck the first one." He looked at the lady. "Have you been introduced? This is Carmela, to whose glorious indignation we both owe everything."

In bed, the old Prince sketched a bow.

Suddenly Ivo grinned like a schoolboy. "There's a game called Russian roulette. You know it? Honor, I think, demands that we give Carmela a round of that absorbing sport."

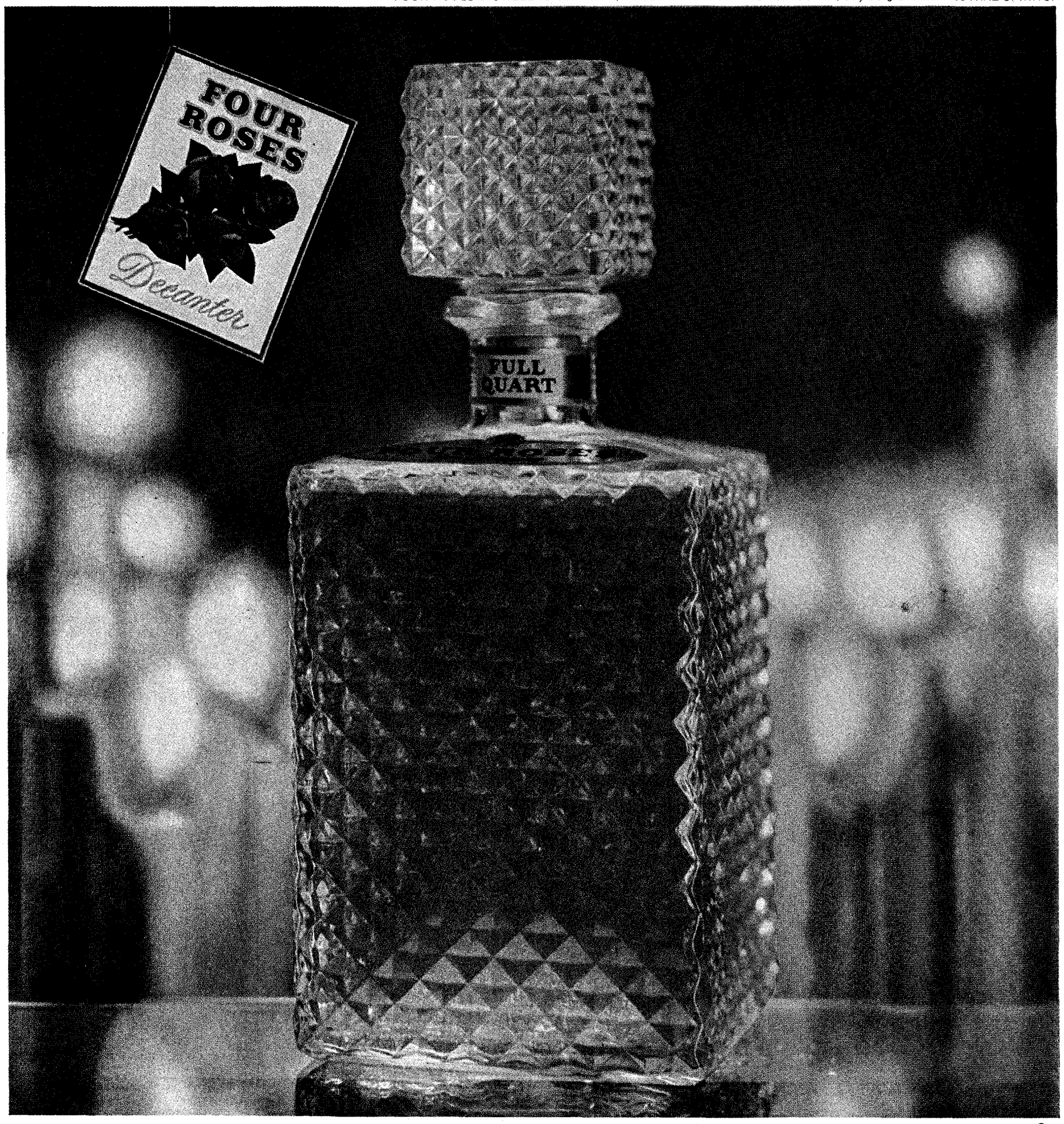
His eyes screwed shut, Ivo's hand hovered over the dish. Daintily he picked out a bonbon between finger and thumb. The Prince's hand plucked nervously at his throat as Ivo held the candy up and proffered it with a flourish. Carmela bared her teeth in a brilliant smile. She leaned forward, and bit. THE END

"Boss, may I have the rest of the week . . . a couple of days . . . this afternoon . . . er . . . did you want me to work overtime tonight?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



Quart decanter at regular quart price.

©

Behold! The perfect gift decanter for Four Roses

—*AMERICA'S FAVORITE GIFT WHISKEY*

This gift decanter will be treasured, poured with pride for many Christmases to come. So squarely handsome, so solid with its diamond point crystal—it's worthy to grace the finest sideboard. Extra good news—Four Roses prices have been reduced just in time to fit your Christmas budget. So now you can give Four Roses in the perfect quart decanter at the new regular quart price! Gift carton has eggnog recipe inside.

The famous *fifth* comes in a striking candlelight gift wrap.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Too Late for Love (Continued from Page 35)

"Watch yourself," his father said.

"Oh, I don't mean that way, man," Billy said. "It hasn't been that kind of deal. Latent animal, maybe I should have said."

"I'd like to meet her," his father said.

"Well, I have this little problem," Billy said. "I'm very serious about Louise. You know how it is with me; I don't jump around a lot. Like I knew when I was twelve that I wanted to be a chemist, and I still do. And you remember, Tommy Barton has been my best friend since we were in the eighth grade. I'll admit it may not sound too crafty to be talking this way when I'm only eighteen, but I'm very serious about Louise."

A reasonable kid, his father thought. The way to manage Billy had always been to stay in close, get in your licks while he was still considering something, leave him alone afterward.

"Tell me more," his father said.

"I want to ask her to marry me," Billy said. "In two years, when we both get out of school."

"And is that the problem—to decide whether you'll ask her to marry you?" Birmingham said.

Billy laughed, crinkling the smooth tan skin around his eyes. "Oh, that's no problem," he said. "She understands. Her father's no problem either. What Louise wants, he wants. Always been that way, she says. But we think her mother might lower the boom on the idea. She takes a pretty firm line on most things, her mother does. She's a nice woman, real nice, but you wouldn't call her a progressive parent or anything."

"And then there's that other minor matter," his father said. "There's your mother, and there's me. There's the old man."

"Ah, don't get hard, dad," Billy said. "You know I wouldn't do anything like that without telling you first. When did I ever? But you have to ask the girl first. What would be the point otherwise?"

His father shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think, dad?" Billy said. "Am I crazy?"

"I don't think it's the greatest idea I ever heard," his father said. "It would take me an hour to tell you why. You ought to know some of the reasons yourself. There are a lot of married students here. If you know any of them well, I think you know they're not having any great time. When you're young, you should stay loose, move around, learn enough so that you can make a sensible judgment about what you're going to do with your time in the world."

"But I told you we wouldn't be married until we were graduated," Billy said.

"If you become engaged now, boy, you won't wait two years to be married."

"If I say I will, I will," Billy said, "and I think you know that."

"You asked me what I thought," Birmingham said. "And I've told you: don't do it. And Louise's mother will tell her the same thing. That's automatic; any mother will say that to an eighteen-year-old daughter. I'm on her side. Why tie yourself down at your age? Why assume responsibilities that you aren't ready to handle? Believe me, you aren't ready, whatever you think. You aren't."

The boy reached across the table for his father's arm. "Look, dad, I believe you," he said. "I know there are good arguments against it. I've been all over them with myself a hundred times, believe me. But they all collapse on one point, and they would for you too. All I have to do is let you meet Louise. If I don't tie Louise up, man, somebody else is going to. If I had real good sense, I'd marry her now. And if I lose her—well, I'll never forget it, I'll never forgive myself, all my life. You'd feel the same way, I know you would, in the same spot."

His father didn't answer. *He has me there all right*, he said to himself. He *doesn't know, he can't know, but he has me there.*

He pushed his coffee cup aside. "O.K.," he said. "I won't tell you you can't do it; you know I won't do that. But you know you won't do it until I'm convinced you should, and I'm telling you right now, you've got some all-night arguments ahead of you."

"That's fair," Billy said. "I don't want more. Look, you were always a reasonable father, to coin a phrase; that's why I'm such a reasonable fellow myself. O.K.?"

"Sure," his father said. "Let me have one of your cigarettes."

Billy shook the pack open and lit a match almost in the same motion. "But there's one thing you can do for me, dad," he said. "One little thing, and I can't do it for myself."

"I can guess," his father said. "And I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to go around and see Helen Belldon and tell her what a great idea it is for you and Louise to be married."

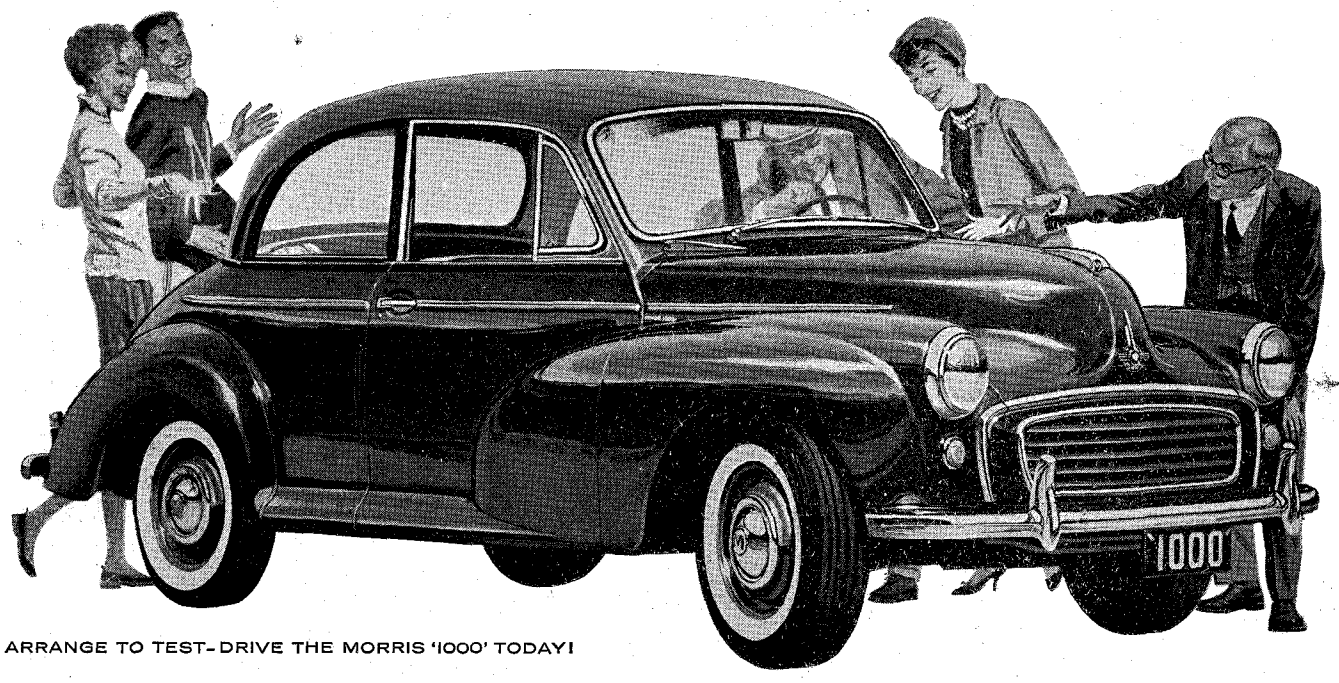
"I can see why you're the terror of the construction world," Billy said. "Always one jump ahead."

"Don't con me," his father said.

"I'm not, man; I'm not," Billy said. "I wasn't going to ask you to tell Louise's

You'll be smart to be curious about...

MORRIS '1000'



ARRANGE TO TEST-DRIVE THE MORRIS '1000' TODAY!

New low price! Same great car! 2-door sedan, 4-door sedan, convertible and station wagon models available starting as low as $1495

PORT OF ENTRY

Now, more than ever...your **biggest** small car buy!

A product of The British Motor Corporation, Ltd., makers of Austin-Healey, Austin, MG, Magnette, Morris and Riley cars.
Represented in the United States by
hambro AUTOMOTIVE CORPORATION • 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.
Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother that it's a great idea. I'm not going to ask you to do that. I just wish you'd see her, and talk to her, and find out what she thinks, in a general way. That's all. Just find out what she thinks. Because, you know, if Louise asks her, and she says no—a final no, no for good—then we're much worse off; then it's almost hopeless. I don't like to play by ear. I want to know how the ground lies when it's an important matter, and this is very important. To me," he said, almost as an afterthought, "To us."

Howard Birmingham smiled. "I can admire your strategy," he said, "even if I am opposed to your purpose."

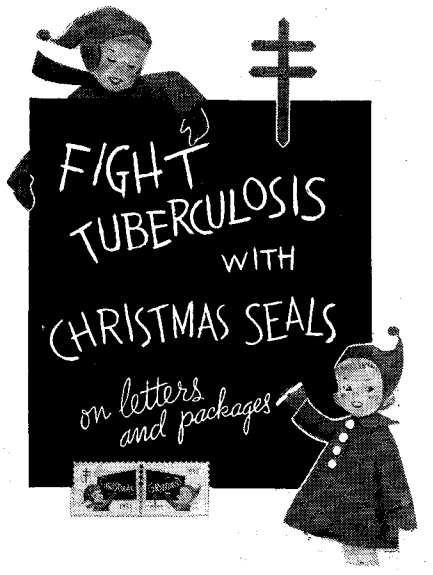
"Well, thanks," Billy said. "Will you do it, then? It's not a hard thing to do. After all, she's an old friend; you knew her well; you can tell how she thinks."

"Yes, I knew her well," his father said. His son's face showed nothing but open eagerness. He meant only what he said, Birmingham was sure. "All right," he said finally. "I'll renew my acquaintance with Helen Belldon."

"Great, dad," Billy said. "You don't mind? I mean, it's no trouble for you?"

"No trouble," his father said. "I'll call her this morning; maybe she'll ask me to lunch. If you've got a ten-o'clock, you'd better beat it. I'll pick you up for dinner."

They walked into the sunlight, stood for a moment on the walk and parted.



The Chartier house was near enough to the campus, on a hilly little street running up from the lake. It was a big house, square and white, guarded by shrubs; it looked cool and comfortable. Walking to the steps that mounted to the broad, old-fashioned porch, Howard Birmingham felt his palms go moist, and for a moment he damned the impulse that had made him drive two hundred miles out of his way to drop in on Billy. *I never wanted this*, he told himself. *I never wanted to do this. I've been afraid of this for years.*

She came to the door before he could touch the bell, a tall woman, moving, it seemed to him, with the same old grace, smiling, her hair darker, but that was all, both hands held out to him. She kissed his cheek as though she'd seen him last a week before.

"I was watching for you," she said. "I knew it would be so good to see you again."

"I'm sorry it was on such short notice," he said.

The porch ran all the way around the house, and in the back it faced on a garden. They sat on a wicker couch, a bottle of sherry on the table in front of them. There was no sound in the house. A jay muttered crossly somewhere in the garden. Far away on the lake, an outboard buzzed like a giant bee.

"This is nice," he said. "This is very pleasant."

"It's comfortable," Helen said. "It's calming. I think we're likely to stay here."

She didn't say, Howard thought, *'I guess we'll stay here for a while.' She said, 'I think we'll stay here.' Finality. Helen Belldon and husband, Doctor Chartier, called Petey by his students.*

"I saw Jerry Robinson in New York a couple of months ago," he said. "Remember him?"

"Of course," Helen said. "He was editor of The Argus my sophomore year. He was a flaming redhead, wasn't he?"

"Was," Birmingham said. "Bald as an egg now. He does something in Europe for one of the broadcasting companies."

They dredged up out of their memories and recatalogued a dozen other people. They talked on easily, and their conversation moved steadily backward in time.

"We were in New York for a year in '56," she said. "Peter was at Columbia. I called your office once, but they told me you were going to be in Europe for a long time."

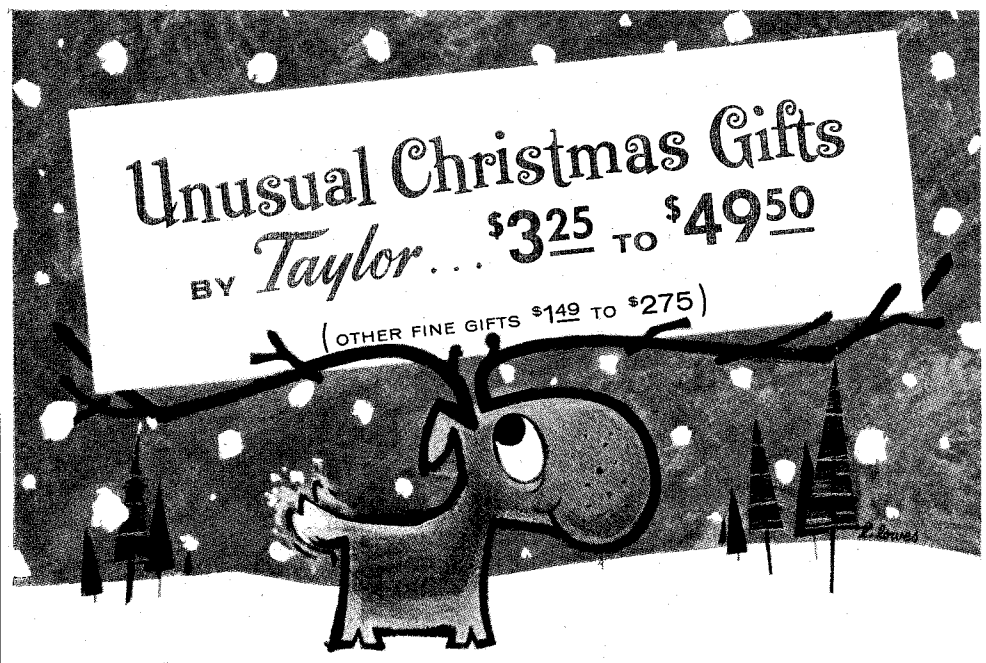
"I was in France nearly all of '56," he said. "I nearly didn't come back at all."

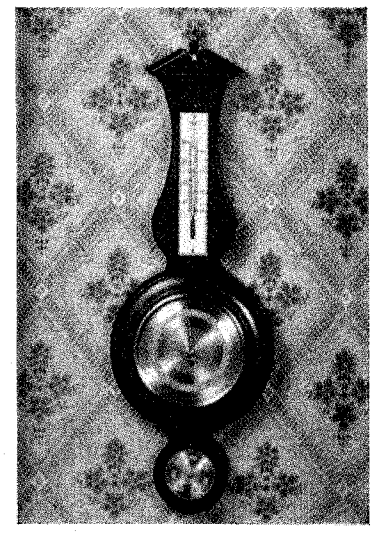
"Your wife was French, wasn't she? Someone told me you met her in France."

"That's right," Howard said. "I met Marie in Paris just before the war, and we were married six weeks later."

"I saw her picture in a magazine when her first book was published," Helen said. "In 1950? I thought she looked very pleasant."

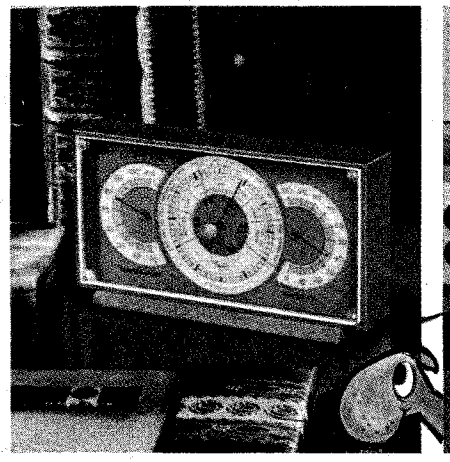
"Oh, she is," Howard said. "Marie is a remarkable woman—pretty, extremely intelligent, kind ——"



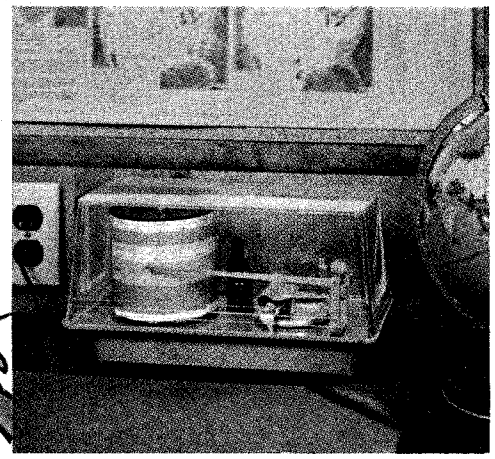


Pendant STORMOGUIDE* Barometer gives detailed weather forecasts. Tells temperature and when last reset. Solid Mahogany and brass. #2494. **$22.50**

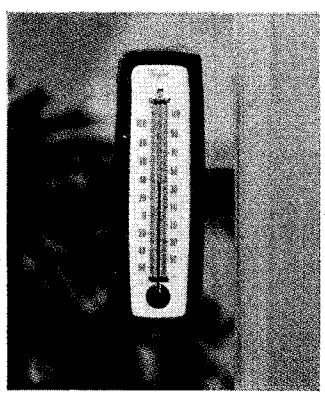
"Navigator" Compass points the way on strange roads or foggy waters. Push-button lighting—no wires. #2957. **$6.95**



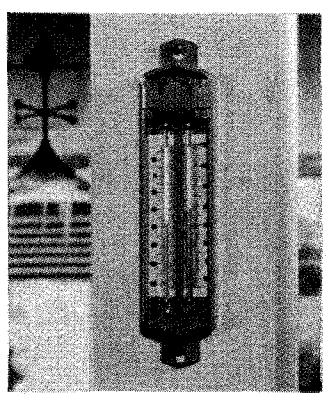
"Consul" Combination with STORMOGUIDE dial predicts weather, tells barometric pressure, temperature and humidity. Gray (#2583) or brown (#2584) plastic case. Ideal gift. **$9.95**



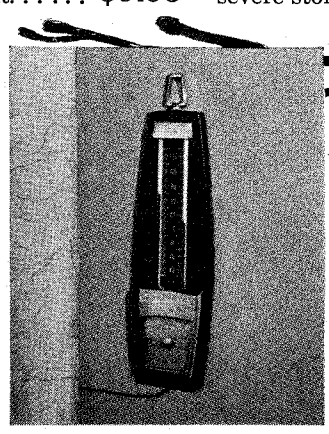
The "Weatherhawk" provides a *continuous* record to show trend and magnitude of barometric changes, also *rate of change*—very important in predicting severe storms. #2316. . . . . **$49.50**



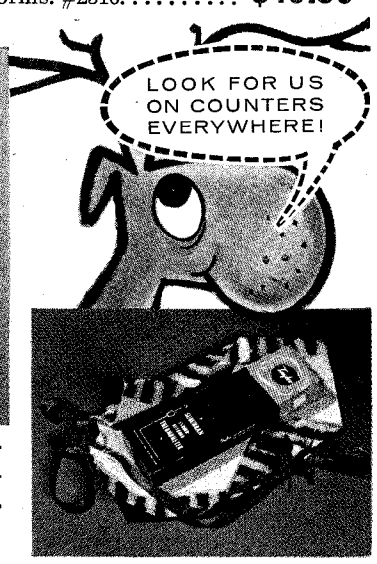
Window Thermometer in aqua green Tenite case. Translucent back silhouettes tube and scale for easy reading. #5328. . . . **$3.25**



Maximum-Minimum Thermometer tells *highest* and *lowest* temperature since last set and *present* temperature. #5458. . **$12.95**



"Suburban" Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer shows both temperatures indoors; humidity, too. Solid Mahogany case. #5338. . **$10.95**



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Taylor Instruments **MEAN ACCURACY FIRST**

At leading Jewelry, Department, Optical, Hardware, Drug and Sporting Goods stores. Handsomely boxed. All household barometers have exclusive Taylor altitude adjustment. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You've had an interesting life, certainly," Helen said.

"Haven't you?"

"Oh, I think so. It hasn't been very exciting, but you know me; I could amuse myself on a desert island." She laughed shortly. "Have some more sherry," she said. "I want some too."

He didn't move. Then, after a bit, he reached for her hand, lying in her lap, and it closed on his like a coiled spring. She fell against him, and he against her, so that their upper arms burned against each other.

Slowly he turned to look at her. Her eyes glistened, and in his own he could feel the first tears he had known for years. Though they were still sitting facing the little green sea of the garden, their bodies were so close that the turning of their heads brought their lips almost together. He pressed her head against the cushioned rest behind her; her lips opened and her hand tightened again on his and then fell limp; they came apart, and stared at each other, their eyes full of compassion. Helen spoke first.

"My dear," she said, "let us not do that again. This is the year of our Lord and grace 1958, and 1936 is a long way behind us; behind us for good too."

"I know all that, Helen, darling," he said. "I know all that, but I want to go back for just one minute; I want to ask you something."

She dropped her head back against the cushion. "I don't think you should," she said, "but if you must, go ahead. And are you never going to pour me another sherry?"

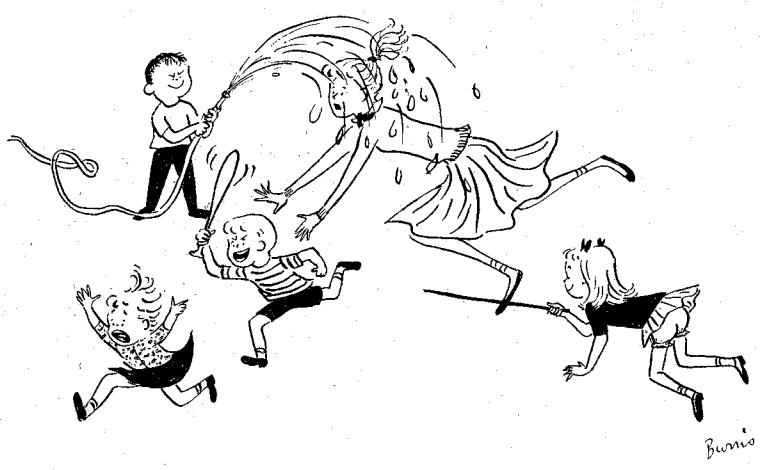
He poured the wine for her and one for himself.

"The last time I saw you," he said, "was the Sunday after graduation. You remember; Gordie Watson had phoned me from Chicago; he had a job waiting for me if I could be there on Monday. Your mother had died. We were barely alone together that day, and out of all the time I had thought there was to tell you so many things, suddenly there was no time left. That was actually the last time I saw you, but I never think of it as the last time. When I have thought of you, all these years, I've thought of that last night earlier in June when we went to the house in Brentwood. You remember, don't you?"

"I remember," she said softly.

In May of that year Howard Birmingham and three other men had leased a little house in the suburbs for the summer. The others were going to summer session; Howard had an inconsequential job, temporary, but enough to keep him, and he had planned to spend the summer in an elaborate reconnaissance by mail for permanent work in the autumn.

The last night with Helen, just a week before graduation, they had met at seven o'clock. He had borrowed a car; he had a vast sum of money—more than fifteen dollars—and they had had an elaborate dinner. They had said very little. They had for a long time lived deep in each other's hearts; their great comfort was in their presence; speech was no necessity, and when they did speak, they were quick and elliptic. Too, they were on the brink of a book's end in the histories of their



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Modern believed that children should be allowed to develop their personalities without "interference" by adults. She practiced what she preached, with the result that her four youngsters behaved like a rotating riot. No matter how atrociously they acted, however, she expected saintly stoicism of her baby sitters.

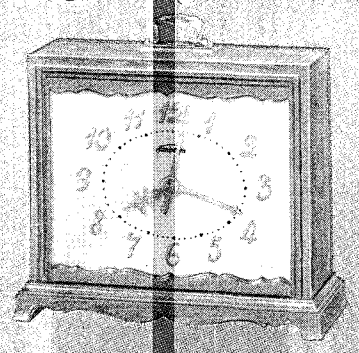
One innocent and unwary young thing who agreed to ride herd on the kiddies found herself tripped by one while pursuing a second to keep him from clubbing a third. While she was down, the fourth child drenched her with the garden hose.

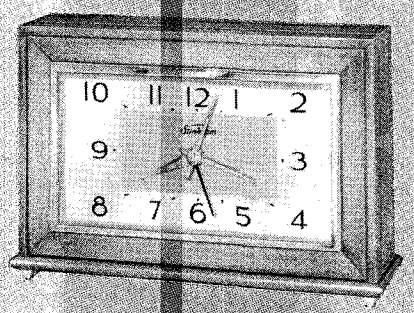
When Mrs. Modern returned, she told the sitter that while it was a privilege to guard such interesting children as hers, she was going to pay the girl something extra. "I hope," she added, "that this won't lead you to expect more than the regular baby-sitting rate as a rule."

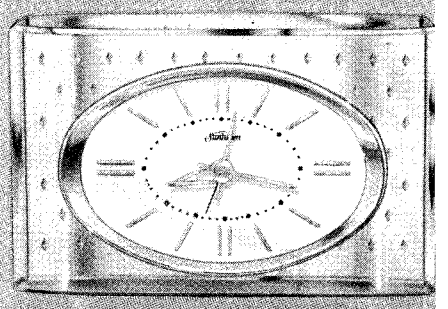
"Oh, no," the girl replied. "I'll regard this as combat pay for extra-hazardous duty."

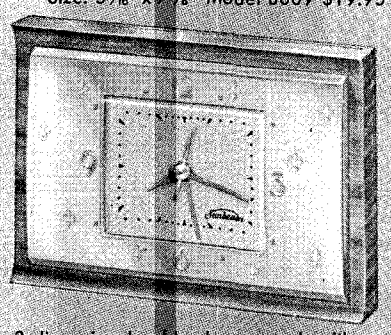
Julia Kirth

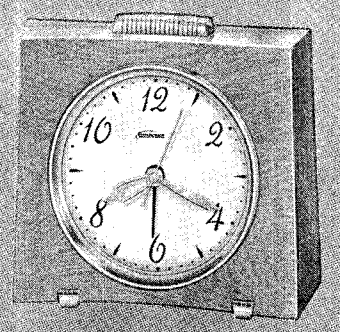
Announcing
The newest i
ELECTRIC
CLOCKS


Occasional clock in French Provincial styling. Fruitwood finish. Size: 5¼" x 6¾" Model A300 $22.95

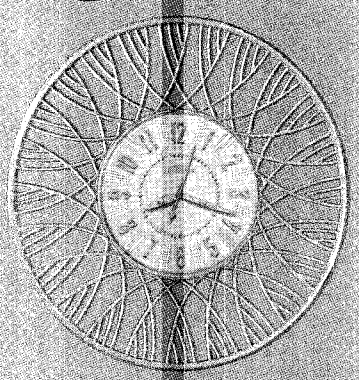

A handsome occasional clock with alarm in smart contemporary design. Has antiqued Fruitwood finish. Size: 5⅜" x 7⅜" Model B009 $19.95

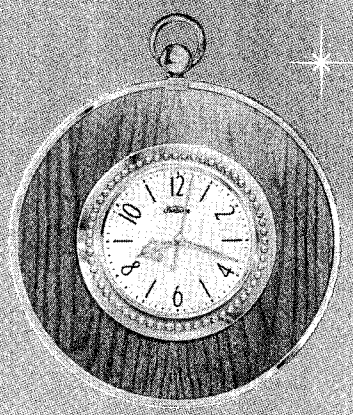

Crystal clear case. Beautiful occasional clock with alarm. Bezel and numerals gold plated. Size: 4⅜" x 7⅜" Model B008 $34.50

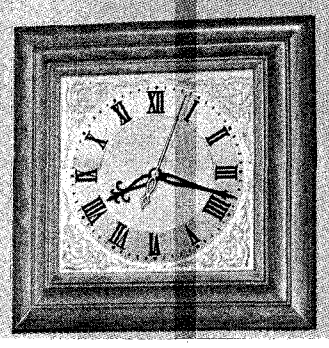

3 dimensional gold color numerals with fleur-de-lis design. Fruitwood finish with alarm. Size: 4¼" x 6¼" Model B006 $10.95


Modern wood case alarm with natural finish. Size: 4½" x 5¾" Model B005 $11.95 Also with Luminous dial $12.95

Sunbeam
A QUALITY NAME • PROVEN BY TIME ITSELF
The Smartest New Gift Idea


Smart wall clock with White dial and polished Gold color filigree case. Dia. 13½" Model A501 $12.95


A modern wall clock in a Cherry wood veneer with polished Gold color trim. Dia. 11½" Model A502 $17.50


Wall clock in American traditional styling. Solid Brown Mahogany case. Size: 12¼" x 12¼" Model A500 $29.95

Suggested retail p

©S.C. ®SU

PERRY COMO STARS FOR Sunbeam
Saturday nights over NBC-TV
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada: Toronto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lives, they were saddened by it, a little frightened, and the first creeping tendrils of the nostalgia for this place and this time, the homesickness that would loom so large in later years, were already forming. They drove to a grove of beeches on a point of land reaching into the lake, and they sat there quietly for a long time after the sun had gone, quietly at first, and then desperately in each other's arms. It was not the hunger of passion that held them so tightly together—they were not lovers—they were rather like children caught in a field with thunderclouds rolling up. They clung to what they knew best.

An hour had passed, and more. A calm came over them, and beneath it, and for the first time, they knew that really they were one. The dim lights of another car coming up the road shattered their precious privacy like a siren's howl; it was unbearable that anyone else should be near them, and Howard drove to the empty house in Brentwood.

He carried Helen into the house through the side door, up the three steps to the hallway, into the living room to the big couch in front of the screened window. They stayed there all night, until dawn, putting themselves through unspeakable torments. Insane with love, pitiful in their youth and their inexperience, half their souls bellowing with primal hunger, half crying the cliché that love is respect, respect, respect, they wildly kissed each other, but in the end retreated to cry helplessly at arm's length. Finally, in the light of day, they sat up and tried to smile; they went apart and made themselves presentable, and they were comforted by the most pedestrian thing they could think to do: they made scrambled eggs and brewed coffee.

Before they left the house they had convinced themselves that they were happy—indeed very happy. They had sown seeds that would demand tending through a thousand sleepless nights, but they barely knew that. They stood on the lawn for a moment, watching the pink sunrise, and then walked arm in arm to the car.

"You remember, my dear," Howard was saying, "when we left the house, and stopped on the lawn, we stood under that big tree for a little while. We leaned against it and watched the sunrise, you remember?"

"Of course," Helen said, "I remember."

"Tell me quickly, now. Just then, if I had asked you to marry me, what would you have said, right then and there?"

Helen turned her head slowly to look at him. "Why should I tell you quickly," she asked, "or slowly? I don't have to think about it. I know the answer. I'd have said yes, of course. But, my dear, you didn't ask me."

"No, I didn't ask," Howard said. "I didn't. I calculated my worldly goods, which amounted to seven dollars and some change; I examined my prospects—which were fifteen dollars a week for ninety days—and I didn't ask you."

"You are not to be blamed for it," Helen said.

He wasn't listening. "Then, when I got the job in Chicago, I figured I'd come back to you soon enough, having plundered the Indies in the meantime, and we'd live happily ever afterward. It all seemed perfectly simple. Thinking back on it now, it seems as if I were another person, thinking in another language, in another time and place, but I remember it well enough. It all seemed perfectly reasonable."

"I know, my dear; I know," Helen said.

"You got tired of waiting," he said. "You're not to be blamed for that either."

"I didn't get tired of waiting," she said. "After all, you wrote to me. But a new life was forming for you; you were excited about it; I seemed to have no place in it. I didn't think I was waiting for you any more because I didn't think you were waiting for me. Then I met Peter in Phoenix, and—well, he was very dear, it wasn't hard for me to convince myself."

"The stupidity of the young," Birmingham said. "It's incredible. Actually I didn't know, until you were married, what I had done with my life." He stirred impatiently; he shook his head. "Tell me," he said. "When did you know?"

A bell struck softly, once, in the house.

"Oh, I knew that night, I think," she said. "The night in Brentwood. Or so it seems to me now, looking back. But how can we tell? And why should we try?" She stood up. "That bell," she said, "that was the Little Dandy All-Electronic Stove, telling us that lunch is ready."

He looked up at her. "I really don't feel a lot like eating," he said.

"Don't be silly," she said. . . .

She came to the car with him an hour later.

"You know," she said, "we didn't talk about the one obvious thing."

"Louise and Billy?"

She nodded, smiling, her head a little to one side.

"I think we did," he said. "I think we talked about that most of all."

She gave him her hand, firm and strong; he twisted the key and started away. He watched her in the mirror. She stood for only a second; then she was moving toward the house, her head high, secure in grace and beauty.

At five he called Billy.

"What's the word, man?" his son said.

"We had lunch," Birmingham said. "We had a very pleasant lunch. We talked about this and that. You don't have to worry about Louise's mother. It will be all right."

"Are you sure, dad?" Billy said. "I mean, what did she say when you brought it up?"

"I didn't bring it up. We didn't talk about it. Just take my word for it. Just believe me when I say that I'm sure."

There was a long silence. "Well, whatever you say, man," Billy said.

"And another thing," his father said. "I've changed my own view of the matter a little. My advice now, if you want advice, is, ask the girl to marry you. Ask her tonight. And look, if you don't want to wait two years, let me know. We can work it out."

Billy's voice was thin, when it came. "You were always a reasonable father, man," he said. He tried to laugh. "I don't know how to thank you. But look. Don't worry about it. We probably won't, you know; we'll probably wait all right."

"You can see how it works out," his father said. "Write to me in a week or so. But don't lose her, that's all."

"What do you mean, write to you?" Billy said. "Aren't we having dinner together?"

"I shouldn't have stayed this long, Billy," Birmingham said. "I think I'll put it on the road."

"Well, O.K., dad," Billy said. "I wish you'd stay, though."

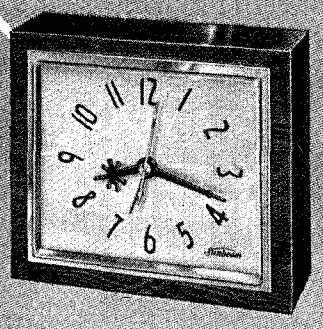
"Don't con me," his father said. "Tell Louise I'm looking forward to meeting her."

The road climbed steadily from the city limits, and when the car settled over the final rise, five miles out, Birmingham thought of stopping for a few minutes to look back at the town, green and white in the long valley that sheltered it, but he thought better of it, he kept his foot down, he didn't even turn around.

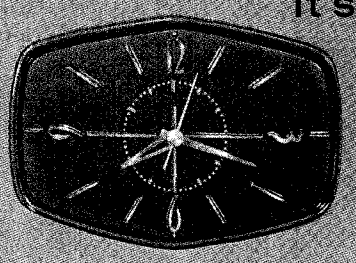
THE END

NEW! Slimmer, Trimmer, more modern in dimension and design

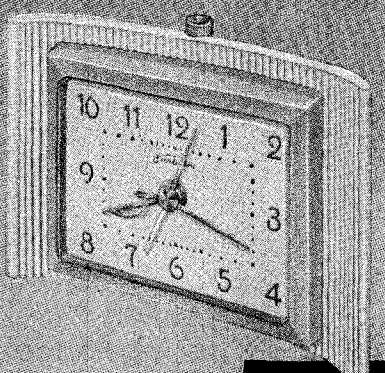
It's *Sunbeam* Time



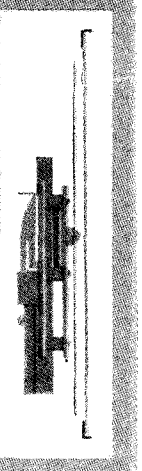
Modern alarm clock in Mahogany finish. Size: 4¼" x 5⅛" Model B004 $9.98
Also with Luminous dial $10.95

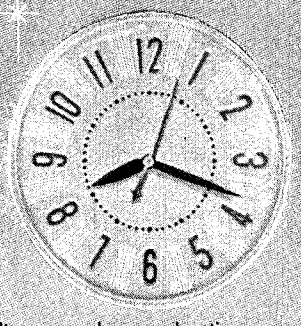


This pleasing modern three dimensional design blends with any wall. Available in Suede Brown, Slate Blue, Adobe Red, Sand Gold and Turquoise. Size: 6½" x 10" Model A002 $6.50

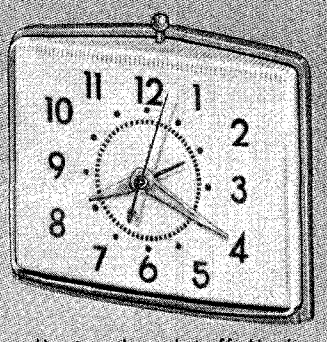


Featuring
TORQUE-MITE
a new
SILENT
precision
clock motor
by
Sunbeam

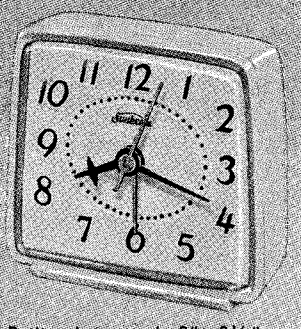




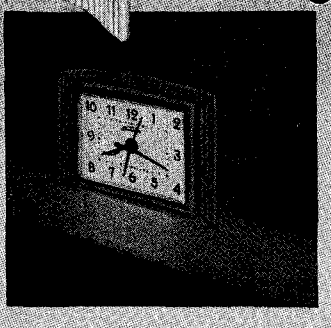
Its convex shape makes time on kitchen wall easy to see. Dia. 6½". Available in Red, Yellow, Turquoise, Pink and White. Model A001 $4.98



Has top alarm shut-off. Also in Ivory with Dawn Blue dial. Size: 3⅞" x 5⅛" Model B003 $6.98
Also with Luminous dial $7.98



Petite alarm—only 3" x 3½". Also in Ivory with Gold dial. Model B001 $4.98
Also with Luminous dial $5.98



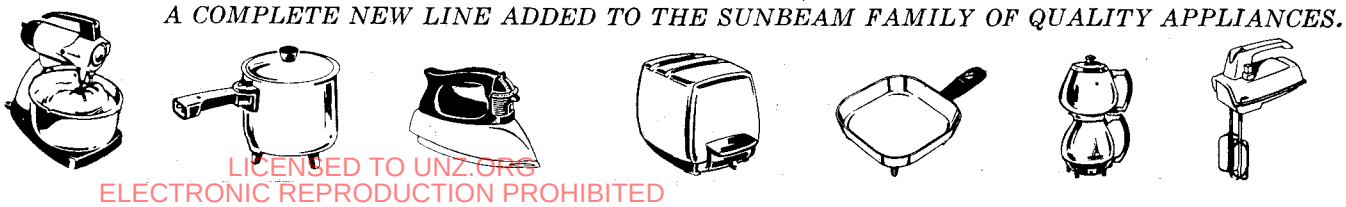
The only clock with the VARI-LITE dial—the dial that lights. The dial glows with an electric fluorescence, controlled by the top alarm shut-off button. Dial glows from a whisper of soft radiance to night light brightness. Styled in a molded case of Oyster White and Beige with Gold color numerals and hands. Size: 4⅜" x 6⅜". Model B007 $11.95

TORQUE-MITE is a powerful synchronous motor developing over 25 times reserve operating power—it's always coasting, never overworked. Its moving parts are sealed in oil for extra years of dependable, *silent* service. All these quality features are built into a compact, thin shape which allows the slim modern design found in all Sunbeam Electric Clocks.

It's *Sunbeam* Time

VALUE THRU QUALITY

A COMPLETE NEW LINE ADDED TO THE SUNBEAM FAMILY OF QUALITY APPLIANCES.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep that new car thrill alive—in any make of car you drive!

THE 1959 PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY

THE 1959 OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

THE 1959 CADILLAC SIXTY-TWO SEDAN (6-WINDOW)

The New Car Gasoline

'59 Mobilgas SPECIAL

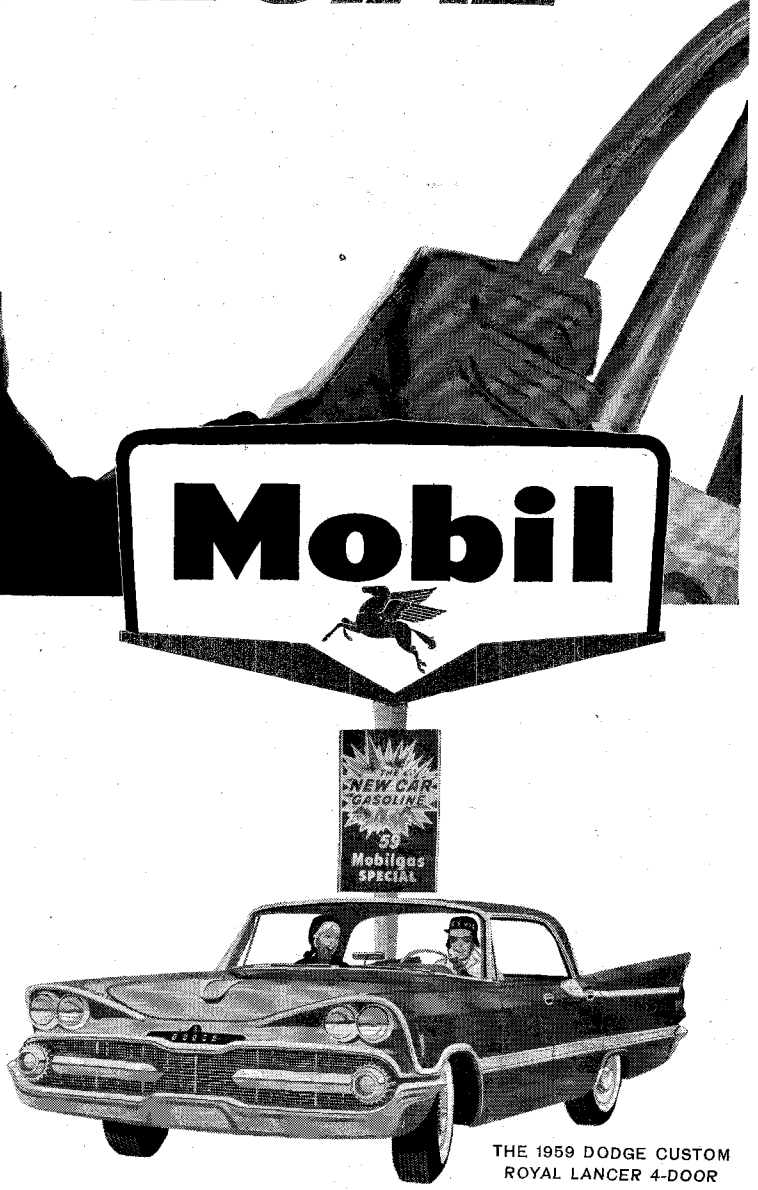
Gives you high energy performance—
yet you can save up to 2¢ per gallon!

They're low, wide and handsome—the new 1959 cars—with thrilling performance to match their looks. And to *keep* that new car thrill alive in the '59 car you drive, power it with *'59 Mobilgas Special —The New Car Gasoline!*

'59 Mobilgas Special lets you enjoy to the fullest the *high energy performance* built into your car. You get fast starts—smooth idling—full, quiet power for passing and turnpike cruising—top miles per gallon, too. Yet it can save you up to 2 cents per gallon over many super premiums! Try it in your new *or* late model car...'59 Mobilgas Special—*The New Car Gasoline*. See your friendly Mobil dealer!

Tune in "TRACKDOWN" every Friday night, CBS-TV

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO., GENERAL PETROLEUM CORP.



THE 1959 DODGE CUSTOM ROYAL LANCER 4-DOOR

For new car power and economy—YOU'RE MILES AHEAD WITH MOBIL!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark of Cain (Continued from Page 23)

potential of the business which Carter hoped to remedy.

There were, however, certain conditions to be met. By nature, Raph Carter tended toward silence, to planning in his head, speaking out only when he had what he considered a workable scheme. He had soon discovered that this made his partner nervous. Pabst was a maze of plans and counterplans, self-canceling, of shooting off in various directions. Carter suspected that, though the older man would vigorously deny it, Pabst nourished a well-developed persecution complex, that he feared Carter's silences as the hatching of some nefarious plot against himself.

At once Carter smiled reassuringly. "I think we should stop in Mulhouse on the way back, Ed. They'll have the new Riesling bottled by then and I think we ought to try it."

"Yes, yes," Pabst said in what, three months ago, would have been his panic voice. Since then he had learned, albeit slowly, that Carter was not solely intent on pushing Edvard Pabst and Co. (Est. 1916) into earliest bankruptcy; that Carter, however unorthodox to Pabst's slow, sure and Swiss 3 per cent mentality, had actually made them money. "Yes. We must look. But Americans do not know the Alsatian wines. And all of them must be drunk so young." His voice rose a little. "What if we are left with a hundred cases turned to vinegar? What then?"

"I think it's a chance we ought to take," Carter said quietly. "To educate the public."

"When I have a message I call the Western Union," Pabst said nervously. It was one of his jokes, and Carter laughed politely, restoring the good feeling between them. Across from him, the German peasant stared, then swallowed a great hunk of roll and sausage. Carter's laughter died. Seeing his partner's sober face, Pabst was at once anxious to make amends.

"With something like the Rhenish," he said, "like Radscheim's, you know where you stand. People buy. There is no dangerous inventory problem." Pabst sighed comfortably. "Ah, it is such an honor, our being invited by him for the weekend." He turned his big, serious cow's eyes on his partner. "Did I ever tell you the story about Radscheim making the Paris Ritz keep its dining room open after hours?" Pabst started to chuckle, and reached once more for his pocket handkerchief.

Carter made the kind of combination reply he had developed for Pabst—grunt, smile, shake of the head, nod of the head, all at once—he knew the story from tellings of other men. He would laugh automatically when Pabst laughed. It had been a good tour, he thought. And Pabst was a good man.

They had done the four great wine districts: the Loire, Bordeaux, Burgundy and Rhône. They had gone south to Italy in search of Soaves, Capricians and Chiantis. Then back to Savoy again, making the kind of solid purchases Pabst had been making for four decades. Occasionally, on Carter's insistence, they chanced a small consignment of something especially palatable or cheap in a lesser-known category.

He had been more than pleased with his decision to cast his lot with Pabst. The old man had a critical American set of taste buds. Pabst knew what his customers liked—the solid-bodied wines, mainly reds, which could be handled without the almost religious European care. Pabst could not be bulldozed into buying what he didn't want by any amount of eminent authority, in spite of his own self-effacing worship of authority. The pressures brought to bear on Pabst by the local Sociétés des Tastevins experts simply failed to move the old man. Pabst bought wine for profit. The snobbery of wine—with profit removed—interested Pabst not at all. All through France and Italy the partners had found, to their mutual satisfaction, that their partnership was going to be a success.

But the one thing that Carter knew he could never explain to Pabst was his feeling about Germany. Everywhere else they went, it seemed to him that he and Pabst complemented each other. Everywhere else Pabst was the proper heavy, the suspicious bourgeois, the small-town commercial traveler. Carter played the more diplomatic half, with the touch and tact to get them into places that it would never have occurred to anyone that Pabst, by himself, wanted to go. Once Carter got them in, Pabst, with his unshamable merchant's eye, would drive their bargains to his commercially ruthless heart's content. Everywhere else they had co-ordinated beautifully. It was only now, in Germany, that Pabst made him irritable and nervous. Carter tried to tell himself it was not Pabst's fault.

Yet now, with every kilometer that the fast train drew them into the Black Forested Jura, Carter's old fear of this country grew stronger. He was afraid of so much zeal, he thought. He was afraid of that very efficiency that Pabst so much admired; afraid of that German capacity to work; afraid of too well developed a sense of order.

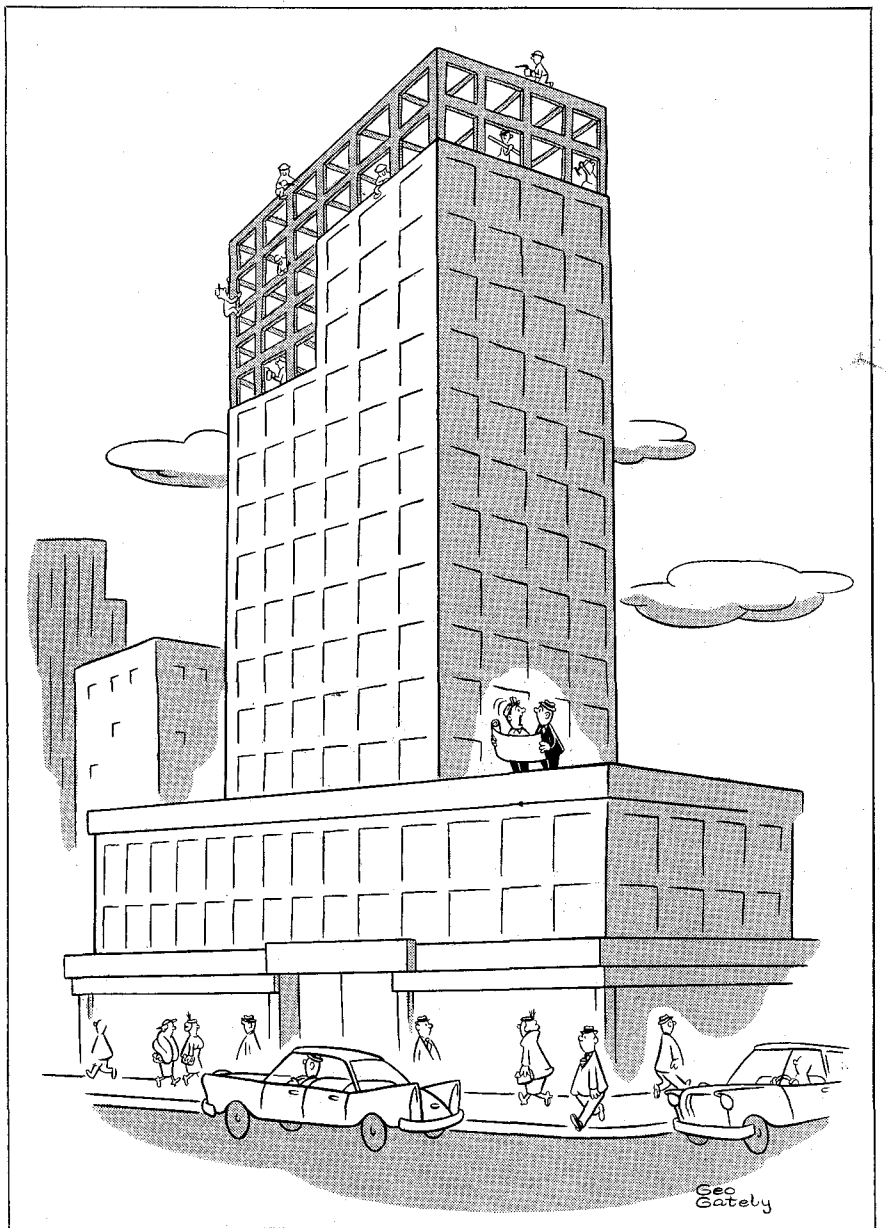
Of course, he had good reason to be afraid, he thought. He had learned all too well to fear those German traits. But still, his reasons for fear were long ago—too long ago for him ever to have mentioned them to Pabst. He knew instinctively that Pabst would not understand. Moreover, Carter had hoped that by this time he would have got over that fear. He knew now that he was still afraid.

At this moment, Pabst finished his joke about Baron Radscheim and the Ritz dining room. Grateful for the intrusion on his thoughts, Carter laughed with him.

He had barely finished laughing when the train began to slow. At once Pabst leaped to his feet, rubbing his hands. "We mustn't be late. We mustn't be late."

He let his younger partner reach down the suitcases while the occupant of the seat opposite continued to gape. As the train halted, wheels screaming mechanical agony, they descended to the platform in the curling moil of steam.

Carter saw Radscheim at once, almost as soon as Radscheim had seen them and started forward. In the first moment of meeting, Radscheim looked younger than he had been prepared for, almost his own age. It took a moment of scrutiny to realize the German was a good twenty years his senior. Radscheim was gray, but his hair was so closely cropped on his square, erect head that the color of his pink, healthy skin showed through. He wore a modishly cut midnight-blue chesterfield, its collar turned up. His plain, blunt hands gripped hard, and there was gold in his teeth as he smiled. He had the widest, (*Continued on Page 84*)



"Elevators? . . . What elevators?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vibrant WRITING!
Vivid PICTURES!
in the December HOLIDAY Magazine

BOSTON . . . Irish novelist Sean O'Faolain focuses his twinkling Irish eyes on Boston, digging deep into its past to find out what makes the home of cod and bean what it is today. Stroll through history, from Boston's infancy, through years of ups and downs . . . superstitions, brilliance, stuffiness . . . to the Boston that lives today. This portrait, alive with glowing photographs, is a feature you won't want to miss!

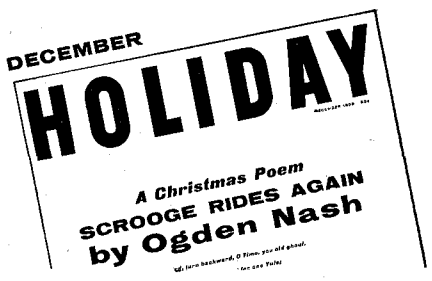
ARISTOTLE SOCRATES ONASSIS. An intimate look at the man who owns Monte Carlo. His huge shipping fleet, his most luxurious yacht as well as his flamboyant personality are brought to light in this fascinating portrait of the man whose maxim is "Money talks!"

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Joe McCarthy describes the frantic goings-on behind the austere walls of the most famous indoor sports amphitheatre in the world.

RIO DE JANEIRO. A brilliant article by Holiday-favorite Ludwig Bemelmans. He shows in words and painting why he thinks Rio is the most beautiful city in the world, distinctive, colorful and fascinating.

PLUS: The Mormon Tabernacle . . . magnificent tribute to the inspiration and craft of the early Mormons . . . one of the great landmarks of the world. **Why They Behave Like Waiters** . . . A fast-paced look at the misunderstanding that exists between customers and waiters. **Holiday Handbook of American Crafts** . . . a wonderful review of the newest in American crafts . . . a marvelous guide to distinctive Christmas gifts. **How to Stop Sending Christmas Cards** . . . a witty, sharp look into the practice that has become a huge industry and a delight or pain to most of us. There's all this and so much more in the glittering December issue of HOLIDAY magazine. Don't miss it.

Get Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines are Sold



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Do your HOLIDAY *shopping in* HOLIDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

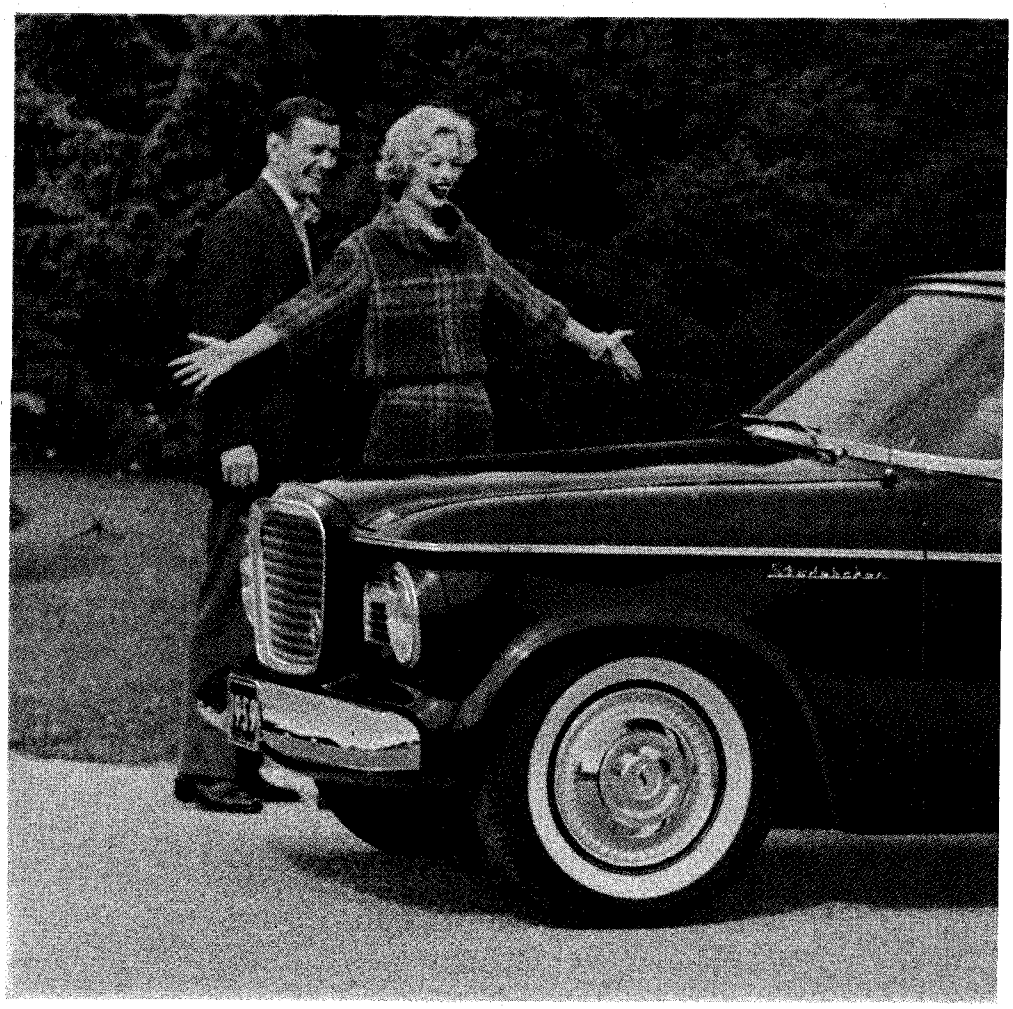
Which of these delightful cars suits you best?
DON'T ANSWER TILL YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL... at thousands of dealers coast-to-coast! It's **THE LARK** by Studebaker. 2-door, 4-door, hardtop, station wagon. Newly dimensioned to meet your needs... Smartly styled to suit your taste... Carefully created to keep your expenses down... Ingeniously engineered to put the fun back in driving... Prices start below $2000!

LARK

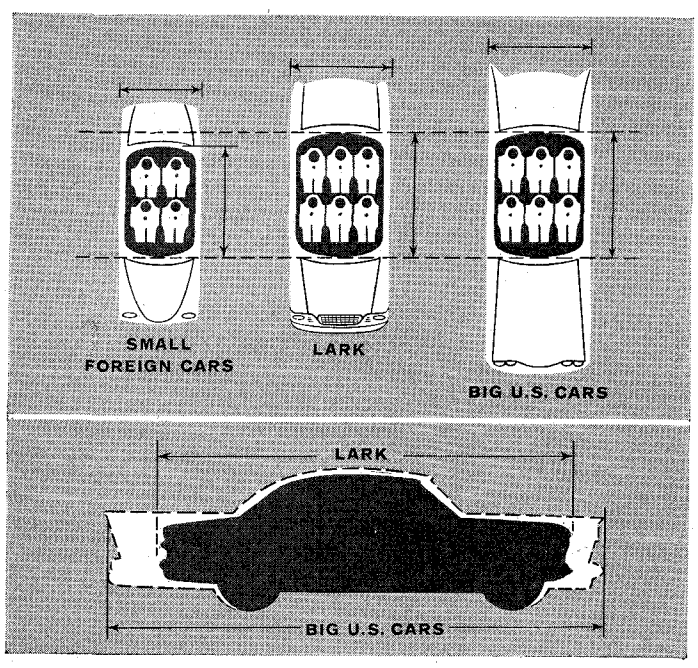
by STUDEBAKER

TRÈS CHIC The matchless simplicity of The Lark's styling says elegance and distinction on the highway or in your driveway.

EUREKA She's found the one that suits her best. The Lark Hardtop, a gem-like beauty with panoramic visibility enjoyed from a luxurious interior.



Never before have you seen a car like The Lark. It's the new dimension in motoring because its proportions are uniquely, ideally suited to today's driving conditions. It strikes a smart, sensible balance between the 5/8 size foreign imports and the oversize U. S. models. It has all the performance you need! It runs with the best of them and adds the advantage of economy... miles and miles on a hatful of regular gas with peak performance. Its design will flatter your eye. Its interior will compliment your good taste. It has eliminated what you don't need: useless overhang, excess bulk and wasteful "dead" weight. It is always fun to drive, easy to park, effortless to handle. To fully appreciate The Lark's many virtues drive it. Just ask your dealer.



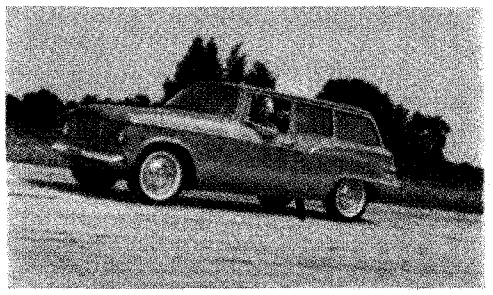
STUDEBAKER'S MASTERY OF SPACE:
Three feet shorter, The Lark parks where others can't, fits easily in your garage, slips effortlessly through traffic, has a turning circle of only 37½ feet... yet carries six adults in honest comfort.

PICNIC The Lark is fun because it becomes "part the family." It's considerate, too, because it's kinc your bank account.

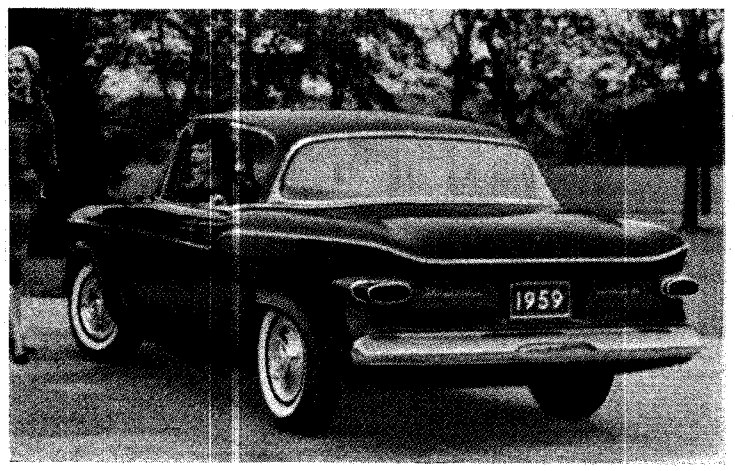
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOPPING It can be much more fun with The Lark. The 4-door has more than enough room for packages and friends (and their packages, too), is easy to handle and park.

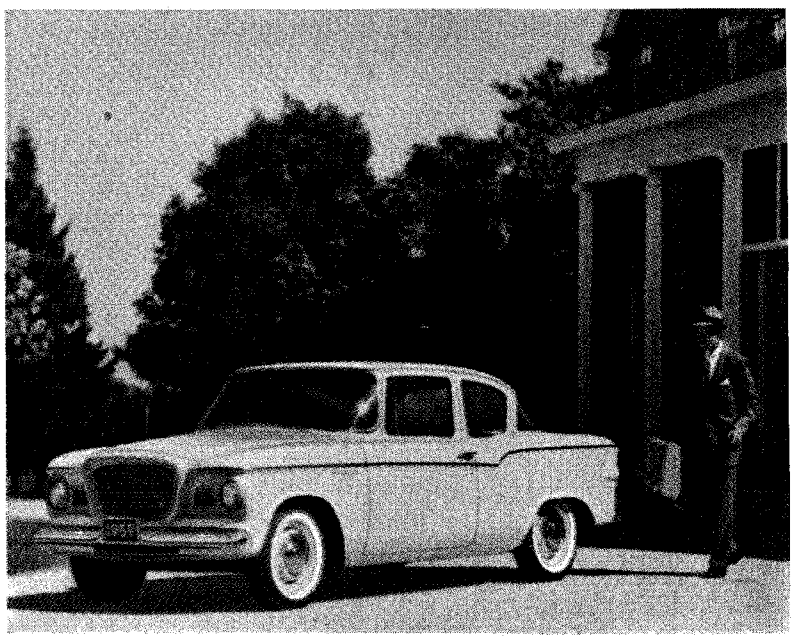
AFFECTION The whole family loves The Lark. It's a friendly car. Where's Mom? She's getting the picnic sandwiches out of the trunk.



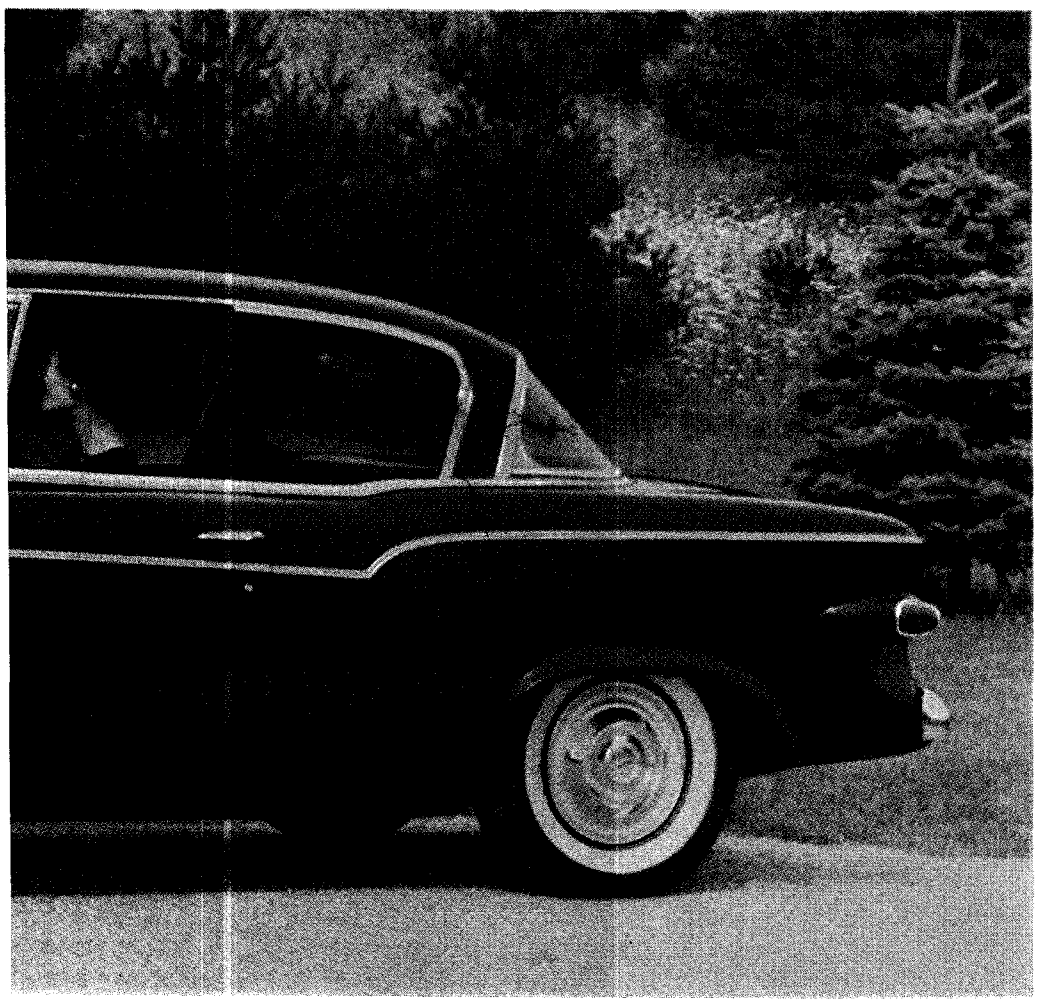
POWER Plenty of it, and on low-cost regular gas. Your choice of super economical "6" or ultra-responsive V-8. Exhilarating performance with 4-barrel carburetor and dual exhaust option.

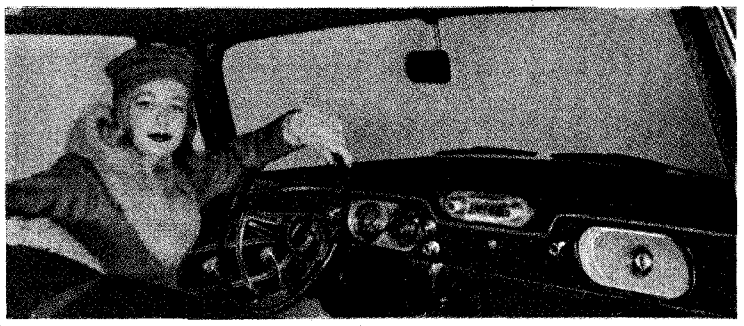


COUNTRY CLUB OR TOWN The Lark gets you back and forth with many miles to the gallon of regular gas. Hugs the road affectionately, corners with alacrity. Women love its handling ease.



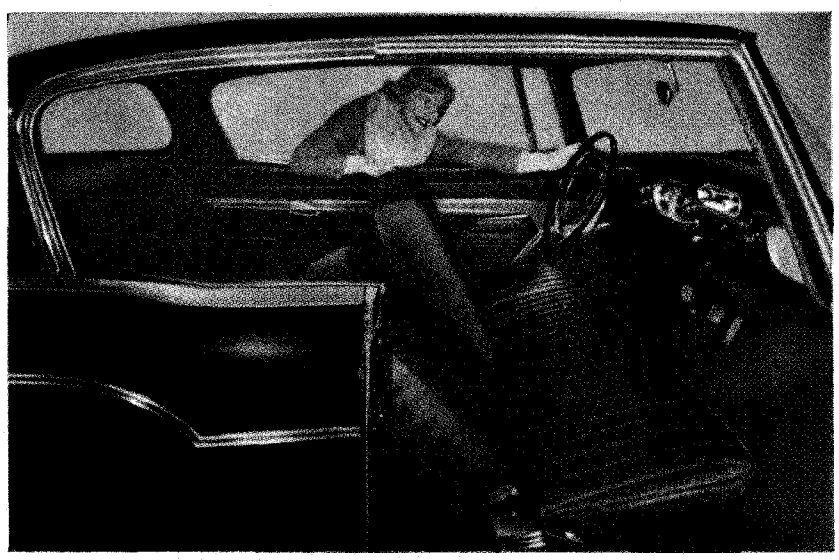
WORK The Lark 2-door is the ideal businessman's car. For commuting, for salesmen, for fleet use, you can't beat its combination of economy, reliability and its roomy, comfortable interior.





FUNCTIONAL Instruments are installed to be more than decorative. These are easily readable and very attractive. Both dash panel and sun visors are safety-padded.

VACATION The Lark Station Wagon has remarkable carrying capacity for a car of modest dimensions. 93 cubic feet is more than the average owner needs. And, it handles like a dream.



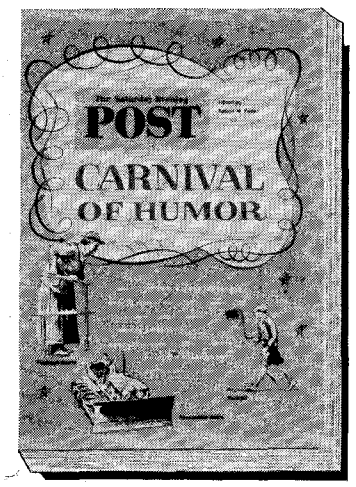
LUXURY Reclining seats that let all the way down are an optional touch of sublime comfort. Seats are pleated, appointments tasteful. Colors are harmoniously keyed to exteriors.

COPYRIGHT© STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

384 pages of Post laughter

(know any happier Christmas gift to give?)



The best and funniest from The Saturday Evening Post!

For a limited time at special pre-publication price!

Here in one book is the cream of POST humor! 384 pages of the funniest stories, articles, epigrams, cartoons and verse to appear in The Saturday Evening Post.

Here at their funniest are America's great humorists: *S. J. Perelman, H. Allen Smith, Irvin S. Cobb, Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash* . . . and more!

Here, too, are your favorite fictional characters: *Tugboat Annie, Alexander Botts, Mr. Glencannon!*

And here in a fabulous collection are memorable cartoons by *Gardner Rea, Chon Day, Burr Schafer,* and many, many more!

This is truly a carnival of humor—a perfect bedside book, weekend book, a prized addition to your permanent library. And a marvelous gift for any friend this Christmas.

"The Saturday Evening Post Carnival of Humor" will sell for $7.50. But until December 31st this hilarious book can be yours by mail (or at your favorite bookseller) at the special pre-publication price of only $5.95. Just clip the coupon below, mail it with your payment. (If you choose, we'll be glad to bill you at $5.95 plus a small handling charge.) We'll announce each gift with an attractive card, hand-signed in your name, to be mailed with the book at Christmas time.

Be sure to take advantage of this special offer. Mail the coupon below today.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1455, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

My Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Please send directly to me _____ copies of "The Saturday Evening Post Carnival of Humor."

Please send "The Saturday Evening Post Carnival of Humor" as a gift to:

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Sign my gift card_____

☐ Payment enclosed @ $5.95 per copy

☐ Bill me @ $5.95 per copy plus small handling charge

Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. Additional gift orders may be written on a separate card or paper. Pennsylvania residents add 18c sales tax

(*Continued from Page 81*) bluest, most guileless eyes Carter had ever seen.

"*Willkommen,*" he said, "Herr Pabst." Clumsily, showing his teeth, he switched to English. "And so is here also Herr Carter." He grinned again, pleasantly. "English, mine, is not very good."

"Baron," Pabst said in German, "it is a signal honor. There was no need for you to come personally. Your coachman would have been more than ——" Pabst fumbled heroically. He turned to his partner for relief. "He welcomes us," he explained lamely.

"*Es macht nichts,*" Carter said gravely. "*Ich verstehe.*"

"So," Radscheim said, with undisguised delight. "You speak German. It makes all things so much easier then."

But Pabst could not take his eyes off his partner. For a moment he showed that folding, wrinkling of the face that Carter had so often marked, that combined a petulant child on the verge of tears and the wily peasant who had, this moment, craftily detected a plot to get the better of him.

"You never told me you spoke German," he said accusingly, wetting his thick lips.

"You never asked me," Carter said. He felt the stiff falseness of his smile. But that was not the kind of witticism Pabst could enjoy. And he could not explain that he did not want to speak German, that it had slipped out. So he added, "See, Ed, I get constantly more valuable to the firm." But it sounded lame, and Pabst was only partly placated. To get off the hook of Pabst's hurt, Carter turned to Radscheim. "Isn't it time to go?"

"*Ja,*" Radscheim said quickly. "Let us certainly go. My car is outside." He led the way through the doors of the tiny village station, to where an ancient but gleaming car waited in front.

At their approach, a fat and tiny elf of a chauffeur tumbled out from behind the wheel, seized the luggage with panic deference, meanwhile filling the air with salutations in a thick Munich drawl. Radscheim smiled mechanically, a gesture that struck Carter like a man absently patting the head of a nuzzling dog. The three men squeezed in back and they were off, the driver, with maniacal self-importance now that he bore the baron, leaning on the horn, scattering chickens, ducks, livestock and peasants as he tore through the tiny town.

"It is, we think, a pretty country," Radscheim said.

Carter nodded. It had that story-book prettiness he associated with South Germany: a Schnitzelbank, stein-song, Student Prince quality of timbered houses with dwarf-cap roofs, neatly fenced and tended. All about them lay the ordered, precisely furrowed black earth, and then, as they went higher, the similarly ordered vineyards.

For the moment, Pabst was silent. Partly he was awed, Carter guessed, by the magnificence of their personal escort. But mainly he was still nourishing his pique over having not been told that his partner spoke German. Carter stirred with a kind of guilty annoyance. Radscheim spoke again, and he wondered if Radscheim sensed this.

"We do not wish to tire you with too much wine drinking." He grinned at Carter as the one who would know, where Pabst never would, that drunkenness rather than fatigue was meant. "So the baroness and I have taken the liberty of arranging a small dinner." He raised one perfectly straight-across eyebrow. "And then tomorrow a small shooting party. You hunt, gentlemen, I hope. *Hein?*"

"Really too kind," Pabst muttered. "You should not put yourself out for us." Pabst was beginning to get a little of his wind back. Carter nodded.

"It is my pleasure," the baron said blandly. "One has never really shot until one has tried our Black Forest." He turned once more to Carter. "You have hunted here before?" Carter shook his head. "But you have visited our Germany before? Your command of the language is too acceptable to be the result of an American classroom."

"I spent two years in Frankfurt with Military Government."

Beside him, Pabst's eyes widened, but this Pabst did know, or had at least been told, though whether he separated it out of his lump view of Carter's "military years," as he called them, was another question. The Swiss, Carter thought, an armed island in the European sea of troubles, must be indebted, at least to some extent, for their legendary neutrality to their business-oriented suspicion of soldiers.

"But two years," Radscheim said, "is short for you to become so fluent. . . . Here!" Abruptly he leaned forward to his driver, who was furiously and vainly sounding his horn at the rear of a hay cart crawling up the steep center of the road. "Get him out of the way!"

At once the driver stuck his head out the window and, in a voice that squeaked in fear and bawled with arrogance, screamed, "*Platz da! Aus dem Wege!*"

Tipping dangerously on the high-crowned road, the wagon pulled over. The Mercedes shot past. Carter closed his eyes and shuddered.

The baron settled back. "Two years is nothing," he said placidly.

"I had another two years before that," Carter said, not opening his eyes. The chauffeur's scream seemed to hang about him, undissolved, remembered. He had learned German because he had to, he thought, because his staying alive had depended on his interpreting those screamed commands instantly. "At Kaiserstatt. As a prisoner of war. Stalag Nine."

"Those were very bad days," the baron said. He gave a single solemn nod at the little chauffeur, who now doubled as sommelier, watched his glass as it was being filled and nodded again. "A kind of collective insanity."

He looked younger in his formal dinner clothes, Carter thought. He always looked younger, in some different dress, when you first met him. From the other end of the table, the baroness watched her husband, smiling slightly, gravely, an almost-unflawed beauty of the Aryan type. Carter's first impression of her had been one of coldness, with her strong, white-blond hair, peachlike complexion and rounded cheek, perfect teeth, erect carriage and eyes almost as blue as her husband's. But he had found her shy, not cold, and warming as she overcame that shyness.

Now the baron turned his glass. "That's one of our best, a Traminer variety. I hope you will like it." This was said strictly as an aside from the main topic of conversation. "We Germans have a fatal weakness for collective organization. But this time we must—we absolutely must—have learned our lesson." Radscheim looked humbly and seriously down the table at Carter, sitting at Marthe Radscheim's left.

For a moment there was a silence that seemed to Carter not awkward. It seemed rather a pensive, recollecting silence, a silence of mature people who were able to face their own mistakes without either breast beating or self-justification, people who were trying to learn from those mistakes to do better in the future.

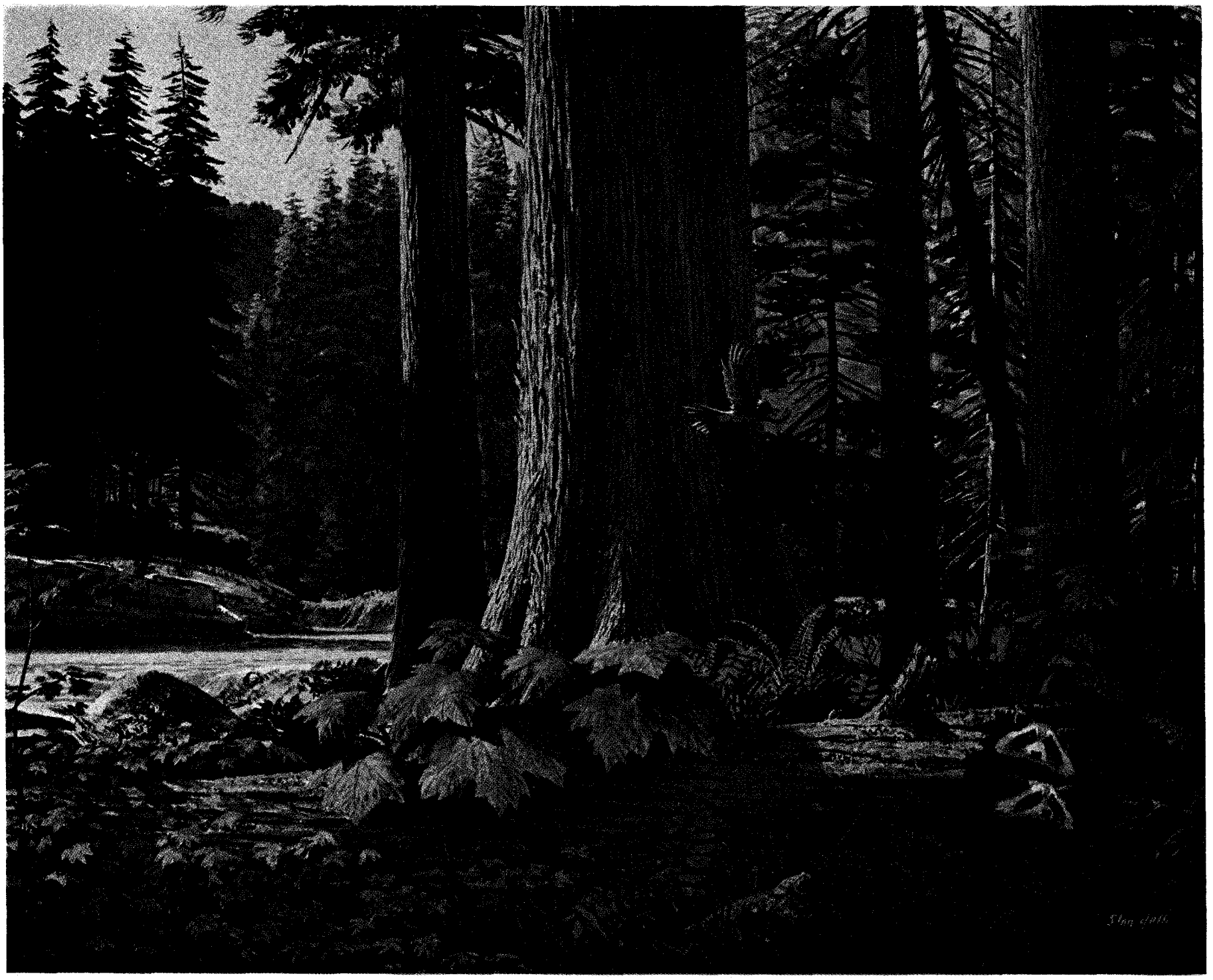
The baroness gave a little sigh and looked down at her pretty hands. Blatt, the huntmaster, cursed inaudibly after his kind, a soundless oath which seemed to indicate his willingness to do anything rather than be torn from his chosen fields and forests for another war. Blatt's wife, after her kind, looked blank. The two remaining dinner guests, Herr Stutmann and his wife—he was the village lawyer and she, somewhat astonishingly, its doctor—nodded quietly and bitterly. Only Pabst seemed to find the subject an embarrassing one.

"*Ja,* that Traminer," he said, too loudly. "We might buy some of that, Raphael. *Hein?*" Broadly, Pabst winked at the baroness. (*Continued on Page 86*)

"Reflexes normal."

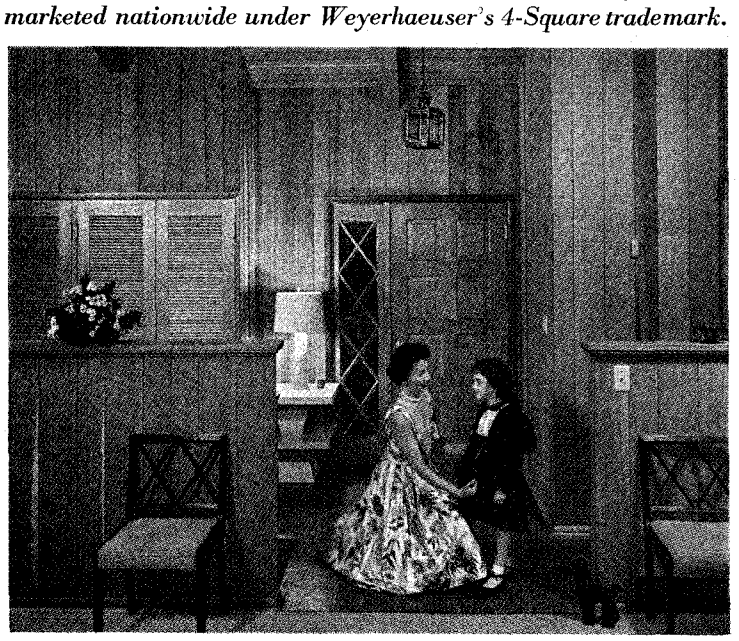
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



growing western red cedar...one of nature's most perfect woods

Beautiful homes of wood are still America's best building buy. For fine quality west coast woods, select from the many species marketed nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



The damp coastal areas and moist inland ravines of Pacific Northwest tree farms are an ideal habitat for fine quality western red cedar, a unique tree species. Thriving in the shade of Douglas firs and other conifers, it produces a straight-grained wood containing natural preservatives that make it exceptionally durable. Very light in weight, free of pitch and easy to work, it is a preferred material among architects, builders, contractors and homeowners.

Western red cedar's ability to withstand long exposure to weather and moisture accounts for its widespread use as exterior siding on home, farm and commercial buildings. The same quality makes it highly suitable for sheathing, shingles and shakes, poles, fences, boat building and general construction. Easily finished to a beautiful, smooth texture, it is also excellent for interior wall paneling.

Other species grown on our scientifically managed tree farms include Douglas fir, ponderosa pine, western hemlock, Sitka spruce and southern pines. To learn how these woods serve America, generation after generation, *write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 84*) Immediately, crushed by his own temerity, Pabst went scarlet with confusion.

"Yes," Carter said. "I think we might."

"We do our best," Radscheim said. "Ours is, of course, a small label. But we hope in time to give it real renown." This again seemed parenthetical. It did not strike Carter that Radscheim was angling for business. It was obvious that he believed in and was proud of his vintages, and with excellent reason. It was only that he took their business for granted. And Carter liked his honest approach. "I cannot and would not say to you, Herr Carter," Radscheim went on, "and let no German dare to say to you that what you suffered was not terrible or that this war was not my fault. It was a terrible catastrophe. I helped wage it. So did Blatt." The baron nodded. "So did Colonel Stutmann and Frau Stutmann." Radscheim smiled thinly. "It is only that we are, in a very real sense, powerless to make amends to you. Personal apologies are meaningless. All we can do is to ask that our collective energies, our national will to survive among nations, express our collective apology for our collective madness."

Carter nodded, stiffly down and up, a very German gesture, not smiling. He felt Pabst's eyes on him, and Pabst's anxiety over the direction the conversation had taken. He knew Pabst wanted him to make some tactful, healing comment, and knew that Pabst was hurt because Carter could easily make such a comment as Pabst himself could not, yet chose not to do so. Yet truly, what was there to say? No disclaimer, no glossing over on his own part could erase the fact of the Nazi atrocities or even dim in his own mind the skillfully methodical breaking of the spirits and bodies of the prisoners at Kaiserstatt. The memory of that meticulous sadism would be with him always.

Yet deep and genuine as his own scars were, had he not made them fester the more by his own inability to stop picking at them? As Radscheim said, what was, was; history could not be rewritten. When was the penance of a man or a nation paid? With a strange, ill-fitting sense of mockery, he thought of the song: "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry?" If Germany was sorry, as Radscheim said, if it wanted to change its ways, there was nothing to do but to give it another chance.

No, he thought, since there was no alternative, it was incumbent on himself and his countrymen to get over their grudge and to believe. Quite suddenly he felt grateful to Radscheim for helping him, after all this time, to begin to heal. He picked up the glass that the little man had filled for him and drank, letting his lack of comment on what the baron had said indicate he was willing to let bygones be bygones.

"That's a fine Traminer," he said. "I think we might do very well with it. What do you think, Ed?"

Across the table from him, at the baroness' right, Pabst's sigh of relief was audible to everyone at the table. His broad red face wreathed itself in a big smile.

"*Ja*," Pabst said, making an awkward little drummer's bow, "with the excellent baron's permission."

The boxes were a mile or so from the house, pleasant walking distance in the bright and lovely day. All the members of last night's dinner party went, Radscheim in the lead with the chauffeur-sommelier, who wore a third hat now as hunt factotum and gunbearer, followed by the three ladies. In the company of her own sex, the baroness was voluble, Carter observed, and perfectly stunning in a tweed shooting suit, brogues and a tam cocked far over on her heavy beautiful hair. Blatt, as huntmaster, had gone on ahead, taking Advocat Stutmann with him.

"That was a close thing last night, wasn't it?" Pabst said. Trudging alongside Carter, Pabst, in plus fours and a suit coat, looked neither more nor less out of place than he did anywhere else. "You don't want to mention the war to them. They don't like to speak of that, and who can blame them? That's all over with now." Pabst was not quite at his ease speaking of it, wondering how Carter would take it. Being ill at ease made him a bit surly, and that drove him on to speak of it, together with the leftover surliness for what Carter—to Pabst's mind unnecessarily—had put them all through yesterday. Carter smiled to himself. "And then, after everything, it turned into such a splendid evening. Well, you never know." Pabst rubbed his porky hands. "But there is always a certain point, in dealings of this kind, where the right word at the right time smooths everything over and carries the day."

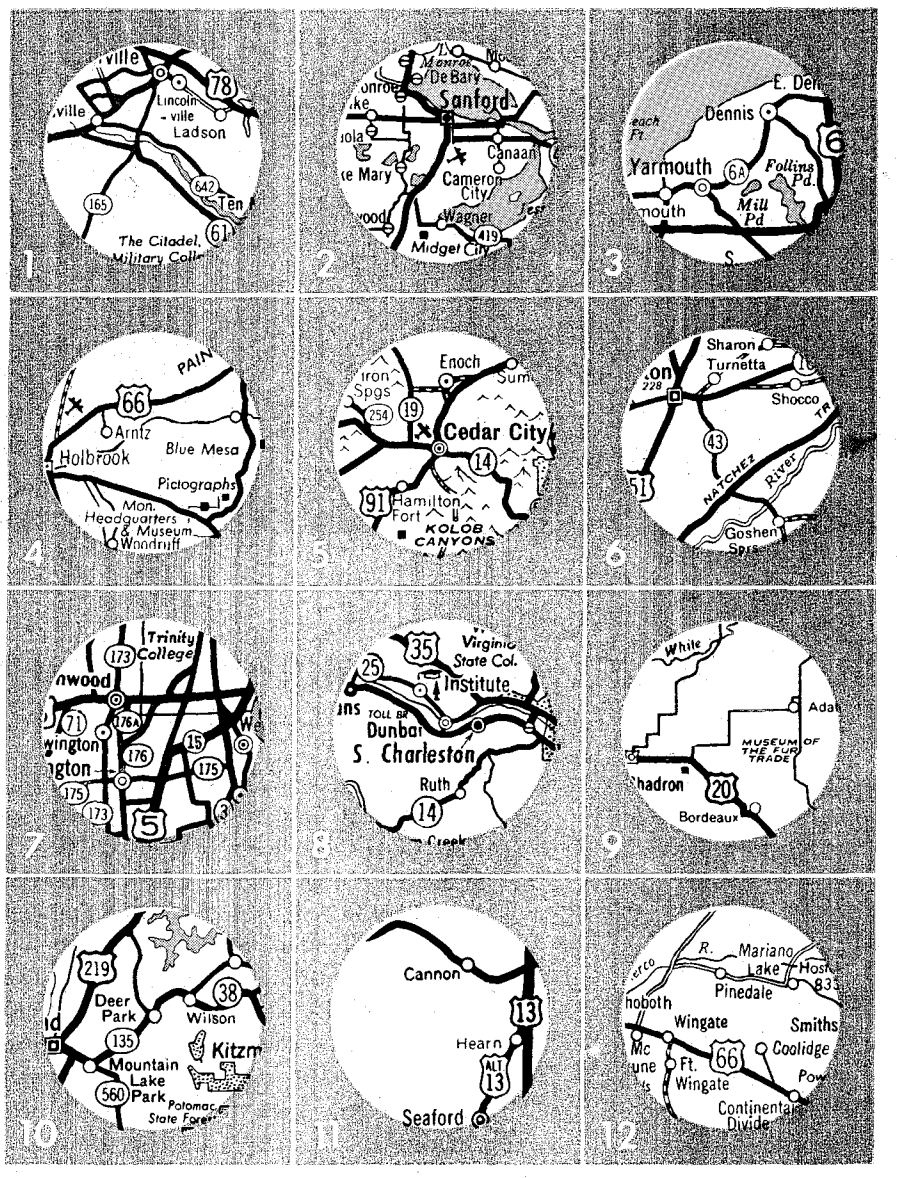
Another thing about Pabst that Carter had soon learned was that the old man was at his happiest giving away commercial maxims of this kind. However, Pabst was a shrewd man. He had seen that Carter's natural feel for situations made his instructions redundant. But the joy of being mentor was one he disliked to give up.

"My"—Pabst let out a breath—"it is splendid here, isn't it, Raphael?"

"It certainly is," Carter said.

You couldn't deny, he thought, that Germany was a handsome country. All around them, the sharply sloping fields and arbors lay, still glistening here and there with the dew that was drying under the clear October sun. Distantly, rags of mist still clung to the mountain slopes, veiling the blue-black trees. Blackbirds rioted in every bush, and the faint clank of a cowbell came to them from some fog-bound meadow. More distant yet, a shepherd's horn sounded, a succession of deep bass and high notes like a ship's. From time to time they passed a peasant or a group of peasants, cheeses or planks on their shoulders or leading a half dozen skitterish goats. These people gave the right of way, whacking the animals with solid thumps, tugging their forelocks at the baron and the company.

The shooting boxes were arranged in a row, ten or twelve of them on a high bank overlooking a natural amphitheater of thick forest just below. Looking over it, perhaps a quarter mile away, Carter could see Blatt's bright red huntmaster's coat. Strung out along that facing rim, a dozen or so beaters stood roughly opposite the boxes. At this moment, Radscheim waved and Blatt and the beaters moved forward, dipped down into the forest and disappeared.



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 88*)

"We'll have about half an hour," Radscheim said, coming up to them. "You will hear them about fifteen minutes before they reach us here. Avoid shooting down into the forest if you can. Actually there is not much chance of anyone's getting hurt, but it has happened, and they are village boys." He smiled at Carter a trifle apologetically. "Such game as there is—if there is any game—will be driven up the bank to the flat area in front of us." Radscheim waved his arm at a field of fire some ten yards wide that faced the row of boxes. And again he smiled. "I would be humiliated if no game appeared. I have not been shooting this preserve of late. But you never know about these things." Radscheim turned, a very paragon, Carter thought, of the European sportsman in his Suffolk jacket and plus eights. "You will have first box, Herr Carter. It has often been a lucky one. Your limits of fire are those markers." Following the direction of his finger, Carter saw a row of white stakes all along the front, giving each box some ten yards of private preserve in the level area. "My wife will be shooting next to you."

Radscheim nodded affably and moved off, taking Pabst by the elbow with an easy grace to guide the Swiss to his own box. Thirty feet away, Marthe Radscheim broke her gun and, taking off her tam, shook her gleaming hair so that it shimmered in the sunlight. "Tallyho, Herr Carter." She looked over in his direction. She was a beauty, he thought; no question about it. "We have seized ourselves a splendid day. Good hunting."

"Good hunting," he echoed back. He realized he had an American's, a democrat's, shyness of phrases like that, spoofed so often in American movies and laughed at by an American audience that was still colonial enough to be uneasy with the identifying jargon of Continental privilege. But it was done here. Once again he leaned over backward in his effort to accept what was, to get along with it. The blond woman smiled at him. He watched her set to work lining up shotgun shells in front of her, then turned away.

If there was such hunting convenience as this in the United States, Carter had never heard of it. His own Position I, like the rest, consisted of a fairly elegant weathered wooden table and a one-legged stool somewhat to the side where it would not interfere with offhand firing. Wrought in iron on a post behind him, the figure I was fixed in iron arabesques. The gun Radscheim had lent him was a Beretta double-barreled, twelve-gauge magnum, beautifully chased and engraved with an interminable clean-lined hunting scene.

He had commenced, following the baroness' lead, to empty his bandoleer, placing the shells in rows, upright and handy, on the table in front of him, when he heard a noise and lifted his head, noticing the woman did the same. The sound was muffled by the forest. It was a moment before he caught its regularity. It was drums. The beaters were drumming down in there. Holding his breath, he listened hard. It was a regular, uniform—and military—cadence.

"They are coming on," the woman called to him. "About ten minutes, I should think." He watched her sight her barrels expertly, then pick up two shells with one hand and thumb them into the chambers. "Time for a smoke, I should judge. The wind is blowing from them to us."

"Right," Carter called back. He found suddenly he wanted a cigarette very much. Yet it surprised—and shamed—him a little to find his hand trembled over the match. He glanced over at the next box again. The baroness stood relaxed, her shotgun under her arm, one hand on her hip. But there (*Continued on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A class in basic electronics at PURE's Smiths Bluff Refinery

Why PURE runs its own "College in Overalls"

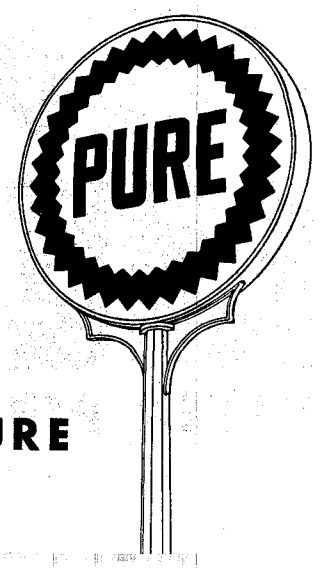
Our refinery training program helps keep the sure in PURE

Look in on any one of Pure Oil's four big refineries and you're likely to find a group of alert employees studying anything from pipe fitting to plant management. These men are enrolled in PURE's "College in Overalls."

The first classes, organized in the middle twenties, were mostly for college graduates—to bridge the gap between formal education and on-the-job application. Now, however, all refinery workers are invited to attend regular classes in refinery operations, craft training, and maintenance practices. Our basic course, "Elements of Petroleum Refining," has become a model for the oil industry.

Why do we spend the time and money to run our "College in Overalls"? Because it helps our employees to make progress and get more satisfaction from their work. Because it helps us make better products more efficiently. It's another of the reasons you can be *sure* with PURE—at nearly 16,000 dealers' in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE PROTECTION

Switch to a Filter Pipe by **MEDICO**

Above: Cross-section Medico V.F.Q., $2.50

- **Protects you from irritants**
- **Safeguards your pleasure**

The nicotine, tars and other irritants trapped inside Medico's changeable filter never reach your mouth. When filter is discolored, replace with a fresh one. That's why Medico smokes

CLEANER
COOLER
SWEETER

Finest smoke you could give any man

Above: Medico Guardsman, $2.95

NEW!
MEDICO Crest

CUSHION BITE NYLON BIT
GUARANTEED BITE-PROOF

Meerschaum-lined with sterling silver band (illustrated) . . . $10.00

Gold Crest, with 14 k. rolled gold band (light café finish only) $5.00

Crest Pipe (light café or dark claret finish) . $3.50

Other Medico Filter Pipes $1.50 to $20.00
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

Medico Leather Pipes $7.50 & $10

Medico Filigree $10 & $20

Medico Meerschaum $15

MEDICO

Trade Mark

FILTER PIPES

Wide variety of styles—imported briar or meerschaum. For catalog S8, write MEDICO, 18 E. 54th St., N.Y. 22

(*Continued from Page 86*)

was a kind of passionate intensity in her, as there had been in her unusual amount of talk, a breathless repressed excitement.

Carter shook his head. It was the drumming, of course, that affected him. It was more distinct now, regular, it seemed to him inexorable. His rational mind told him there was no reason they shouldn't drum. It was only that, reason as he would, he was not rational about Germany. His whole experience in this country had made him fear the drum, this kind of drum, the expert and dedicated soldier's drum that was dead, without flourishes, silent for whole phrases that he had so often heard filled in with the accented crash of iron heels on the fourth beat. It took him, dragged him back to a time of starving, gibbering, broken and shame-filled men starting up in the barbed-wire blackness when the drum started, whispering, whimpering. "Please. Not again. God. Please."

He had fought with tenacious stubbornness—with blind irrationality, his superiors thought—against allowing the Germans to use the drum during his service as a Military Government officer, even for their para-military *Polizei* patrols.

And yet, he thought, he must—as Radscheim said: absolutely must—get over this. He stepped back as far as the post behind him, trying to forget the one in ten cold-bloodedly machine-gunned at Kaiserstatt for some infraction, or warning of something that he'd long since forgotten. Up the line, as the drums grew louder, he could see Pabst at Position 4 talking to the woman, Doctor Stutmann, his whole body one pictogram of anxious civility. Farther up, Radscheim was pointing out something to Mrs. Blatt. At the far end, the lawyer stood tall and motionless, distant in fact and manner.

"One should get set now, I should think," the baroness called over to him. She held up her cigarette to show him, then crushed it out on the shooting table in front of her. Carter had lighted another cigarette from the stub of the first as the drums came nearer, nearer. "I do hope we shall have some sport for you, Herr Carter." Her every word sang with a wild excitement that strained her dignity to the breaking point. "I shall be so disappointed for you if we don't."

Carter managed a grin, hoping the distance would prevent her from seeing just how sick an imitation of bonhomie it was. He put out his cigarette, rubbing it into the table viciously, and took up his gun. The drumming was almost on top of him—the terror remembered—earburstingly close. They were coming to get him.

"Game!" the baron shouted up the line. "Up!" At once the fire broke out from the line of guns.

"Game!" the baroness screamed with joy. "Good shoot!" Her fine body arched itself, fired, arched again, fired. She broke the gun, loaded again, fired, fired, loaded. The line of boxes foreshortened in smoke, stank with overheated metal.

Up the bank poured game. A flight of thrushes winged over and dropped. A brace of fear-crazy hare came over the lip, wheeled, shot for the baroness' lane, went down in two shots, rolling over and over. Farther up, a red fox, desperate renard, went for Radscheim, who blew its head off. A flight of pigeons lost half their number. Another rabbit skewed into the dirt, flipped over, shuddered in death. More rabbits. Another fox. The air stank with death, with wholesale, joyful, insane slaughter. A red stag, four or five point, tore up the bank in front of their guns, eyes rolling in terror of the beating drums behind.

"Herr Carter!" the baroness screamed at him. "Herr Carter! Stag! Your lane!"

Blood soaked the ground. The twisted worms of shattered entrails ribboned the shelf of their field of fire. Half-dead things screamed in agony for death. A pigeon beat its wings, rose a foot in the air, fell again, tried again. "Herr Carter! Your lane! Herr Carter! Herr Carter!"

He could not fire. Abruptly, smashing against his ear, the woman fired across his lane. For an instant he knew one of those moments that touch eternity. Then the stately five-point staggered, a great gash turning red on his flank. The buck went drunkenly to his knees, the soft deer eyes rolling in blind incomprehending torture, coughed and died.

Carter set down his gun, sank to his knees and vomited.

"Well, it is a great pity," Pabst said. Sitting, impressive in his bulk, he bit off the end of his cigar and spat it on the carriage floor. Across from Carter, the only other occupant of the compartment opened a pasteboard suitcase on his knees and took out of it a sugar bun and began to eat it, listening with interest to the language he undoubtedly could not understand, rolling big dull eyes and swallowing in great gulps. "Putting the baroness in a position of having to apologize for having shot your lane." Pabst shook his head sternly. "She only did it because she was excited."

"I understand that," Carter said quietly. There was no way he could explain, he thought. Maybe there was nothing to explain.

"That kind of insult," Pabst went on, "it grows. The big men tell each other. Not to sell to this one or that one." Pabst looked righteously severe, growing in size even as Carter was shrinking. "And if you did not want to hunt, you should have said so." Pabst looked out of the window where the Black Forested Jura was thinning as they approached the Rhine River again, the German border. "They always hunt in that way. They always have."

"Yes," Carter said. And they always would, he thought. A leopard could not change his spots. No more could an ex-prisoner of war.

"Perhaps there is not so much trusting between us as I thought, Raphael," Pabst said. "In business," Pabst put his ringed fingers together in the maxim-delivering attitude, "it is not good for partners to have secrets from each other." Suddenly the old man leaned forward as the dully munching peasant watched. "I don't understand you, Raphael. I try to ask myself if there could be something wrong that you make this brutal rudeness. You must tell me. I have lived many years longer than you. I will understand. Raphael, is there something wrong?"

Abruptly, Carter laughed. "What can I say, dear," he said, "after I say I'm sorry?" He went on laughing, seeing Pabst's face crumple into a stunned, uncomprehending hurt. It was not the kind of witticism Pabst would ever understand, he knew. And he didn't give a damn.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 86

1. S.C.	2. Fla.	3. Mass.
4. Ariz.	5. Utah	6. Miss.
7. Conn.	8. W. Va.	9. Nebr.
10. Md.	11. Del.	12. N.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Tough to Get by Joe

(Continued from Page 31)

and it is like that now, in 1956, against the Colts. Krouse and Miller, his guards, are playing the Baltimore guards head-to-head, leaving an open path between Joe and the Baltimore center. As middle linebacker, Joe stands about a yard behind the line, directly opposite the ball. It's a good bet that the Baltimore center will burst right at him. Joe has got to protect that path. He also has to cover seven or eight yards of lateral ground—his corner linebackers, Bob Long and Roger Zatkoff, both are three or four yards away from him. Then suppose Unitas throws? Joe is responsible for ten yards behind him.

It's maneuverability that counts here, and Joe has it—the fastest reactions, probably, of any linebacker in the business. As pro linemen go, he is small. He stands five-feet-eleven. He weighs only 215 pounds—and not 216—because he's got to have that maneuverability. In the off-season he plays handball or squash perhaps four times a week for two or three hours at a time. He eats not one potato, not a single slice of bread and butter. Linemen may run to 275 pounds and more, but the smart ones don't carry a pound more than is good for them.

Linebackers are forever being kicked in the shins, and some of them will wear shin pads when the soreness becomes excruciating. Joe won't. "I'd like to," he has said, "but they'd weigh me down." Those pads are made of a light, fiber-type material, and weigh perhaps a pound, but Joe Schmidt doesn't feel that he can afford to give away even this much against speedsters like Baltimore's Lenny Moore.

It's third down for the Colts on the Detroit forty-six-yard line, with five yards to go for a first down. Unitas can take almost any card from the deck here. He can keep the ball, hand it off, pitch it out or pass it. These alternatives race through Joe Schmidt's angry mind. He is thinking-mad. He is watching that ball in the center's hands, but out of the corners of his eyes he is casing the Baltimore line. He spots a tip-off. A guard is sagging back ever so slightly. When the ball is snapped, he'll pull out of the line to run interference. Unitas has called a wide play—probably a pitchout to Moore.

But *will* it be a pitchout? Joe can't be sure.

He'll tell you, "Some of those offensive linemen, if you watch them hard you can almost tell after three or four plays what they'll do the rest of the game. If a guy's going to come forward, maybe he'll put just a little pressure on his hand. If he's going to pull out, maybe he'll sag back just a little."

However, Joe also will tell you that occasionally these mannerisms are deliberate ruses. You can't be sure about them, and in any case, he says, "You can't be right all the time."

At the Baltimore snapback everybody in Joe's sight explodes. There go the four rumps, surging forward. There's nobody to stop Krouse and Miller, because, sure enough, those Baltimore guards have pulled out, and they're running off to Joe's right. Unitas pivots to pitch out. For the barest fraction of a second, Joe doesn't move an inch. You never know—Unitas could fake that pitchout to Moore and send Ameche roaring up the middle.

It isn't a fake. Unitas lets the ball go. Joe shoots to his right as fast as he can go. If he is an instant too slow, that big Baltimore center—Szymanski is his name—will cut Joe off and be all over him. But Joe gets past this first hurdle.

Lenny Moore has got the ball now and is racing wide. Those two Baltimore guards are forming in front of him. Up in the line, the opposing tackles are having at each other. Joe's partner, right linebacker Roger Zatkoff, is coming up to block Moore's path, but now he has his hands full with the Baltimore end. Detroit's defensive right halfback, out wide, is moving up. He is angling slightly so as to prevent Moore from reaching a clear alley to the side line.

Moore's hand is forced. He has to cut in. He has those two big guards rolling ahead of him now, and the three of them come thundering around the bend like horses in a Wild West movie chase.

Bob Miller, the Detroit right tackle, isn't out of it yet. Miller may look like just a strong draft horse to the people up in the fiftieth row, but down on the field he is using his head. He didn't get sucked into charging deep into the backfield. He went in shallow, where he might get a shot at the ball carrier. Now, running to his right, he has slipped behind Moore and grabbed a piece of him.

Joe Schmidt doesn't relax for an instant. Maybe Miller will hold Moore fast, so that when Joe crashes into Moore, too, a lot of nice people in the grandstands will say, "Tush, tush, that wasn't necessary." But Joe knows he can't afford to assume that Miller *will* hold Moore.

Miller had a piece of Moore, all right, but it was like having a fistful of water. Moore is free again, still coming around that bend behind those two guards. It's Joe Schmidt's turn now. He has a choice to make, and he has to make it right now.

He can "play the guards"—push them around and get them out of the play, and hope that the safety man will come up to take care of Moore. It's often done that way. But what if Moore slips the safety man? He'd hardly be caught by a motorcyclist.

Then there's the alternative that makes the difference between a great linebacker and an ordinary one. It requires what coaches call "love of contact." When a player has this, they refer to him as "hard-nosed." Joe doesn't hesitate to play it the hard way. Head down, he charges straight into those thundering guards. They meet him head-on. There is a clatter of helmets and a thudding of shoulder pads. Joe splits the guards like wooden soldiers and brings down Moore with a knee-high tackle that seems almost to cut Lenny in two.

The play just described, which took place in a game the Lions won decisively, 27–3, has been singled out here solely for the purpose of illustration. Joe Schmidt does this sort of thing time and again. While his split-second maneuvering may be lost on most spectators, the fans do respond to his knifelike tackles. Joe's tackling has become such a sock part of every Detroit performance that he actually rates as one of the Lions' crowd attractions. He is a standout even when the Lions' over-all defense is porous, as it was in the early stages of this season. His three pass interceptions against the Los Angeles Rams on October twenty-fourth helped to set up Detroit's initial 1958 victory, 41–24.

Nick Kerbawy, who resigned as general manager of the club last summer, used to say, "Watching the Lions play without Joe Schmidt would be like watching a burlesque show that doesn't have a stripper."

Now twenty-six, Schmidt began playing rough, tough football against full-grown men on the sandlots of Western Pennsylvania when he was only fourteen. Joe was a tackle on the St. Clair Veterans, a team otherwise composed of men who had served in World War II. He was a big boy, weighing about 175 pounds, but he didn't have a whisker on his chin. When the St. Clair Veterans visited the Western State Penitentiary to play a team of convicts, Joe had to lie about his age to get inside the prison walls. Probably the convicts would have been deeply insulted had they known they were playing against a fourteen-year-old kid.

Joe's older brother, John, who had been a crack center for the 1938 Carnegie Tech team that went to the Sugar Bowl, coached the St. Clair Veterans. Other players made a few dollars each game, but Joe remained an unsullied amateur, happy just for the opportunity to play.

One Sunday afternoon the team went by bus to a coal-mining town to meet an outfit that had an ex-college halfback who was about twenty-six years old. Early in the game he cracked over Joe's tackle, knocking Joe flat, but Joe held him.

"If you can tackle that guy," big brother John told Joe later, "you'll make a pretty good tackle."

Joe attended a small junior high school that did not have a football team. At sixteen he transferred to Brentwood High and reported for football. The coach, Al Crevar, asked him if he'd had any experience. "I played sandlot ball," Joe said.

Crevar, not suspecting for a moment that Joe meant fast, semipro sandlot ball, replied, "Well, sandlot ball isn't like this. I don't know whether you ought to come out. You're a junior already."

It did not take long for Crevar to rejoice over his decision to give Joe a trial. Crevar made a fullback of Schmidt, for Joe was a fairly fast runner. Joe was still a fullback in his sophomore season at Pitt. Actually, it didn't make much difference whether the program listed Joe as a fullback, or as a guard (which is what he became the next year). Those were the days of two-platoon football. Len Casanova, Pitt's coach that 1950 season, quickly saw that Joe was made for the defensive platoon—a natural linebacker. Casanova's team lost eight of nine games, and he hightailed it for the University of Oregon, where he remains today. But at least he had put the man who was to become pro football's most exciting defensive player in his proper niche.

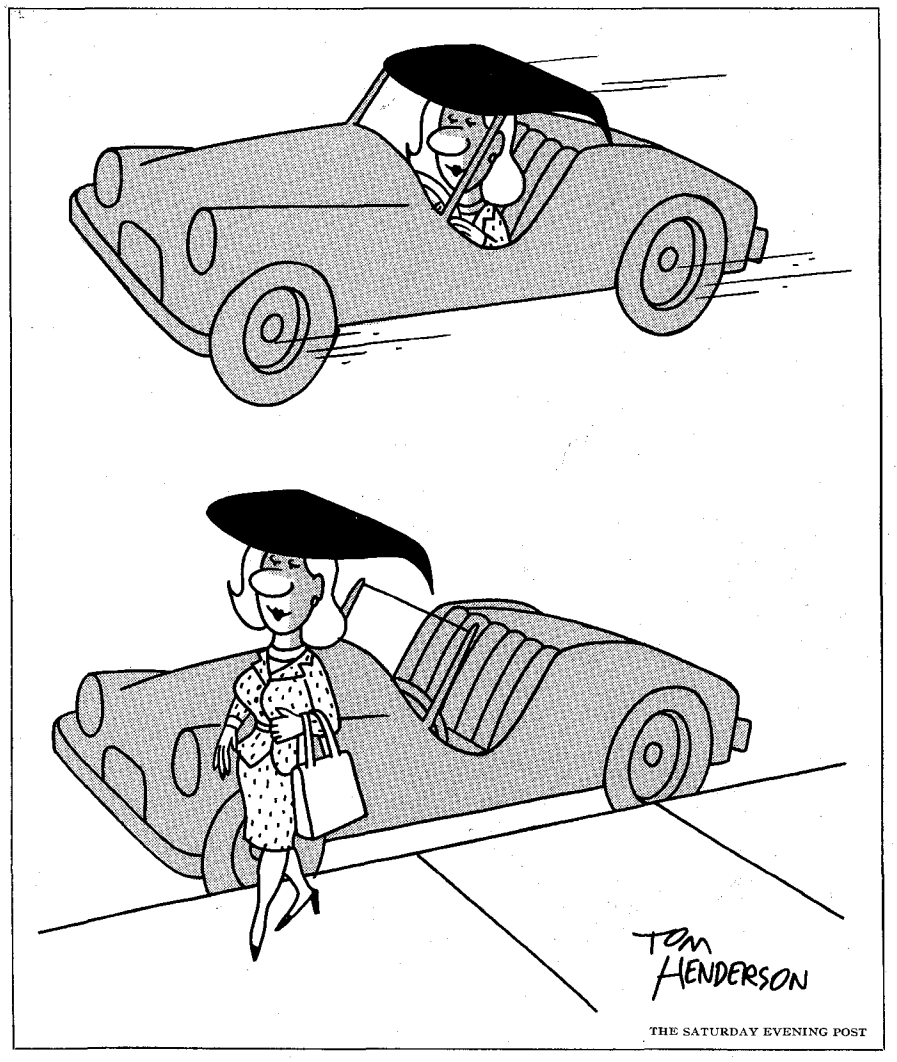
Joe Schmidt throws a tackle that is right out of the book. He charges in low to meet the ball carrier, and his last step before the collision is not really a stride, but rather a catlike spring—a spring that carries him dead ahead, inches above the ground. He aims to hit no higher than the knees. That concrete block Joe has for a right shoulder piles in, and Joe's arms snap together around the ball carrier's legs like a scissors closing.

Joe follows through, just as a baseball pitcher does. Yet almost never has a Joe Schmidt tackle injured a ball carrier. It is much like the action of a guillotine. "I'll take your head off with my machine in the twinkling of an eye," Doctor Guillotin promised the French National Assembly in 1789, "but I won't hurt you at all."

Entering his sixth season of pro ball this year, Joe could make a comparable claim. "Chick Jagade had to leave the game once after I hit him," said Joe, "but he already had a bad knee. Other than that, I can't recall a single time when a man I hit had to go out."

The deadly artistry of Schmidt's tackling is obvious to the most casual of spectators, but the finesse that precedes the tackle is less noticeable. Pro football in the last decade has developed into a complex game that demands linemen who are not only brawnier than their predecessors, but also faster and smarter. Finesse is called for on every play, even those that don't appear crucial.

Take an inconsequential-looking play run by the Chicago Bears against Detroit at Wrigley Field last December. Routine though the circumstances were, the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play presented Joe Schmidt with what he regards as just about the toughest situation a middle linebacker has to face. It was the so-called draw play, as run by the Bears' Rick Casares, who makes a considerable difference. Casares is big and strong—six feet, two and a half inches, and 225 pounds. What's more, he is shifty and smart.

The Bears had the ball on their own forty-one-yard line—second down and ten long yards to go. Detroit's defense had every right to expect a pass. Zeke Bratkowski, the Bears' quarterback, took the snap and began fading back. His linemen allowed Detroit's guards to break through, but saw to it that the guards were bumped to the outside, so that a path was left clear up the middle. Bratkowski faked his pass and deftly slipped the ball to his fullback—Casares—who came charging up the middle toward Joe Schmidt.

Joe hadn't fallen for Bratkowski's fake pass. He always keeps his eye on the ball, and if he happens to lose sight of it, he stays put until he spots it again. So Joe was right there waiting for Casares. Joe had trouble seeing him, though, because Casares was running behind a bodyguard—a six-foot-four, 245-pound center named Larry Strickland. Joe could knock Strickland down, all right, but then Casares would break to the right or left and be gone.

"I backed up," says Joe, reconstructing his maneuvers. "I wanted Casares to make his move first. I gave him a few yards. I wanted to keep away from Strickland as much as possible. Maybe I bumped him or slid or just played him off."

All the while Joe was looking over Strickland's shoulder, keeping his eye on Casares, and when Casares finally did make his move Joe was there to meet him. Casares had gained four yards, but this was a long-yardage situation, and four wasn't enough. Detroit finished on top, 21–13.

It is his faculty for making the right move at the right time that enables Joe to get in on so many tackles as to give the illusion that he is all over the field. Co-captain of the National Football League champions and Associated Press Lineman of the Year in 1957, he is the paragon of today's pro lineman.

Consider Joe's responsibilities as the player charged with calling defensive signals for Detroit. Talking football one day not long ago at his mother's home in Mt. Oliver, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Joe quietly enumerated the functions he frantically dispatches during the approximately thirty seconds that tick off between plays.

"Now don't misunderstand me," he said. "I don't always remember everything there is to do between plays, but I try to remember as much as possible." Altogether, he listed a dozen items that go along with selecting the defensive pattern best suited for the situation at hand.

He must know what yard-line the ball is on, and how far it is from the side lines; what down is coming up, how many yards the opposition has to go for a first down, and how much time remains on the clock. He must further consider which running backs and pass receivers the opposition has in the game, and also which plays it has been favoring.

From the Detroit standpoint, Joe has to know which defensive coverages have been placed at his command by the coaches for this particular game. He must remind his forward linemen of what to watch for, since they cannot see well from their positions. He must make sure that the defensive backs have heard his signals and set up the correct coverage. Lastly, Joe must stop to think what *he* is going to do when the play starts.

"And believe me," said Joe, "many's the time the opposition has gone into a quick snap before I can remember what the devil I *am* supposed to do. This may sound funny as hell, but there are even times when I forget which defense I've called and play a different one."

The mental gymnastics executed by Joe Schmidt and other defensive signal-callers in pro football demand a trial lawyer's quickness. This hardly squares with the stereotyped picture of linemen as doltish creatures performing a strictly muscular job.

"Listen," says Lion defensive coach Buster Ramsey, the rasping Tennessean on whose recommendation Detroit drafted Schmidt six years ago. "We've had linemen who were Phi Beta Kappas or engineering graduates, but were dumb as they come as far as football sense is concerned. Joe Schmidt has a keen football mind. Everybody on the team respects him. And he's got to have that. At times he has to get on their tails and ride them, and they won't take it from a man they don't respect."

Playing middle linebacker is something like standing in a wagon and whipping a team of horses. Joe is one middle linebacker who can really go to the whip. Last year, when the San Francisco Forty Niners were leading the Lions by the lopsided score of 27 to 7 in the play-off for the Western Conference championship, Joe pulled out all stops.

"It's too damn bad I got to play with a team of lousy yellow quitters," he raved between plays. "What a crummy bunch of doggers this is."

The Lions came back to win, 31 to 27.

On guts alone Joe Schmidt commands respect. In one game last season he cracked two ribs while smashing through a massed-up herd of blockers. He made no mention of the injury, and played the remainder of the game. Nothing less is expected of a professional lineman. Says Walt Kiesling, a Pittsburgh Steeler coach, who once played a lot of tackle, "The lineman gets no sympathy."

Least of all can he expect sympathy from his own kind—that is, from the linemen playing on the other side of the line of scrimmage. The men up front employ a hundred and one tricks to make suckers of each other. The deceit begins the instant the ball is snapped. A defensive lineman may submarine, loop, slant, pinch or hold his point. An offensive lineman may pull out, block straight ahead, angle block, scissors block or use a far-shoulder cutoff.

There is a slick maneuver called the "take-off," which the Cleveland Browns are fond of using. Even the more experienced defensive linemen have difficulty seeing through it.

"Suppose our Bob Miller is playing opposite Cleveland's Herschel Forester," says Joe Schmidt, taking two names more or less at random. "The ball is snapped to the Cleveland quarterback. Abruptly, Forester pulls out of the line and takes off wide. It's a confidence game. If Miller falls for it, he also takes off wide, thinking that's where the play is going. He leaves a nice, fat hole for the ball carrier to romp through."

In pro football so many possibilities confront the lineman that the unwary can be fooled easily. The Baltimore Colts are partial to a trick called the Colt Special that leaves defensive guards and tackles cursing themselves. When the ball is snapped, an offensive lineman will busy his opponent for a costly moment by jostling him. Then a halfback will run smack into the defensive lineman, clearing the way for a big fullback who is carrying the ball.

This is really rubbing it in. "It just hurts a lineman's pride," explains Joe Schmidt, "to have a little halfback hit him."

From up in the grandstand the execution of the Colt Special merely appears to be a brute thrust into the line behind interference—and there in a nutshell is the whole popular misconception of line play. A fine game of cat-and-mouse goes on unseen in a confusion of burly bodies. The wonders of the forest cannot be seen for the 250-pound trees.

Modern linemen are demanding, and to some extent getting, salaries that compare more favorably to backfield salaries than they did in the old days. Last July, guard Bruce Bosley, a Forty Niner holdout, angrily complained that National Football League linemen probably average $7500 to $8500 a season, while backs average about $15,000. League headquarters, on the other hand, says that there is little difference between the average pay of linemen and backs. Of course, many pass-catching ends are paid fancy salaries, which brings up the average for linemen. But Commissioner Bert Bell's office maintains that even when you leave those high-salaried pass receivers out of it, the average gap between line pay and backfield pay is only about $2500.

In any case, there certainly are many backs who would like to be earning Joe Schmidt's salary. Last year he drew approximately $12,500 for his five months' work. This year club president Edwin J. Anderson sent Joe a contract which, in Joe's words, did not call for a cut. Nevertheless, he returned it and held out until he got a substantial raise. It is safe to say that this twenty-six-year-old bachelor is now crowding the $15,000 class.

That is a pretty fair income for a football player who, six years ago, was considered a poor risk by the Pittsburgh Steelers, the club he most wanted to play for. The Steelers knew that Joe had been a regular dreadnought for Pitt, but, unfortunately, he seemed hardly sturdier than the dean of women.

In his freshman year at Pitt he broke two ribs. In his sophomore season he got a broken wrist in spring practice and suffered from a shoulder separation in the fall. As a junior, he badly wrenched a knee in preseason training. As a senior, in 1952, he tore a knee cartilage in the opening game, then came back two weeks later against Notre Dame and received a concussion and hemorrhage that put him in the hospital for ten days.

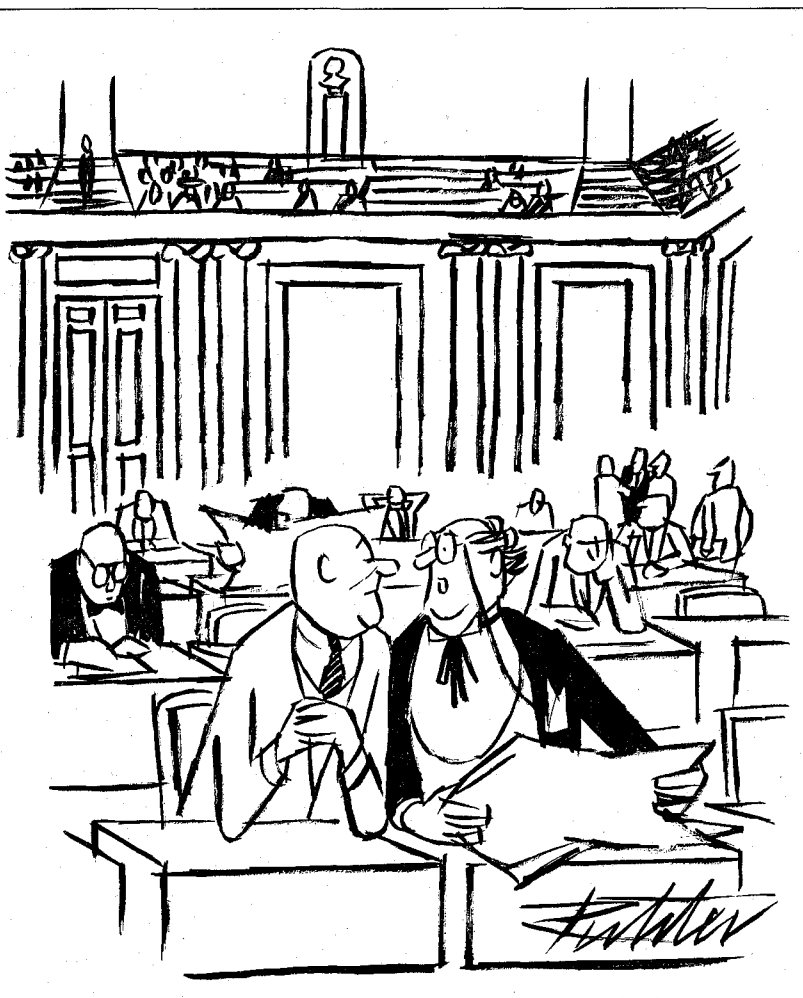
Richie McCabe, a Pitt halfback who also served as a waterboy for the Steelers, took Joe to a Steeler practice session one day and introduced him to club owner Art Rooney.

"Oh," said Rooney, "you're the kid who gets hurt all the time." Thus ended Joe Schmidt's hopes of playing for the Steelers.

The Lions' Buster Ramsey, however, knew nothing of Joe's hospital history when he saw him clobber ball carriers in the Senior Bowl game at Mobile, Alabama. Joe looked healthy enough to Ramsey. When the National Football League draft was held, the Detroit Lions—then coached by Buddy Parker—made Joe their seventh selection. They didn't suspect for a moment that they were acquiring a football phenomenon—a defensive lineman who could draw at the box office.

What is equally astonishing, as Art Rooney surely will attest, is the fact that going into the current season, the supposedly brittle Joe Schmidt could boast of not having missed a single game in five years of pro football.

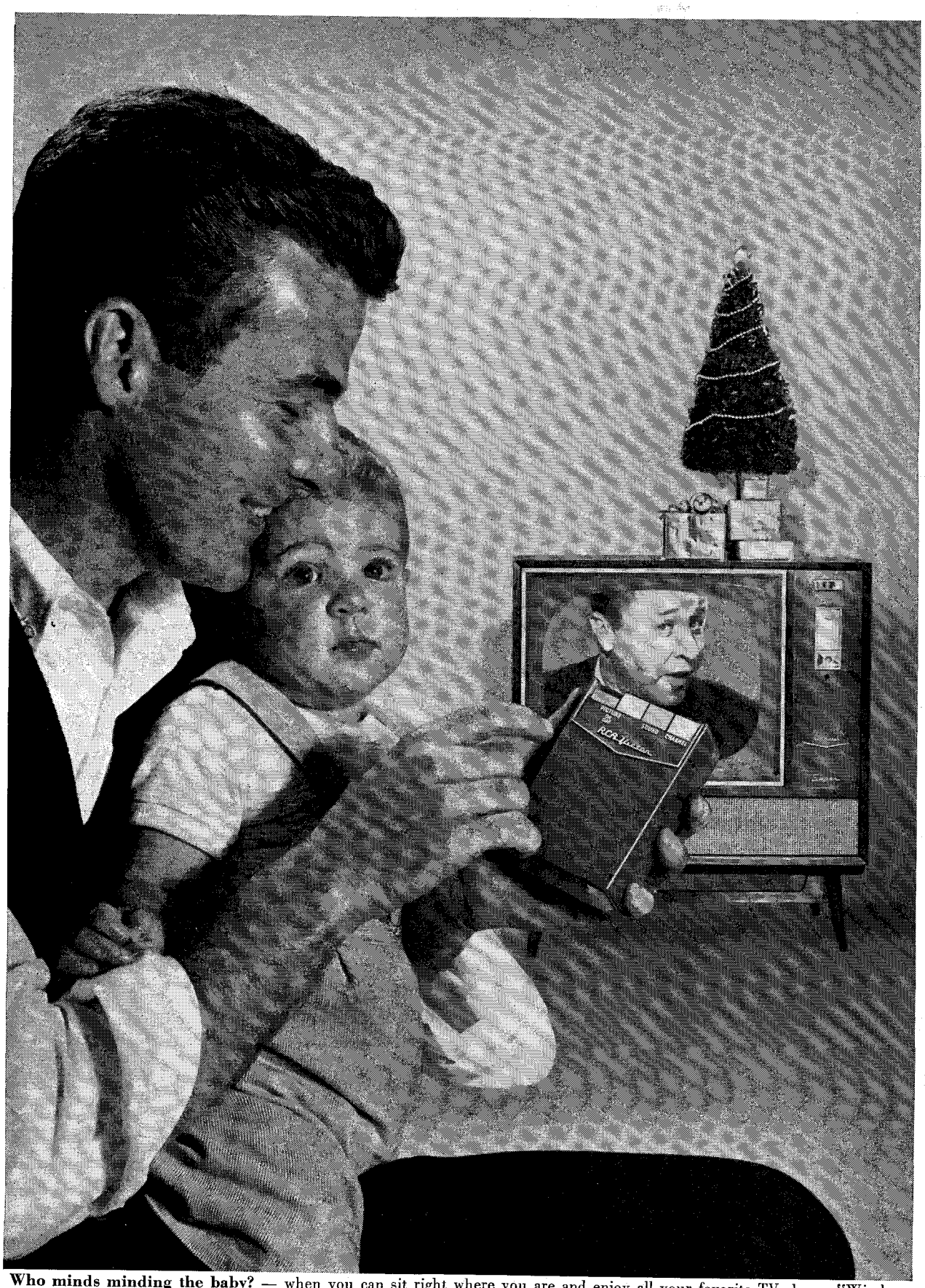
Joe describes himself as "just a glorified lineman." In a broader sense, he represents the most spectacular individual triumph in the modern-day rise of football's peasant class. It's little wonder, then, that when he stands in the wagon and goes to the whip, his fellow linemen take it and like it and hustle their hearts out. THE END



"I got a good press last week. I kept my mouth shut."

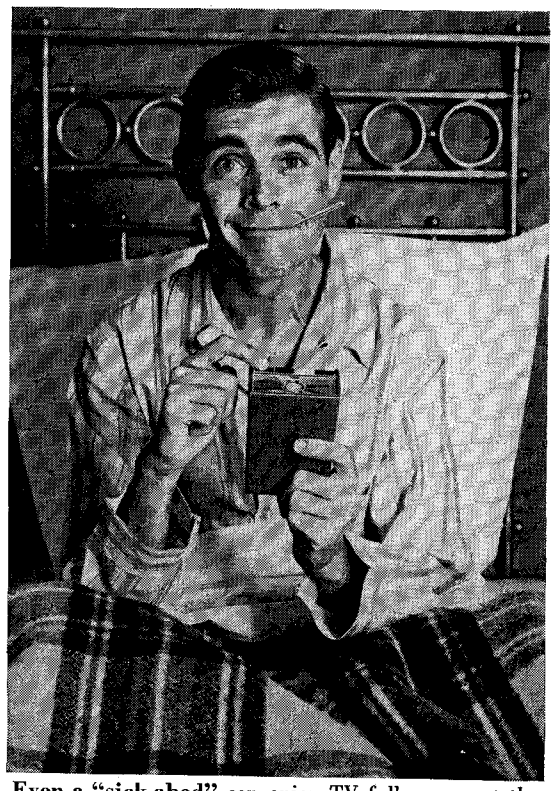
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who minds minding the baby? — when you can sit right where you are and enjoy all your favorite TV shows. "Wireless Wizard" electronic remote control shown here with Achievement Series *Lambert*, 262 sq. in. picture (21RT965) from $379.95.

Whether you're knitting, cooking or just relaxing, the "Wireless Wizard" lets you really enjoy TV. And every RCA Victor with remote control has new "One-Set" fine tuning to save fooling with tuning.



Even a "sick-abed" can enjoy TV fully now—at the push of a button. Because RCA Victor's remote control unit is wireless, TV set can be easily positioned for best viewing—anywhere in the room.

New "Wireless Wizard" remote control by RCA Victor gets TV's finest picture for you at the push of a button

Here's a Christmas gift of convenience for the whole family—one they'll enjoy the whole year long. RCA Victor combines TV's finest performance with TV's easiest way to tune.

Sit down—relax—anywhere in the room and control TV picture with the tip of your finger. Turn the picture on or off . . . change channels . . . select volume level. When you're finished with it, a special compartment in the TV cabinet holds the remote control unit—even lets you use the "Wireless Wizard" as a push-button at-the-set control.

But it's what happens after you press the button that really counts. RCA Victor delivers TV's finest picture—10% brighter! New *tube-saving* power surge resistor gives far longer life to every TV tube. RCA Victor teams up new tuners, chassis and extra TV circuits to give best performance even in difficult reception areas.

See new RCA Victor TV with "Wireless Wizard" electronic remote control—on 6 table and console models including Color TV. It's another great advance from RCA Victor. Another reason why every year more Santas give RCA Victor than any other TV!

RCA Victor Factory Service Contract. Fine service for the finest in television! Only RCA Victor TV owners can buy an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract for expert service and installation by RCA's own technicians. Branches in most TV areas. Mfrs. nat'ly adv'd list prices shown, optional with dealer. Slightly higher far West, South. UHF optional, extra. Prices, specifications subject to change.

RCA VICTOR
Trade(s) ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

GIVE "THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop Driving Your Pet Crazy

(Continued from Page 33)

Doctor Allam had the dog calmed down. He gave it to a friend whose wife was blind and hard of hearing. Within two months the animal was acting the part of a self-taught, Seeing-Eye dog for the woman.

"The dog took its cue from people in three different environments and reacted accordingly," Doctor Allam said. "Animals respond very quickly to our attitudes toward them. A dog brought into a family's conversation will become more alert and intelligent than one tied up outside the house. The most profitable dairy farm I've ever seen has big signs that read: 'Always treat a cow like a lady.' Any employee caught treating the livestock roughly was fired. The rule paid off in the milk yield."

Doctor Allam showed me a paper that he and Dr. John Martin, of his staff, had just written. It dealt with the rapid recovery of dogs and horses from the kind of surgical operations that incapacitate humans for long periods. A dog usually is eating, drinking and walking six hours after major surgery; a horse will be up and about within a day.

Conceding that animals are less sensitive to pain than men are, the authors ventured the opinion that animals recuperate faster because they are not concerned with doctor bills, hospital fees and time lost from a job—worries that slow down human convalescence.

"That idea may not seem so farfetched," Doctor Allam remarked, "if you consider that children also recover from operations faster than adults, perhaps for the same reason. People represent security to domestic animals. Pet owners can make practical use of this principle when an animal needs medical attention. Except in extreme emergencies, never have a vet come to the home. The animal regards itself as the defender of the home against intruders, and is hostile to the vet. But in strange surroundings the animal submits meekly to treatment."

Asked whether he approved of tranquilizers for animals, Doctor Allam turned to Doctor Martin, who had come in while he was talking. "You treat more animals in the clinic than I do, John. What's your opinion?"

"Tranquilizers certainly help disturbed animals," Doctor Martin answered. "Lord knows we're seeing an awful lot of them. Pets are so upset when they're boarded for a few days they won't eat.

"I'm not sure about the long-range effects of tranquilizers, but they are very useful for animals that raise a rumpus when they're left alone, get car-sick when they travel, or show other signs of irritability. The recommended dosage is one milligram per pound a day. A thirty-pound dog should get thirty milligrams, but only if a vet prescribes it. Tranquilizers are just temporary measures, of course. They won't correct the basic condition that's bothering the animal."

Doctor Allam pointed out of his office window. "There's an interesting problem in animal psychology." Tim Tam, winner of the 1958 Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, was grazing in the school courtyard, and limping on his heavily bandaged right front leg, injured in the Belmont Stakes. Members of the university staff had operated on Tim Tam three days previously.

"If that great horse is retired from racing he'll have to be let down gently, just like a business tycoon who is forced by a heart condition to quit work. Tim Tam is going to miss the excitement of competition, the crowds, the approval of his handlers. Animals derive great satisfaction from achieving what they have been trained to do, the same as we do."

Doctor Martin jokingly remarked that his chief was going overboard for anthropomorphism—attributing human characteristics to animals. Doctor Allam grinned, but stuck to his point.

"I'm positive that prize bulls and top show dogs know exactly what is going on, and love to bask in the admiration of the crowd. I'm convinced, too, that people and animals are tuned in on the same psychic wave length, you might say, to certain situations. This is not sheer speculation. It's based on well-documented scientific studies. A good source is Dr. Herbert Ratcliffe, professor of comparative pathology at the university's School of Medicine. He also is the director of the Penrose Research Laboratory, which has just published a significant report on the causes of arteriosclerosis in animals at the Philadelphia Zoo during the last forty years."

Doctor Ratcliffe, a wiry man with a knack for incisive explanations, said there was conclusive evidence that animals are strongly affected by conditions corresponding to group pressures among men. "The whole thing was summed up in a wonderfully apt remark by Dr. John Christian, of Johns Hopkins, that social patterns and breeding habits of animals break down when there are too many unpleasant faces before breakfast."

He chuckled. "Doesn't that describe the fed-up feeling all of us get occasionally? It accounts for some of the strange things that have happened in the zoo. Not long ago a five-year-old female camel died from a peptic ulcer, an unheard-of ailment in a ruminant animal because of its stomach's peculiar construction. What caused the ulcer? We had the camel in a rather small paddock with her brother and sister. Camels at best are nasty beasts. Nobody likes them, not even other camels. I think our victim died from sheer aggravation—too many unpleasant faces before breakfast."

Doctor Ratcliffe picked up a thirty-two-page typescript from his desk. "This is the report on arteriosclerosis in the zoo. Its chief purpose, of course, is to uncover information that can be applied to man. I think it presents some arresting similarities between human and animal emotional reactions to group tensions."

Arteriosclerosis—hardening of the arteries—is the second-ranking killer of man and a common disease of animals. It is generally associated with old age, and many authorities believe it is largely determined by the intake of dietary fats. Others contend that social pressures—competition, restriction of freedom, and so on—have more to do with the disease than diet and age. In 1916, the late Dr. Herbert Fox began collecting statistics on deaths from arteriosclerosis among the Philadelphia Zoo's animals. Doctor Ratcliffe has been carrying on the project since 1942. The findings in the report are based on more than 7000 autopsies of thirty-three families of mammals and birds.

The study hinges on an innovation made in 1935, when the Philadelphia Zoo was the first one in the world to feed its animals a balanced diet. The improved diet was designed to get zoo animals in better condition to breed and maintain viable young. Previously, the animals had a high mortality rate from nutritional deficiencies, but for some years after 1935 their life spans increased and the over-all death rate dropped about 25 per cent.

At the same time, however, there was a startling increase in deaths from arteriosclerosis. In 1916 the mortality rate of the disease was only 3.5 per cent for mammals and 0.4 per cent for birds. By 1945 the figures were exceeding 20 per cent for both groups, but the rise could be traced to external events. During the depression of the 1930's the zoo's appropriations were cut; then World War II stopped the importation of animals from Africa and Asia. That meant replacements could not be obtained for exhibits that died, so there was less crowding in pens and cages. And the balanced diet also promoted the animals' chances for survival. As a consequence, they were living enough longer to encounter the ills of old age. In the five-year period following the introduction of the new diet, the average age of mammals that died from arteriosclerosis advanced sixteen months—a jump equivalent to extending the human life span by five years.

Since 1950, the zoo's population has been at an all-time peak, with resultant increases in group pressures. The animals are bigger and stronger, but there are fewer outlets for their vigor, and greater numbers are confined in the same space. In 1956 the arteriosclerosis death rate for mammals was 25.5 per cent, compared to 3.5 per cent in 1916.

"The figure is running close to forty per cent now," Doctor Ratcliffe said. "We must conclude that unrelieved tensions are shooting up the death rate. Worse yet, the animals are now succumbing to arteriosclerosis at earlier ages. The average age at death for mammals is right back where it was in 1916, but the incidence is ten times higher. All this ties in perfectly with studies in density of population."

It has long been known that the populations of wild animals fluctuate sharply in regular cycles. All species increase in natural conditions until a certain peak is reached. Then there is an abrupt "crash" of the population. Breeding falls off, diseases ravage litters, and there is mass mortality among mature animals. After the catastrophe, another build-up ensues, and the sequence of events is repeated.

The most dramatic examples of this phenomenon occur in arctic regions among foxes, lemmings and voles. They have unlimited spaces for expansion and more than enough food, but every four years they are hit by massive population slumps. House mice normally are widely dispersed and rarely seen together during the day, yet there is a profound change in their habits when food, water and nest space are supplied in excess, in experiments to speed up breeding. As the population peak is approached, the mice huddle in large groups like panic-stricken people, and succumb to slight infections. Litter survival drops to the vanishing point.

These forces continue to govern animals even when they are protected from natural hazards in captivity. In 1947 the Philadelphia Zoo started a nutria colony with one male and two females. By 1951 there were thirty specimens. Within a year, half of them died and there was continuing mortality from arterial disease thereafter. Today, only one nutria is left. The tensions induced by overcrowding had destroyed the animals' breeding pattern.

"Many theories have been advanced for precipitous declines of animal populations—scarcity of food, violent changes in climate, epidemics, and even sunspots," Doctor (Continued on Page 94)

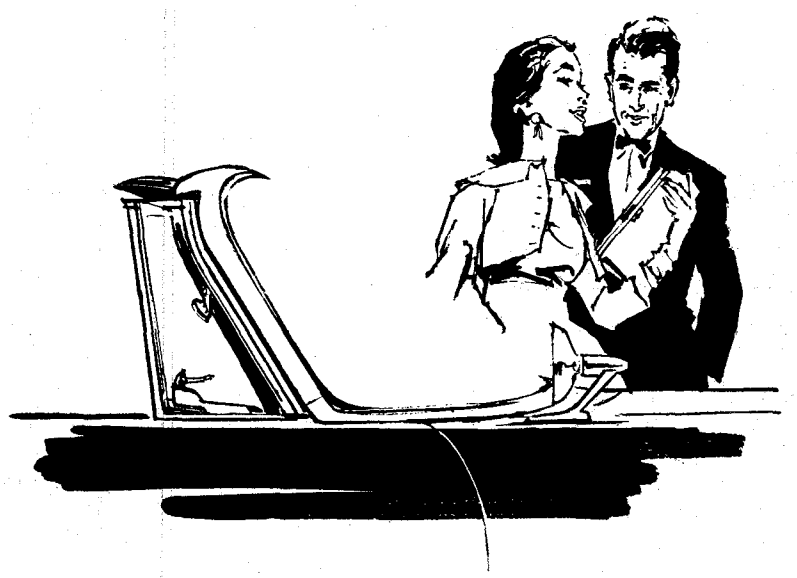
"If you're going to act like this before we're married, what are you going to do after?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Newest of Everything Great! — *The Greatest of Everything New!*

Don't look now, but they're all following you!



Your new 1959 Dodge stands waiting in the drive: Sleek and clean and lovely.

You swing into it (via new swivel seats!), close the door and start the engine.

Now look around you. There are other '59 cars parked nearby. Friends of yours are getting into them.

But you and your new Dodge are definitely the leaders, the pace setters, in your group—ahead in every department.

You are out in front in styling, with the low, crisp Swept-Wing lines that the other 1959 cars seek to copy.

You establish the trend with the taut "look of motion" that other cars are patterned after: The swift sweep of fins, the forward thrust of fenders over dual headlamps, the curving arch of compound windshield.

You blaze the trail of engineering leadership with the incomparable stability of Torsion-Aire ride, the sure mastery of push-button driving, the thrust of your more efficient engine.

They're all following you! One sure reward for owning a new '59 Dodge!

DODGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 92*) Ratcliffe said. "None of them stands up under careful investigation. The cycles continue when natural conditions remain constant. The crashes are due to sociopsychological factors—too many unpleasant faces before breakfast."

He leaned back in his chair. "What do these facts suggest in relation to man?"

I ventured a guess. The trend toward urbanization, the greater concentration of people in congested areas?

"Precisely. Our rising standard of living is producing bigger, more vigorous children in each generation. But the shift from rural areas to cities, from laborious work to sedentary jobs, is raising the density of population and sharply reducing our physical activity. A disturbing aspect of the situation is highlighted by a recent development among our animals. Their ailments closely resemble the disease patterns of man. Cancer, heart and kidney troubles are more prevalent now than they were when the animals were less crowded—and the same holds true for man.

"We don't know exactly how inactivity affects the body, but it unquestionably makes us vulnerable to disease. It's not pure coincidence that there is a positive correlation between the number of cars and the incidence of coronary thrombosis in all countries of the world."

Doctor Ratcliffe recalled an account of animal behavior by Dr. Heini Hediger, director of the Zurich Zoo, who exploded the popular belief that hunger and sex are an animal's basic drives. He reported that an animal's principal activity in the jungle is concentrated on watchfulness, or preparation for flight from enemies. Mature wild animals rarely go to sleep before midnight and then for no more than three hours. Security is the overriding concern of animals in free-living conditions.

That observation posed a question for Doctor Ratcliffe, who had observed that animals in the zoo sleep soundly at all hours of the day and night. As pet owners can attest, domestic animals snooze the better part of twenty-four hours. Sleeping is an indication of the high degree of security animals have found under man's protection, yet tension still exerts drastic influences on the captive animal population. And man is subjected to many more group pressures than animals are. Why, then, has the human census increased steadily without periodic crashes?

"Man probably has not yet reached his maximum density of population," Doctor Ratcliffe answered. "Besides, family relationships give children more mental and physical security than animals provide for their young. Maybe that's why the human population still is expanding, although the rate of increase has been dropping sharply in urban societies for more than a century, ever since the industrial revolution."

He pondered for a moment. "Domestic animals are pretty accurate mirrors of trends in our habits and behavior. A fellow who has studied the transmission of emotional pressures from people to animals is Dr. John Beck, chief of staff at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital in New York. Put the question to him. He sees more pets than anyone in the business."

When I saw Doctor Beck, he skirted the subject warily. "All the work is purely speculative, because we have no verbal communication with animals," he said. "But I've seen strange things that convince me animals are psychic in reading our emotions. I once had a dog that was friendly to everyone except a man who visited me occasionally. The dog's menacing manner was so unusual that I analyzed my own attitude toward the man. It dawned on me that he aroused my hostility. The dog sensed my unconscious feelings before I was aware of them."

A clinical case brought recently to Doctor Beck involved a cocker spaniel that was left all day with an invalid woman whose mother and sister worked to support her. When the working women returned at night the invalid nagged them incessantly about her hard lot. The working pair, who had a rough time, too, became exasperated with the sister's complaints and lost their sympathy for her. The dog had been the invalid's faithful companion for many years; but it, too, tired of her demands for attention and finally turned on her, growling and acting in a very unfriendly manner. The dog was so antagonistic that Doctor Beck told the women only a change of environment would make it a docile house pet again.

All the veterinarians had told dog stories, but cats were mentioned only in passing. How come?

Doctor Beck smiled. "The truth is we don't know much about them. You can buy a dog's love and devotion with a few scraps of food a day, but a cat remains aloof and mysterious. No matter how hard you woo a cat, it rarely accepts you as an equal. A cat is attached to its surroundings, not to a person. That's why it's perfectly content to stay in a home for years on end without ever going outdoors."

Konrad Lorenz, an Austrian naturalist, has characterized a dog as a "perpetual child," pointing out that its short muzzle and big brow are typical of an infant's facial appearance.

"I don't think he was facetious, because the analogy can be extended to emotional responses," Doctor Beck said. "Our supervising nurse in the clinic, Mildred Hefner, was trained as a pediatric nurse before she came here. She constantly remarks on the amazing similarity in the reactions of children and dogs under mental stress.

"That's understandable when you consider that frustrations stem from the inability to express our true feelings. Young children, like dogs, can't speak, so it's entirely natural that they should act up in much the same fashion when they're thwarted. Parents now realize a child needs extra attention to avoid a feeling of rejection when a new baby arrives in a family. A pet should be treated the same way, because it also is a member of the family and is jealous of competition for affection."

The relationship between people and pets was amplified by Dr. David Coffin, director of research at the Speyer Hospital. "An animal will reveal almost as much about a family as a social worker's case history," he said. "Anyone who has had experience with animals can spot a pet that comes from a congenial home."

In the course of a parrot's long life—forty years is not an unusual span—it may have a succession of owners. A bird shunted into a corner like a stuffed owl, after having lived in an animated household, will stop talking and sulk. Drawn back into another family's sphere of interest, the parrot will talk by the hour; let out of its cage, it will perch on the shoulders of strangers and creep into bed with its new owner.

"We often see dogs that are used as substitutes for children by neurotic women," Doctor Coffin said. "The women take good care of their pets, but they are not nearly as well-adjusted as a dog brought up in a family with boisterous kids, who sometimes whack hell out of it and then smother it with affection.

"Pets, like people, flourish in a relaxed atmosphere. Hunger and fear don't bother them. They are much more upset by the anxieties we project to them."

Each of the veterinarians interviewed was asked to give pet owners some basic tips for promoting the emotional stability of dogs and cats. The consensus:

1. Let a puppy or a kitten remain with its mother at least two months. Earlier separation tends to make the animal insecure.

2. Never choose the runt of a litter. It may be appealing, but the runt was the last member of the litter fed in the nursing period. That rejection leaves the animal with a permanent inferiority complex.

3. Don't frustrate an animal by mauling or teasing it.

4. Teach a pup a few, simple tricks. Dogs like to please their masters and purposeful play is good training for them. You can try the same tactics with a cat, but the chances are you won't get far.

5. Consistency in punishment instills obedience in an animal. Give it a sharp smack as soon as a misdemeanor is committed. Regularity of punishment rather than severity is needed. The best way to break a bad habit is to prevent it.

6. Never let a pet dominate the home. Both master and animal will be miserable. Animals, like children, want discipline to relieve them of the responsibility for making decisions.

That took care of our dumb friends, but what about nature's noblest and neediest animal, Homo sapiens? Doctor Ratcliffe was asked if he had a word of guidance for facing the Struggle resolutely.

"Well, I've fallen for my own propaganda," he said. "I've been doing a half-hour of calisthenics every morning for the last few years."

And how is the physician-heal-thyself-with-exercise bit working out in helping to relieve tensions?

"Fine. I'm tired before I begin the day's work, but the men with the butterfly nets haven't come for me yet. That's a great triumph nowadays." THE END

NEXT WEEK

Broadway's Happy Hero:
Robert Preston of "The Music Man"

Biggest City in the World
Tokyo: The Turbulent Metropolis

The Hunt for Hidden Diabetics:
Are You One of Them?

IN COLOR:

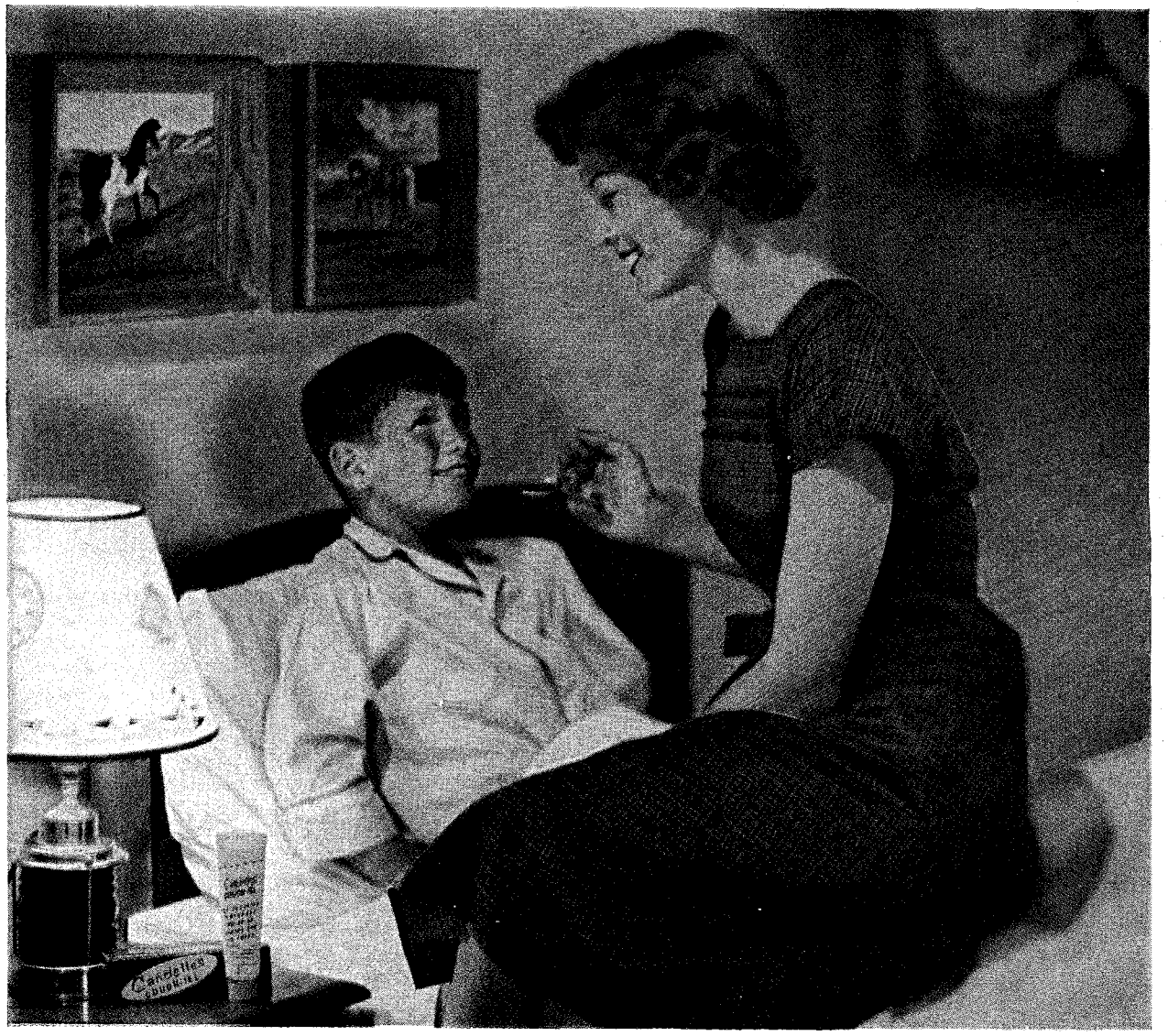
What's New in Toyland?
This Year's Unusual Christmas Playthings

Con Man of the Country Clubs:
How David Goldreyer, Notorious Rubber-Check Artist, Made His Killings

The Midtown Bomber
A New Serial of Suspense
By John and Ward Hawkins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For fast relief of cough and cold discomforts



Candettes® cough-jel

New way to cough relief

Just a squeeze of the handy tube, a swallow of the delicious Jel, and the child's throat is coated with soothing medication. *"Specific Cough Control" action brings relief in minutes.*

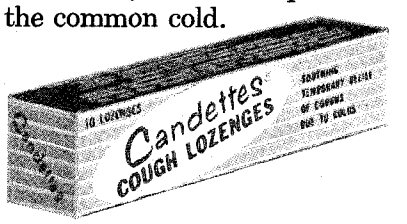
Now . . . no spill, no mess

CANDETTES COUGH-JEL is the modern answer to annoying coughs due to the common cold. It's easy to use—simply squeeze the Jel into a teaspoon. No fuss, no mess, no spill. Children love to swap the "medicine taste" of old-fashioned cough liquids for the taste-treat of delicious raspberry flavored CANDETTES COUGH-JEL.

Adults, too, like the CANDETTES COUGH-JEL way of checking coughs. Keep a tube handy in your medicine cabinet, office desk—it is at home wherever you go.

CANDETTES
COLD TABLETS

For relief of nasal congestion, headaches, aches and pains of the common cold.



CANDETTES
COUGH LOZENGES

The fast, convenient way to soothing cough relief, at work or play.

CANDETTES
COUGH SYRUP

Quickly clears up nasal stuffiness as it helps relieve cough.

CANDETTES
ANTIBIOTIC TROCHES

For temporary relief of minor sore throats.

All fine Candettes products are available at your drug store

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The End of Empire (Continued from Page 25)

in Africa such as Ghana threaten to suppress internal opposition by methods very reminiscent of the bad old days. Even after paying, during an American visit, homage to Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, Doctor Sukarno of Indonesia, returns home via Moscow much more impressed by the relevance of Soviet experience than of American. Newly enfranchised nations such as Egypt gladly dicker for arms with the Soviet Union. An Indian state elects a Communist government, and each area, liberated from imperial slavery, seems to develop odd ways of attaining those unalienable rights proclaimed in 1776. Indeed, some of them seem very easily alienable under the pressures of "freedom."

Nothing can be done to make the world easily and automatically safe for democracy (as Chesterton pointed out in 1918, "The world will never be made safe for democracy, it is a dangerous trade"). The good American will have to get used to seeing his principles parroted and parodied. But he will suffer less and be less tempted to angry and foolish reactions if he can bring himself to think that maybe the decline of empires, at the speed at which it has taken place, is not an unmitigated benefit, and if he also can bring himself to accept the fact that a nation which gets its "freedom"—that is, is freed from foreign rule—gains that and nothing more. What it gains may have little or no relevance to its real economic or social problems, except to make them worse, and even if it is evident that the gains are well worth the price, the price may yet be very high. And if the price includes poverty, disorder and division, the United States in its own interest may be forced to pick up the tab.

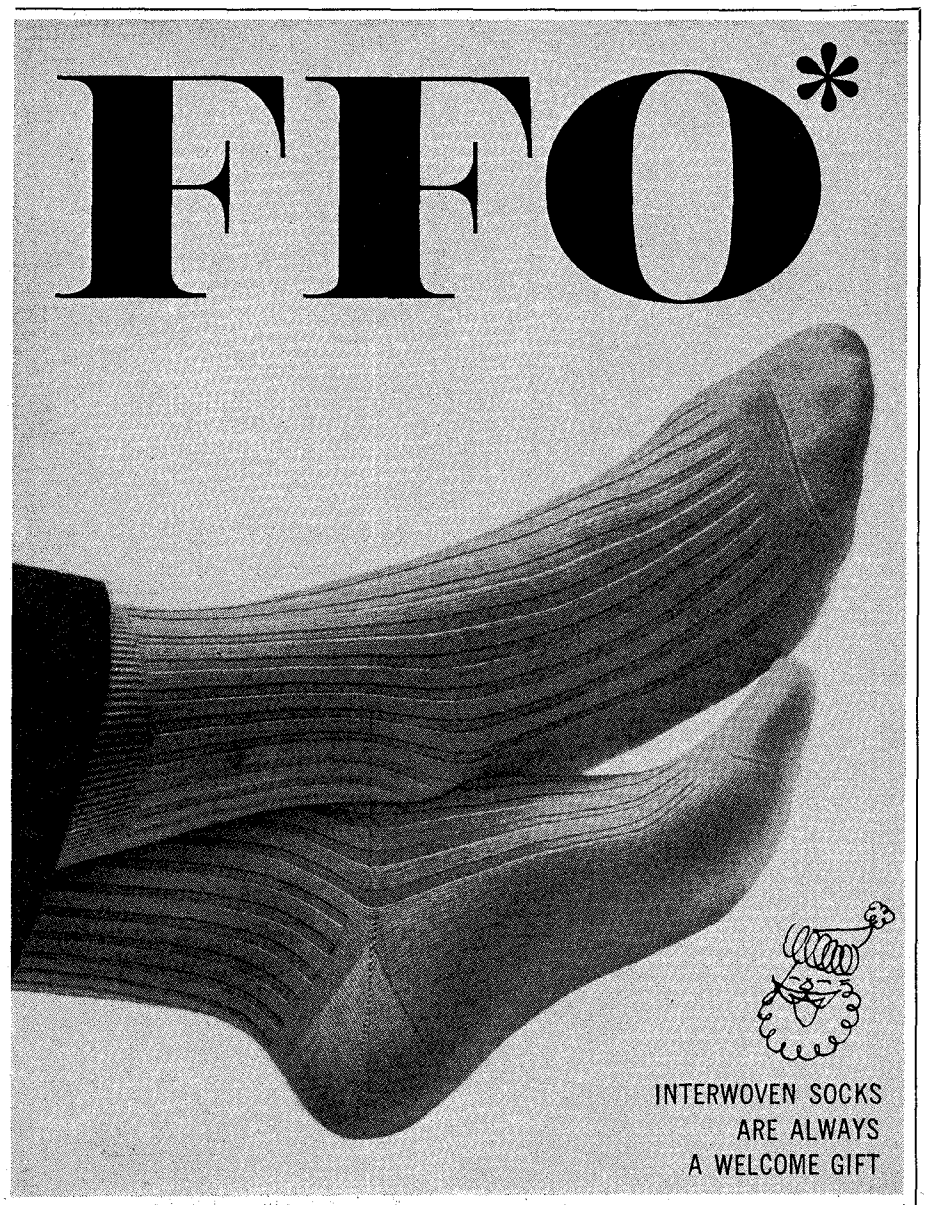
The United States may have to step in to fill the gap in common defense made by the withdrawal of the imperial power. It may have to spend men, money and patience (patience will be the hardest to come by) to prop up a new, free, but rickety governmental structure. It may even, as a last aggravation of its sad state, have to receive, with what self-control it can, charges of exploitation and imperialism made by peoples in complete control, as far as the American goes, of their own destiny. Bewildered and bothered, the American in the street—or in the White House—will be less bewildered, if no less annoyed, if he accepts the fact that the end of empires is the end of an epoch that suited the United States pretty well, and that the wicked, grasping imperial powers were doing a job (possibly from the worst of motives) that somebody had to do—a job that now must be done mainly by the United States, the reluctant legatee of the old firms now in liquidation.

For the decline of empire means the passing of a crude form of solution to a real problem. "All nations are equal, but some are more equal than others." Since this cynical view happens to be true, it means that nations have very different resources, degrees of competence, are at very different stages in historical development (but want to be at the same stage) and, in defiance of all objective assessments, are ready to assert that this stage of real equality has been reached—that Liberia is a republic in the sense that the United States is; that Ceylon is a state in the sense that Holland is. The old, condemned imperial order denied this. It asserted that nations were unequal, that they were at different stages of development and that the advanced nations had the right, the opportunity and the duty to bring the backward areas, forcibly if need be, up to scratch—a laborious and expensive process for which it was only reasonable to charge a fee.

I am well aware that this appears to contradict the formal doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and that such doctrines would be shocking if developed inside the United States. California and Mississippi are equal and are at the same stage of progress; the peoples of the two states are equal, if not identical, and law and custom make no difference between one group of inhabitants and another. Such is the theory; I beg to be excused from comment on the fact. But outside the United States, until very modern times, this was neither theory nor fact. No one thought that Egypt (legally then a Turkish possession) should be allowed a free hand in controlling the way from Europe to Asia simply because it "owned" the Isthmus of Suez. (The United States, nonimperialist as she was, took much the same line about Colombia's claim to own Panama.)

There was a practical justification for this high and mighty attitude. *All* the new techniques that transformed the world in the last 150 years originated in Europe or North America. The owners of the new machines and the new weapons faced a world that lay lapped in immemorial slumber. Briskly, like the proprietor of a health farm, the white world insisted on wakening the sleepers, by ruling them directly, as in India; by insisting on a highly privileged position, as in China; or by frightening the more alert into imitating the white man before he took over, as in Japan. Conquest, empire was as old as human society. What was new was the expanding technical superiority of the conquerors that ate into the "cake of custom," prodded the sleepers wide awake and bred, in reaction, the force that has undone the empires—nationalism.

It is desirable at this point to proclaim that I am too much disposed to accept the unavoidable to protest against this state of affairs. As the wise Bishop Butler put it, "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we seek to be deceived?" Why indeed? But it is a part of deception not to notice what follows from "things and actions being what they are," and there is some danger of such error being committed.



*Fight Foot Odor and other common foot ills with SANITARY SOCKS • retard the development of odors • bacteria and germ resistant • effective against athlete's foot fungi • non-toxic and non-irritating • hygienically clean Only $1.00 they're Sanitized®

Inter Woven®
SANITARY ✚ SOCKS

available in cotton-lined nylon ribbed 1-size socks and mercerized cotton ribbed sized socks in a wide variety of colors.

REINFORCED WITH QUALITY

MEMBER AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR INC

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... and to my old army buddy ..."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first error in which it is tempting to fall is to assume that the end of imperialism, the arrival on the stage of nationalism, is necessarily accompanied by material or even by moral progress. For it is too often forgotten that the basic article of the nationalist creed is that progress, good government, liberty and civilization have no meaning except in nationalist terms. It is true that nationalist propaganda usually promises lots of goodies as well as national "freedom," but they are not of the essence of the contract, and the promise is often not kept. For example, material progress may be accelerated, usually is accelerated when the economic area of a state is large. The size of the United States is one reason for its wealth. But nationalism usually breaks up existing economic units (usually, not always), for, to the nationalist, progress in material well-being is empty if it does not mean progress in *national* well-being. A man can be *emotionally* well off only in a nation state to which he belongs, even if he could be *materially* better off in his mere material command of goods in a vaster nonnational or antinational area.

Thus, although not a perfect economic unit, the old Austro-Hungarian empire was a more satisfactory one than that created by the "succession" states. Yet it is now—and was in 1918—useless to point out this fact to the emergent nationalities. What they wanted was not well-being, but national well-being. It was a choice that the peoples of the old empire were free to make as a result of the Allied victory in the First World War. They made it, and no wisdom from above the battle, from Woodrow Wilson or Herbert Hoover, could have altered that fact.

After all, no such decision is as irrational as the decision to wage and endure war, and we are all conditioned to make that decision. "Give me liberty or give me death" is not only Patrick Henry's slogan. The same uneconomic choice can be seen nearer to the United States. What rational justification is there for the frontiers of Central America? The little republics round the waist of the Americas are "obviously" designed to be united or even to be united under Mexico. But suggest that to them! I am quite prepared to believe that even Panama, invented for the convenience of the United States, has bred in the past fifty years a genuine national feeling that will last—and may become a real nuisance to the United States, at any rate from a propaganda point of view. Why should Panama not imitate Egypt? And, from the nationalist point of view, there is no easy answer to that one.

The greatest single gift of British rule to India, perhaps the only one, was the creation of India. For it did not exist before the East India Company and then the British Indian government by war, by road, by railway, by law made a united government and a united economy for a subcontinent never before united in history under an effective central Indian government. But the first result of freedom for the India thus created was suicide. We now have India and Pakistan, the latter state a nation that did not exist, even as a name, fifty years ago. The one great good thing imperialism did was undone. The unity the French imposed on Indochina has not survived their defeat, and it is not certain that the unity of Indonesia (another artificial, imported name) will survive Dutch rule for long. All of these breakdowns in unity may have been worth while; they were certainly nearly, if not quite, inevitable, but they had a high price.

Nor is that all. The division of the imperial units suggests something about nationalism that is novel and ominous. Nationalism often, too often, *breeds* nationalism. Peoples who have got along more or less with each other under foreign rule suddenly develop violent antagonism when foreign rule is withdrawn or is threatened with collapse. For under the foreign tyrant some kind of neutrality could be imposed from above. If neither group ruled itself, it had not to worry about being ruled by its neighbors. But if those neighbors were on the way to becoming the ruling class, then the prospect of *local* foreign rule became intolerable. So the Indian Moslems revolted against the prospect of Hindu rule; Turkish turned on Greek Cypriots; and in once peaceful Ceylon, Sinhalese turned on Tamils as self-government, "freedom," got more complete. Nationalism, that is to say, is often the result of a reaction. If a government claims to embody a national tradition, a way of life, a language, a religion, or all of them, people have got to ask themselves is it really *their* way of life, language, religion? Often the answer given in blood and rapine is "No, a thousand times no." "Freedom" in these situations—and they are common enough—brings not peace, but a sword.

And this leads to the invention of nationalities, to the creation of new human groups cut off from the mass of mankind by new feuds, new and carefully fostered differences. It is, of course, too easy to be critical and cynical about the history manufactured for new nations or old nations making new claims. Popular history in all countries is full of comforting legend. It is largely because they have their nationalist growing pains far behind

Season's best!
VSQ
CORONET
VSQ
Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Give . . .
CORONET
VSQ
BRANDY
Enjoy the lighter, brighter brandy for holiday highballs and cocktails!
Luxurious gift decanter in handsome gift carton.
Full fifth at no extra cost!
The same award-winning brandy in de luxe decanter or regular fifth.
See your neighborhood liquor store now!
BRANDY DIST. CO., N. Y., N. Y. CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY, 84 PROOF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them that western European and North American nations can afford to be scholarly, critical; can debunk national heroes and legends, remember that Washington swore, and doubt the cherry tree. Some Americans in the South may even doubt whether Lee made the right choice in "going with his state" in 1861 instead of sticking with the United States, and some Germans may believe that Bismarck's temporary triumph was a long-run catastrophe for Germany and for Europe.

We cannot expect this kind of critical history from the new nations. We should be more struck with admiration than we are when we get an approach to it as we do in India in the educated classes, or when we think of Thomas Masaryk exposing the Dvur and Hora forgeries of the country's literary past, despite the fact that they flattered Czech national vanity. But we must be prepared today for a high degree of fiction in all or almost all nationalist propaganda, and the American people, full of kindness and credulity, must not be shocked when they discover that some interesting spokesmen for some interesting countries are prone to the use of what Huck Finn called "stretchers."

What is more important is the not infrequent case where historical fiction conceals from a long-suppressed and now renascent nation that its misfortunes are also largely its own fault. Except where the preponderance of power is overwhelmingly on the imperial side, and possibly not always then, the fact of subjection is a fact about the oppressed nation. It suggests weaknesses that mere freedom will not necessarily cure. Freedom may be (I think today it almost always is) the necessary preliminary to curing the weakness, but the weakness of resources, traditions, social habits is there to be cured. Waving a new flag makes you feel good, but that is about all.

It is difficult for Americans to realize that for a great part of the world, the views of poets and philosophers, of orators and legend makers are more important than the views of businessmen or scientists or economists. The Arabs are dazzled by their own past, seen in a golden haze. For two generations they have been asking the question why they, who once ruled the Mediterranean and brought civilization to the Christian barbarians, have been kicked around and subjected to foreign rule in their homelands. And the answer they expect must be encouraging. It must exaggerate the unity of the Arabs and suggest that only Western tyranny or local corruption prevents the creation of a great Arab nation stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. It must ignore permanent and desperate problems of inadequate resources (as in Egypt and Algeria); of undoubtedly Arab but totally anachronistic social structures (as in Yemen and Saudi Arabia). It must find in hatred of Israel a substitute for difficult problems of social and religious readjustment. It must be uncritical of the social results of Islam. And it must give a great place to treason. For all suppressed nations have a deep conviction of betrayal.

Let Erin remember the days of old
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
That he won from the proud invader.

What the Irish sang the new nationalities still sing, and so every national leader has to look over his shoulder to keep an eye on his countrymen, who may see in the possibly inevitable failures and limited successes of "freedom" not a result of the nature of things, but treachery. So Nuri-as-Said is butchered, so Gandhi is assassinated.

And the leaders who have to be watchful often become leaders by negation rather than by affirmation; they are against something (foreign rule) rather than for something, for basic changes in the internal structure of the nation, eradication of the very weaknesses that helped to produce foreign rule in the beginning. Of course, this is not always so. Nationalist leaders are sometimes preachers, as was Gandhi, of self-reform as well as of the expulsion of the foreigner. The Gaelic League, the chief begetter of modern Ireland, had as one of its slogans: "And as we are shall Banba (Ireland) be." But it is easier to damn the imperialists than to go in for fundamental self-criticism, and when the imperialist has been heaved out or has left under his own steam, the basic problems remain.

So the world is faced with the new states with inadequate economic resources, with erratic frontiers, with dissident minorities, with delusions of grandeur and, what is worse, of goodness. And all this is in a world where the new nations are almost all arising in poor regions where, even with the best and most rational government, the headaches would be frightful, where the problem of keeping abreast of the birth rate and of not actually going backward in well-being is serious enough to daunt the bravest. It is not being offensive or aggressive to assert that half the nations whose delegates give parties in New York round the United Nations building are too poor and too backward to give their peoples in the next generation even as good a government and as adequate a standard of life as the most backward European nation (let us say Portugal) or the most backward American state (let us say Mississippi) possesses.

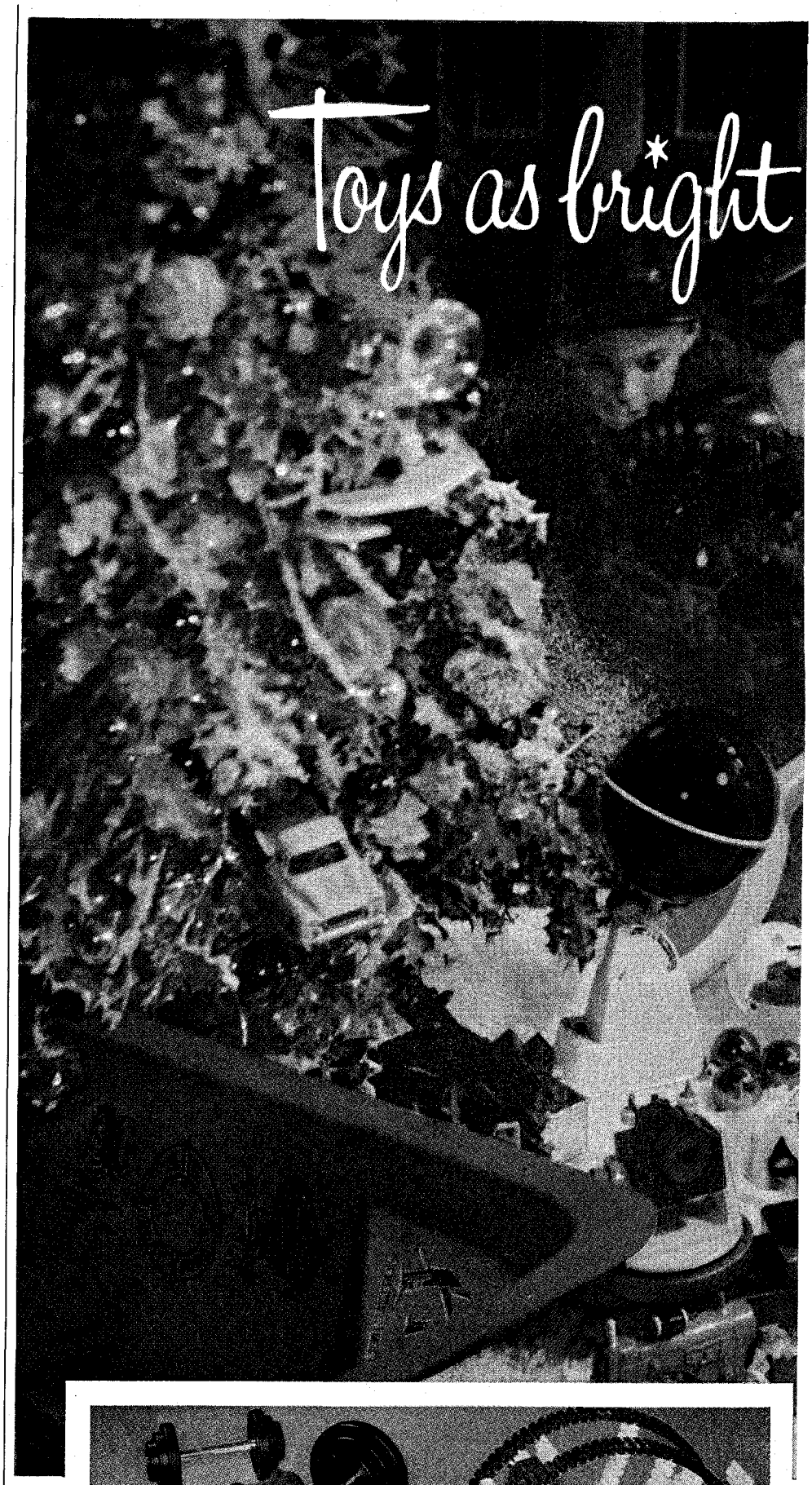
Freedom from imperial yoke may even be a luxury some of them (which could be named) can hardly afford. There are areas in the dwindling British and French empires that are (*Continued on Page 100*)

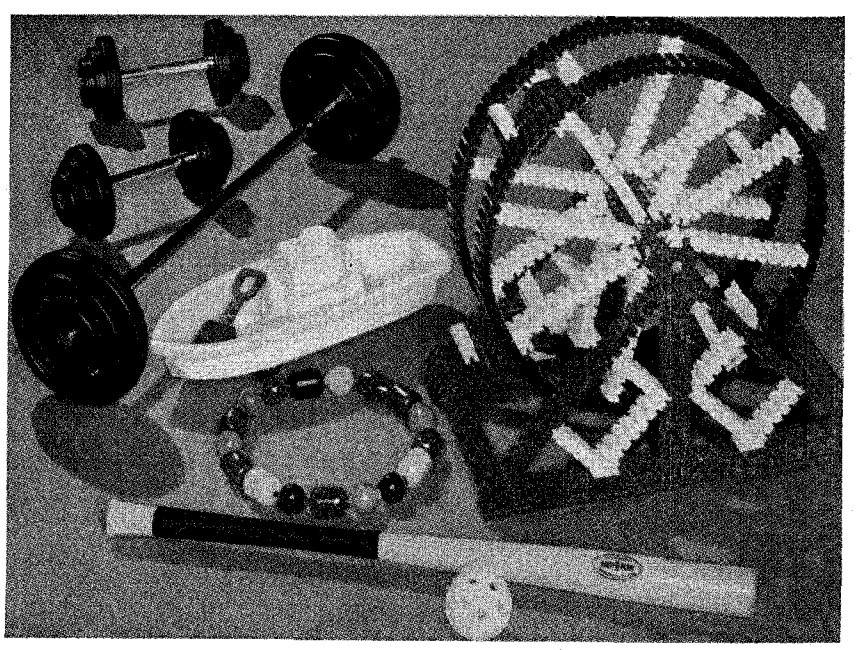
Belated Thanks

By Jane Merchant

I thank You, Lord, that You
have not withdrawn
One tint from diverse radiances
of dawn
For lack of thanks from me;
have not diminished
The number of the stars, or
left unfinished
One snowflake, flower or leaf,
for want of praise
For these sustaining mercies of
my days.

Accept my gratitude, long
overdue,
For blessings all the tinted
dawns renew,
For faithful friends, for work
and rest and mirth,
Splendor of sky and fruitfulness
of earth—
And that, when I am thankless,
tired and fretful,
Lord, You are never weary or
forgetful.





HERE ARE five children's favorites which won out over hundreds of entries this year in Koppers Toy Design Competition. Which one would make a hit with your youngsters?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLORFUL, IMAGINATIVE TOYS put a special twinkle in children's eyes. And when they're plastic toys, Mom's eyes will shine a little brighter, too. Newly developed plastics make safe toys. Non-toxic toys. No paint, no sharp edges, long-lasting, hard-to-break, *practical* toys. And plastic comes in all the colors of the rainbow.

Every one of the toys shown here is plastic. Surprised? Don't be. Plastics have come a long way in recent years, thanks to persevering research and development on the part of the chemical industry. Koppers, in its own right, produces four excellent plastics — DYLENE® polystyrene, DYLITE® expandable polystyrene, DYLAN® and SUPER DYLAN® polyethylenes. All have a wide variety of uses, not only in toys, but in many grown-up applications such as furniture, luggage, appliances, automobiles, and—well, just look around you.

Research and production in the field of plastics is but one way in which Koppers serves the nation's growing industries, so that they, in turn, may better serve you.

Koppers also produces chemicals, dyestuffs, tar products, and pressure-treated wood; designs and builds coke ovens, steel mills and chemical plants. Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

KOPPERS®

KOPPERS

. . . helping industry serve you better

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 98*) a dead loss to the imperial power; regions that cannot afford freedom, although only the most prudent of their leaders know this. For there is nothing in "the law of Nature and of Nature's God" that provides that an area with the linguistic and cultural unity that demands nationhood and will not be denied will have any of the other resources for even frugal well-being.

The great problem of the concentration of most of the world's wealth and technical competence in a small area of the globe has many nonpolitical aspects. It is to be noted that there is *no* first-class industrial power outside the temperate zones. But the political problem of the replacement of the empires by the nations is one of the governing conditions of any attempt to redress the imbalance that is so deeply and dangerously dividing the world. And it is the beginning of wisdom for Americans, conditioned as they are by their own largely irrelevant history of nation-making, to recognize that national freedom may be an obstacle to a quick redressing of the balance, both by creating doubtfully viable national units and by transferring authority to leaders whose competence has lain in the exploiting (all right, the heroic undoing) of a national grievance.

But if this is the beginning, it is not the end of wisdom. For it is not only a fact, if not a totally welcome fact, that the days of empire are over; it is a fact that the nation state offers possibilities of improvement that the empires either never did (which I doubt) or have ceased to do (which I admit). There is another fact. If one political truth is established today, it is that once the nationalist bug bites a group of human beings they cannot be cured except by national freedom, with all the possible social and economic disadvantages it may bring. Once an Algerian, for instance, decides that he is not a Frenchman and doesn't want to be one, rational economic argument is wasted. Bernard Shaw usually talked nonsense on political questions, but he occasionally talked sense, and his Irish origin illuminated much of this question for him. So, he wrote sense in his preface to John Bull's Other Island, the only play he ever devoted to his native land. "A conquered nation is like a man with a cancer: he can think of nothing else, and is forced to place himself, to the exclusion of all better company, in the hands of quacks who profess to treat or cure cancer." This is true, and the first great gain of freedom is that thought and effort can be devoted to something more immediately relevant than "freedom."

It does not follow, of course, that it will be. There are few greater emotional losses than a grievance that explains why things have gone wrong in terms of another's fault. Any father of a family can testify to that (and his children can testify, too, in another sense). To get freedom is to lose a grievance, and some nations have firmly refused to give up their darling excuse. Thus, if the people of the Argentine Republic devoted a tenth as much rational thought to the causes of their serious, but quite curable troubles that they have wasted on irrelevant and unjust spleen about "Yanqui" imperialism, they would be a great deal better off. If a patriotic Cuban put to himself the question, "Would we not have been materially better off if we had had more Yanqui imperialism?" and then admitted that some, if not all, of the troubles of Cuba are homemade, freedom would be an unmitigated good. Can any candid observer, looking at Haiti and the Dominican Republic, pretend that freedom is always an unmitigated good?

The beneficial effects of freedom can be seen in two such different former jewels of the English crown as Ireland and India. For more than a generation of freedom has taught most of the inhabitants of the Irish Republic that their troubles are no longer of England's making, that "the border" is neither here nor there in the bookkeeping of a declining nation, that the Gaelic League was right: "And as we are shall Banba be." Even an act which, seen from the outside, seems one of the most foolish ever perpetrated by a rational community—the exit from the Commonwealth in 1948—may have been worth the price in making plain to the Irish people that a republic left them where they were, with the basic problem of why the Irish won't, if they can help it, live in Ireland.

The problems of India are so gigantic that courage fails the spectator (but not the Indians). But one great gain is the creation of a government that does not hesitate to face Indian abuses such as the caste system. The government of Nehru makes many mistakes, but it can, through the mouth of the Prime Minister, preach to the Indians the lesson that it is now up to them. No British government could do that. It can risk appearing "antireligious" as no British government dared risk appearing. It has not succeeded in abolishing untouchability or in winning over all the primitive tribes of India. It has not undone many centuries of limitations on the role of women. It has not succeeded in giving India what India needs badly, a competent and enlightened business class. But it has made beginnings in all these fields. It has kept India from becoming a mere "Hindustan." And it has made it possible for Indians to borrow from the West with no feeling of humiliation.

There is nothing that the new Indian government did that enlightened British officials didn't see as desirable. But, in this century, the British government in India had lost the power to innovate. An imperial power that begins to doubt its mission is rightly doomed. The old, confident, authoritarian British rulers stamped out the burning of widows, the religious murders of the Thugs, abolished backward kingdoms like Oudh and introduced in a fine philistine fashion the English language as the *lingua franca* of all India. These things, with the Indian army (obedient to civilian authority) and civil service (uniquely honest and competent in Asia), were great British legacies, but it was time for the British to go. Talk to an Indian who is now liberated from the need to think, all the time, in terms of national freedom, and you see the gain. He may even think that Macaulay, imposing English, had something to be said for him as he contemplates the bloody riots over languages that freedom has brought and the danger that an "Indian" national language such as Hindi may be a source of disunion and breed a new Pakistan in the south.

If this is the first, it is not the only gain. Indian nationalism may be simply the fruit of anti-British feeling, but it is a fact and gives India a new unity most necessary in a land divided by language, race, caste. It gives the Indian a new feeling of not being looked down on, and so a new freedom in his attitude to the outer world into which India has been dragged. True, the kind of dignity that nationalism breeds may be touchy, offensive, unrealistic, but there is no substitute for it. As the American Negro is no longer content to be grateful for concessions made from above, all over the world hundreds of millions of men are finding a new meaning in life, a new loyalty to something bigger than the village, the caste, the tribe.

It is not in solving immediate technical problems of well-being that the nations score over the empires. They often handle them, for quite a long time, worse than the imperial rulers did. It is in creating a new type of human being, who may not, it is true, adjust himself adequately to the new world, but at least is not doomed to fail in that adjustment as the empires finally became doomed to fail.

If the American abandons the fallacious parallel with the facts of the American Revolution (as apart from the spirit of '76) and contemplates the new world that is coming into being, he will be forced to avoid snap and easily systematic judgments (especially the judgment that assesses the worth and prospects of a new nation by its willingness to be noisily anti-Communist). He will see many nations running before they can walk—and so falling; demanding steel mills when what they need is more wells and better seed; aspiring after the heights of atomic cannon when they need to learn how to maintain a truck; above all, pouring out endless floods of what it may be too unkind to call mendacity, but can justly be called nonobjective information.

He will find few nations willing—or able—to imitate all or most of the American way of life, social, political, economic. If he wishes to help the world (as many do), he will have to learn to help it in un-American ways, to learn un-American qualities such as patience and the willingness to wait a long time for results. If what he wants is allies against Communism, he will find in nationalism the most, perhaps the only effective force against international Communism, even when that nationalism is unwilling to stand up and be counted. For the great battles will probably be fought in the hearts of men, not on material beaches where marines can land, but in a world now effectually united for the first time in history by material means and divided by passion and envy. One may regret the old imperial days, but the awkward and often unprogressive nationalist world is that in which we all must now live.

THE END

The author recommends the following books to readers who wish to explore this subject further:

Guillaume, Alfred
ISLAM
Penguin Books
$.85

Atiyah, Edward
THE ARABS
Penguin Books
$.65

Richmond, Anthony
THE COLOR PROBLEM
Penguin Books
$.85

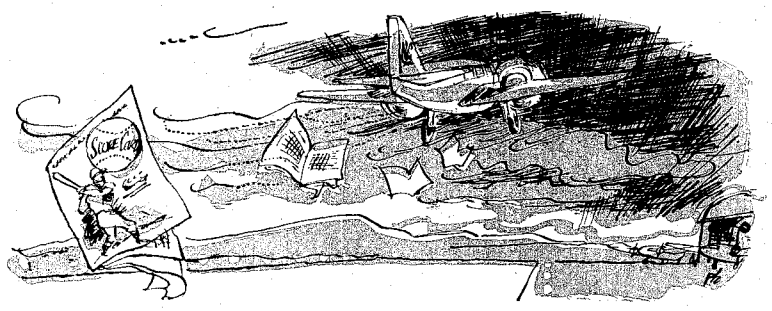
Brogan, D. W.
PRICE OF REVOLUTION
Harper
$3.50

Jennings, Sir Ivor
THE APPROACH TO SELF-GOVERNMENT
Cambridge
$3.00

Hancock, W. Keith
WEALTH OF COLONIES
Cambridge
$1.75

Nuseibeh, Hazem Zaki
THE IDEAS OF ARAB NATIONALISM
Cornell
$4.00

Staley, Eugene
THE FUTURE OF UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES
Harpers
$5.00



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

The Ace Promotion Company, to drum up business, authorized its salesmen to entertain customers. Roger, a top salesman, telephoned his boss one evening that he was flying three important customers to a night ball game in his private plane. As the boss did not disapprove, they took off. On its midnight flight back, the plane crashed, killing Roger and all three customers. The widow of one customer sued the company.

"You are liable because the invitation to fly was a business one, and my husband had every right to assume that your man, in issuing it, knew how to fly safely," the widow contended. "Now, investigation reveals that he was inexperienced in night flying."

"Your husband assumed all risks of the flight when he accepted Roger's invitation," the company lawyer replied.

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court said the invitation was a business one, and that the victim was entitled to suppose that the pilot was capable. He did not assume the risk of night flying with an inexperienced pilot, the court added, as he did not know of the pilot's inexperience in that respect.

Based upon a 1954 Idaho decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greater Philadelphia's DIVERSIFICATION
insures industry its economic stability

Business fares far better in a diversified economy. In Greater Philadelphia, where 400 of the nation's 460 basic industries are represented, business is in a particularly strong position to deal with new economic developments. Among the many other advantages in this area which help to create industrial stability are: huge markets that can be reached overnight, easy accessibility to raw materials, a vast transportation network, and superior research facilities. Add to these factors abundant, low-priced electric power, and you realize why men of vision cannot afford to overlook Greater Philadelphia as the site for their new plant.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC COMPANY

A business-managed, tax-paying utility company owned by more than 100,000 stockholders . . . Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 43)

Homicide Squad of the police department; that he had gone to the San Sebastian Country Club and had examined the body and the car.

"Did you make any examination of the surrounding terrain?" Marshall asked.

"I did."

"Did you find anything which you considered significant?"

"I did."

"Please tell us what it was that you found."

Sergeant Holcomb glanced triumphantly at Perry Mason. "Concealed in the brush, within about twenty yards of the place where the automobile was parked, I found a printing press."

"What sort of a printing press?" Marshall asked.

"A portable printing press of a very good quality which was capable of doing good work. It weighed in the vicinity of eighty-five pounds, I would say."

"What else can you tell us about that printing press, sergeant?"

"A name and address had been set in type in that press. The name was the name of the defendant in this case and the address was her address in San Francisco."

"Did you find anything else significant about that printing press?"

"I did."

"What?"

"There was the imprint of a finger in the ink on the steel table over which the rollers ran when the press was operated."

"Can you describe that ink?"

"It is a very thick, sticky ink such as is used in printing presses of that type."

"That ink was thick enough and sticky enough to hold a fingerprint?"

"It held it very well, yes, sir."

"And were you able to identify the fingerprint which was on that table?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely."

"Whose print was it?"

"It was the print of the middle finger of the right hand of the defendant in this case."

"Now then, Sergeant Holcomb, you described the operation of the press. As I understand it, if the press had been actuated after that print had been made, the print would have been obliterated by the joint action of the rubber rollers."

"That is correct."

"Did you find anything else in your search of the premises, Sergeant Holcomb?"

"I did."

"What?"

"I found an empty twenty-two-caliber cartridge case."

"Do you have that with you?"

"I do."

Sergeant Holcomb produced an envelope from his pocket, opened it, took out a small glass bottle which contained an empty .22-caliber cartridge case.

"This you found where?"

"At a point about twenty-eight feet, as nearly as we could tell, twenty-eight feet and two inches from the steering wheel of the automobile in which the body of Mervin Selkirk was found."

"What was the nature of the terrain at that point?"

"It was brushy—three-foot brush."

"A hedge?"

"No, just brush—native brush."

"That's all," Marshall said. . . . "You may inquire, Mr. Mason."

"What was the nature of the terrain where you found the printing press?" Mason asked.

"The same. It was covered with native brush."

"Was it sitting straight up or was it on an angle, as would have been the case if it had been thrown into the brush?"

"It was sitting straight up."

"As though it had been carefully placed there?"

"I can't say as to that. It was sitting straight up."

"And the fingerprint of the defendant was not smudged in any way?"

"No, sir, it was a perfect print."

"Did you find any other prints on the press?"

"Well, I didn't process the press myself. The fingerprint expert did."

"In your presence?"

"Yes, in my presence and in the presence of Lieutenant Tragg."

"Also of Homicide?"

"Yes."

"And were there any other latent prints which you saw developed on that press?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know of your own knowledge whose prints they were?"

"Well, I understood they were the prints of the decedent."

"No other prints of the defendant?"

"None that I know of."

"Would it have been possible for a woman of the build of the defendant to pick up an eighty-five-pound printing press of this sort and transport it into the brush without leaving fingerprints on it?"

"Certainly. She could have used gloves."

"Did you see any indication in the brush that it had been trampled?"

"Yes, there were places where the brush had been broken."

"Could you get any footprints?"

"No."

"How are things otherwise?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, sergeant, you're an expert crime investigator."

"I consider myself such."

"In transporting an object awkward to carry, such as a printing press of that sort, the transportation of that heavy, unwieldy object would have been attended with some difficulty?"

"I would say so."

"And do you consider that the press was placed there at night?"

"I don't know."

"It is a probability?"

"Yes."

"Moving in the dark that way, through brush, there was quite a possibility the person would have stumbled?"

"Perhaps if the press had been transported in the dark; but we don't know that it happened in the dark."

"Why not?"

"The person could have used a flashlight."

"I see," Mason said. "Holding an eighty-five-pound printing press in one hand and a flashlight in the other?"

"She could have held it in her mouth," Sergeant Holcomb said.

"I see," Mason said. "You are assuming that the defendant transported the press to this place of concealment."

"Yes."

"She did that, in your opinion, in order to conceal the press?"

"Naturally."

"She carried this press in her hands and a flashlight in her teeth?"

"So I would assume."

"In picking up such a press in the condition of the press which you found, there would have been ink on the rollers?"

"Yes."

"And ink on the table?"

"Yes."

"And ink on the edges of the steel table?"

"To some extent, yes."

"And isn't it a fact that in picking up the press, the edges of the steel table would have pressed against the forearms of the person picking it up?"

"They might."

"And that would have left ink on the garments of the defendant, if she had been carrying it?"

"She might have been wearing short sleeves."

"At night?"

"Yes."

"And it would have been difficult to transport that press through the brush at night without stumbling and falling?"

"I don't know."

"You were the one who found the press?"

"I was," Sergeant Holcomb said, beaming with pride.

"And when you found it, were there other persons present?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"Two technicians and Lieutenant Tragg."

"And did you call to them to come and see what you had found?"

"Yes."

"And they came over to where you were standing in the brush?"

"Yes."

"And did any of them stumble?"

"Lieutenant Tragg caught his foot and fell flat."

"Did any of the others stumble?"

"The fingerprint man almost fell."

"Neither of these people was carrying anything?"

"No."

"And it was daylight?"

"Yes."

"Now, if the defendant had been trying to conceal the printing press, sergeant, why would she have concealed it so near the scene of the crime?"

"You'd better ask her," Sergeant Holcomb said. "She's your client."

"That will do," Judge Kent said sharply. "There will be no repartee between witness and counsel. Answer the question."

"I think, if the court please," Marshall said, "the question is argumentative and not proper cross-examination."

"It certainly is argumentative," Judge Kent said. "I was wondering if there would be an objection on that ground. The objection is sustained."

"Assuming," Mason said, "that some person, either the defendant or someone else, murdered Mervin Selkirk at the place where his car was parked, it is obvious that the murderer must have made an escape, presumably by automobile. Did you check the vicinity for the tire tracks of another automobile, sergeant?"

"Certainly," Sergeant Holcomb said. "We don't overlook the obvious."

"And did you find any such tracks?" Mason asked.

"We did not. The parking place had been hard-topped and there were no other significant tire tracks."

"Did you say you didn't overlook the obvious?"

"That is quite correct," Sergeant Holcomb said.

"Then how did it happen that you overlooked the obvious fact that if a person had wanted to conceal the printing press, the murderer would have taken it away in the escape car rather than leave it in the brush within some sixty feet of the decedent's body, where it was certain to be discovered?"

"That question is objected to as argumentative," Marshall said.

Judge Kent smiled faintly.

"It was merely addressed to the statement of the

(Continued on Page 104)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

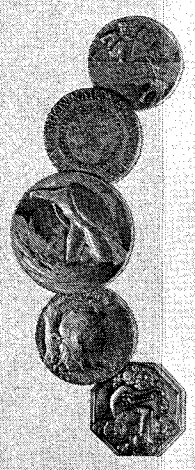
A Christmas Gift Watch—

A LIVING MEMENTO OF YOU

NO OTHER gift shares one's whole life so intimately as a fine watch. No mechanical marvel of this age serves so faithfully, for so long, at so small a cost. No other personal possession engenders so much affection, such pride of ownership. A truly fine watch, a Longines, becomes a living memento of you. ¶ But you may ask, "Isn't this true of *any* watch?" We do not think so. All watches tell time after a fashion, for a few months, or a few years. Longines watches run with incredible steadiness, reliability, accuracy—indefinitely. How wonderful to know where one stands with time *all the time!* ¶ The superiority of Longines watches is not just a claim. Longines watches have won more honors for excellence, elegance and accuracy than any other timepiece in the whole world—are rated by experts as the world's finest*. ¶ This Christmas give the finest watch you can afford. And you can afford a Longines, a lifetime gift of the finest timekeeping service; a lifetime gift of beauty, too, for Longines watches are styled with ageless good taste. The price can be as little as $71.50, and there is a Longines type for every need and service, a style for every personality. ¶ Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler makes it easy to give the Longines watch of your choosing. Budget payments can always be arranged and he will allow full value for a watch taken in trade. ¶ *The world's most honored Christmas gift is Longines, the world's most honored watch.* For a booklet, write Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*Except for certain individually hand-made watches, such as Vacheron & Constantin, which sell at approximately three times Longines' prices.

Left to right—from the 1959 collection of Longines watches for her—*"Eldorado C"*—semi-bracelet 14K gold watch, $125; *"Starlight Radiance"*—8 diamonds set in 14K gold, $225; *"Diamond Coronation L"*—elegant 18K gold case circled with 34 diamonds, $395; *"Starlight Rhapsody"*—14K gold watch, 10 diamonds, $195; *"St. Moritz"*—case and mesh bracelet are 14K gold, $325. Other Longines watches for ladies and gentlemen priced from $71.50.



LONGINES

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Championship Sports The World Over Including

OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES
CALIFORNIA 1960

PAN AMERICAN GAMES
CHICAGO 1959

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 102*) witness that the police didn't overlook the obvious," Mason observed.

This time Judge Kent's smile broadened. "Well, that was a statement which the witness shouldn't have volunteered," he said. "And, while it is a temptation to overrule the objection because of the manner in which the assertion was volunteered, the court will sustain the objection on the ground that it is argumentative."

Judge Kent looked at Perry Mason, bowed slightly and said, "However, the court will note that counsel has made his point."

"Thank you, your honor," Mason said. "That is all."

Marshall called Lieutenant Tragg to the stand. "Lieutenant Tragg, did you make any search of the room which had been occupied by the defendant on the night of the seventeenth and eighteenth—that is, Friday night and Saturday morning?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"What did you find, if anything?" Marshall asked.

"Under the pillow of the bed I found a twenty-two-caliber Colt automatic of the type known as a Colt Woodsman, Number 21323-S."

"Will you produce it, please?"

Lieutenant Tragg opened a briefcase which he had taken in with him and produced the weapon.

"Were there any fingerprints on this weapon?" Marshall asked.

"None that we were able to use—that is, none that were legible."

"Now, can you tell us exactly where you found this weapon?"

"Yes, sir. I found it under the pillow of the bed in the front room of the house occupied by Barton and Lorraine Jennings."

"Do you know that this was a room occupied by the defendant?"

"Not of my own knowledge, no, sir. I know only that it was a room in the front of the house, and I know that the defendant had once been in that room."

"How do you know that?"

"Her fingerprints were in various parts of the room—on doorknobs, by a mirror, on a table top and in other places."

"Did you photograph the exact position of the gun after the pillows had been removed?"

"I did."

"May I see it, please?"

Tragg produced a photograph from the briefcase. Marshall stepped to the witness stand to take it from the witness, showed it to Perry Mason and said, "I would like to introduce this in evidence."

The photograph showed the head of a bed, a rumpled sheet, two pillows and an automatic lying on the rumpled sheet.

"I would like to introduce this in evidence," Marshall repeated.

"No objections," Mason said.

"Cross-examine the witness," Marshall said.

"I take it, Lieutenant Tragg," Mason said, "that the pillows which are shown in the photograph had been moved prior to the time the photograph was taken?"

"Yes, sir."

"But the gun was in exactly the same position that it was when you found it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in removing the pillows, the gun was not disturbed?"

"No, sir."

"In removing those pillows, you were looking for a weapon, were you not?"

"We hoped to find a weapon, yes."

"That's all," Mason said.

"If the court please," Marshall said, "Lieutenant Tragg can, of course, corroborate the finding of the empty cartridge case and the finding of the printing press, but I didn't ask him about those matters because this is merely a preliminary hearing, and since Sergeant Holcomb has already given his testimony, I see no reason in cluttering up the record. I will state, however, to counsel that if he desires to cross-examine Lieutenant Tragg upon these matters, we have no objection."

"I have only one question on cross-examination in regard to that phase of the case," Mason said. He turned to Tragg. "Do you think it would be possible to pick up the printing press in question without getting some smears of ink on your clothing?"

"It would be possible," Tragg said.

"But it would require some care in order to avoid doing so?"

"It would."

"Who carried the printing press out from its place of concealment to the car which eventually transported it to police headquarters?"

"I did."

"Did you get ink on your clothing?"

"Unfortunately, I did."

"You have heard Sergeant Holcomb's testimony about your fall in going through the brush?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you fall?"

"I fell."

"Did you fall going out with the printing press?"

"No, sir; I used great care."

"But it was daylight?"

"It was daylight."

"In your opinion, Lieutenant Tragg, as an officer, was the printing press placed in a position of concealment where it was reasonably safe from detection?"

"It couldn't be said to be safe from detection in the sort of examination which is usually made in a homicide case."

"In other words, you don't join with Sergeant Holcomb in considering that his discovery of the printing press represented an epochal achievement in the chronicles of crime detection?"

There was a ripple of laughter in the courtroom and Marshall angrily objected.

"The objection is sustained," Judge Kent said, but again there was a ghost of a twinkle in his eyes."

"No further questions," Mason said.

"We ask that the twenty-two Colt automatic, Number 21323-S be received in evidence," Marshall said.

"No objection," Mason said.

"Call Alexander Redfield," Marshall said.

Redfield, the ballistics and firearms expert, came forward, was sworn and qualified himself as an expert.

Having been the victim of some of Mason's ingenious cross-examination in the past, the expert was exceedingly careful in answering questions.

"I show you a Colt Woodsman automatic, Number 21323-S, which has been received in evidence," Marshall said, "and ask you if you have conducted a series of experiments with that weapon and if you have examined it."

"I have."

"I show you a twenty-two-caliber bullet which has been received in evidence and which the testimony shows was the so-called fatal bullet taken from the body of Mervin Selkirk, and ask you if you have examined that bullet."

"I have."

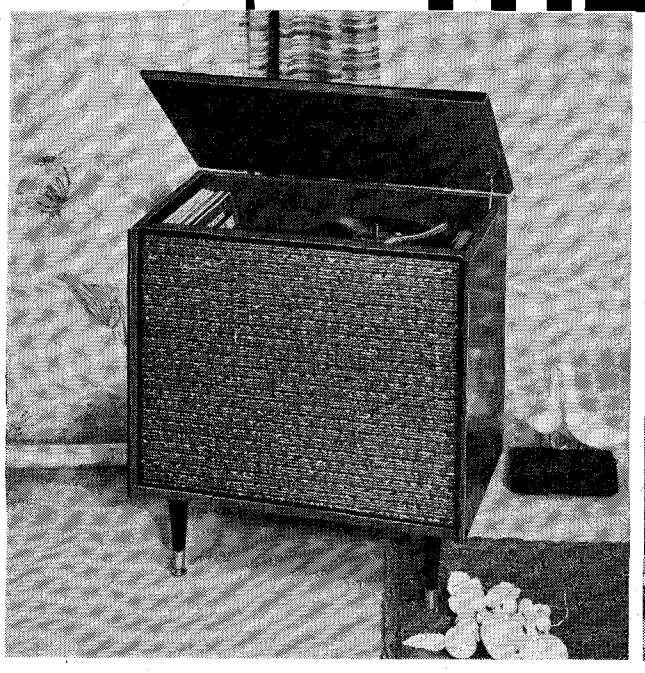
"Did that bullet come from this gun?" Marshall asked.

"I don't know."

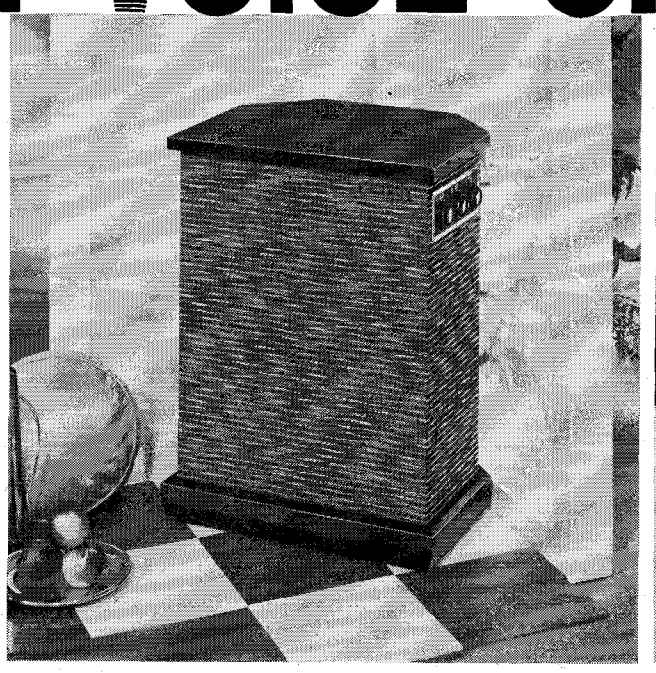
"You don't know?"

"No, sir. I know that it was fired from a weapon made by the Colt's manufac-

THE VOICE OF MUSIC



New V-M Stereo Console plays stereo and standard records—all speeds, all sizes. Wide-range, two-speaker sound system, powerful 12-watt amplifier in a smart, low cabinet. *Blonde or mahogany, Model 563* . . . **$179.95***



New V-M Amplifier-Speaker System is the perfect companion to the Stereo Console, ideal second sound source in any stereo set-up. *Blonde, mahogany or walnut, Model 167 from* **$99.95***

V-M 'tape-o-matic'® Tape Recorder records "your" selections monaurally from radio, TV, phono; plays back in flawless high-fidelity, plays all stereo tape recordings. America's favorite portable. *Two-tone gray, Model 714* **$225***

V-M StereoVoice Amplifier-Speaker System *exactly* matches the 'tape-o-matic' in style and performance. An excellent, economical second sound source. *Two-tone gray, Model 166* **$75***

The Voice of Music, pioneer in popular-priced stereo, offers a wide choice of component-quality stereo reproducing systems. Whether you prefer stereo on record or on tape—or both—whether you're adding to present equipment or starting fresh, whether you have a little or a lot to spend, make the Voice of Music your choice for music.

*Slightly higher in the West

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turing company similar to this weapon, but I can't say that it came from this particular weapon."

"Why not? Can't you usually tell whether a given bullet comes from a given weapon?"

"Usually you can tell."

"How?"

"There are certain characteristics which are known as class characteristics," Redfield said. "Those relate to the pitch of the lands in the barrel, the dimensions of the lands and grooves, the direction in which they turn, the angle of turn which gives a twist, or rotation, to the bullet, and from those class characteristics we can generally tell the make of weapon from which the bullet was fired.

"In addition to these general or class characteristics there are characteristics which are known as individual characteristics. Those are little striations which are found on a bullet, and are caused by individualized markings in the barrel itself. By comparing these markings, we are able to tell whether the striations on a fatal bullet coincide with those on a test bullet fired through a weapon, and from that determine whether a bullet was fired from a certain weapon."

"But you are unable to make that determination in the present case?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because the barrel of the gun Number 21323-S has been tampered with."

"What do you mean by being tampered with?"

"That's the best way I can explain it. It is as though someone had taken a small circular file, of the type known as a rattail file, and scratched and filed the interior of the barrel so that the characteristics were entirely altered—that is, the individual characteristics."

"In your opinion, that was done?"

"In my opinion, the barrel was tampered with, yes, sir."

"Do you know when?"

"After the last bullet had been fired through that barrel."

"How do you know that?"

"Because of bits of metallic dust, or scrapings, which remained inside the barrel of the gun and the peculiar appearance of certain blemishes in the barrel which would have been altered in appearance by the firing of a bullet."

"Now then, I call your attention to the empty cartridge case introduced in evidence and found near the place where

---

The trouble with money is it talks too much and buys too little.

IMOGENE FEY

Mervin Selkirk's body was found. I ask you if you are able to tell whether that empty cartridge case had been fired in the gun in question."

"Yes. That cartridge was exploded or fired in the weapon which has been introduced in evidence."

"How can you determine that?"

"By a microscopic examination of the imprint of the firing pin in the rim of the shell, and a microscopic examination of the ejector marks on the cartridge case."

"You may cross-examine," Marshall said to Mason.

"Did you check the ownership or registration of this weapon, Number 21323-S?" Mason asked Redfield.

"I did. Yes, sir."

"And who is the registered owner of that weapon?"

"Mr. Barton Jennings."

"You found the weapon in his house?"

"Yes."

"Now, let me see if I understand your testimony," Mason said. "If the defendant in this case had killed Mervin Selkirk, she would have gone to a house owned by Barton Jennings; she would have found some way of possessing herself of a weapon belonging to Barton Jennings; she would then have left the house and gone to the San Sebastian Country Club; she would have fired a single shell which resulted in a fatal wound, bringing death to Mervin Selkirk, and then, regardless of whether she carried an eighty-five-pound printing press out into the brush in the dark without stumbling, tearing her clothes or getting ink all over her garments, she would have returned to her room in the Jennings house, would have taken a rattail file and spent some time working on the barrel of the gun so that the bullet could not be identified, and then would have conveniently left that gun under the pillow of the bed in which she had been sleeping, so that you could find it there without any difficulty?"

"Your honor, I object," Marshall said. "The question is argumentative. It assumes facts not in evidence. It is not proper cross-examination."

"The objection is overruled," Judge Kent said after some deliberation. "Counsel is asking the witness if certain things must have happened, if his testimony is true. He is asking that question for the purpose of trying to understand the opinion testimony of the witness. I will permit the question for that one limited purpose."

"Something like that would have had to take place," Redfield admitted reluctantly. "However, I have no way of knowing the sequence of the events or who altered the barrel of the gun. It is quite possible that the defendant could have left the gun under the pillow and that thereafter some other person could have altered the barrel by mutilating it with a rattail file."

"Exactly," Mason said, smiling. "Now we're coming to the point which I wish to bring out, Mr. Redfield. You state that you have no way of knowing who altered the barrel?"

"That is correct."

"You assume that someone else could have done it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That alteration of the barrel required the use of a long, thin, circular file of the type known as a rattail file?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know if any such implement was found in the possession of the defendant?"

"No, sir."

"It is not the type of implement that a woman would customarily carry in her purse?"

"Objected to as argumentative and calling for a conclusion of the witness," Marshall said. "The witness is an expert on firearms, not on women's purses."

"Sustained," Judge Kent ruled.

"But you have stated that it is quite possible that some other person—such as Barton Jennings, for instance—took this weapon from under the pillow and mutilated the barrel with a file and then replaced it?"

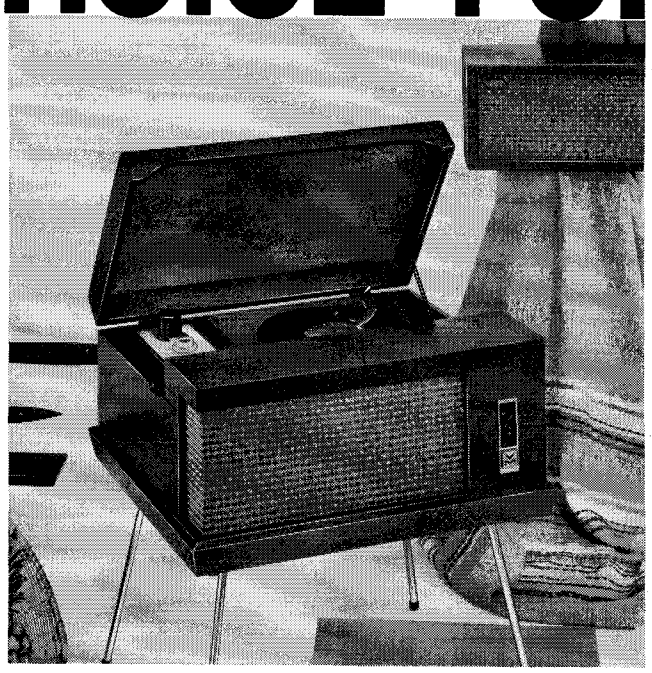
"Yes, sir."

"Now, isn't it equally plausible to assume," Mason said, "that the barrel of the weapon was mutilated and then it was placed under the pillow of the bed in which the defendant had slept, and that that was the first time the weapon had ever been in that bed?"

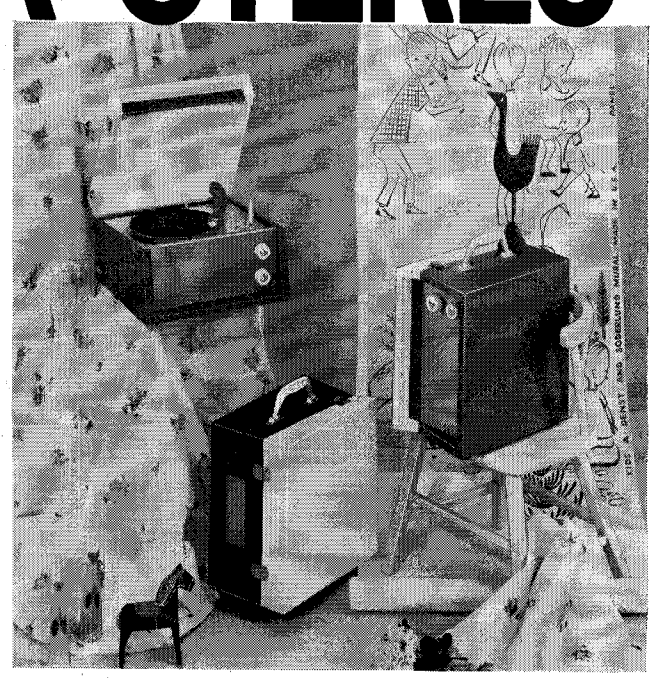
"That, of course, is an assumption which can be drawn," Redfield said.

FIRST CHOICE FOR STEREO

V-M 'Capriccio' Stereo Hi-Fi Console Combination includes AM-FM tuner, stereo cartridge, diamond needle, new 'Stere-O-Matic'® changer in beautiful Italian Renaissance cabinet. *Mahogany, Model 571,* **$365*.** *Phono only, Model 570.....* **$245***



V-M's Fabulous 'Fidelis'® stereo-hi-fi consolette phonograph plays everything on records through a superlative speaker system. *Blonde, mahogany, walnut or ebony (legs optional). Model 562 from.....* **$159.95***



V-M 'Songfest' Four-speed Portable Phonograph is America's best buy in its class. It's easy to operate, practically indestructible. *Red-and-white, blue-and-white or green-and-white, Model 215,.....* **$32.50***

V-M makes a complete line for gifts and for you. There's a model for every age, every purse.

Make it a musical Christmas—make it a Voice of Music Christmas! See and hear the complete line of V-M quality-component instruments at your dealer's NOW!

V-M CORPORATION • BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

World Famous for the Finest in Phonographs, Tape Recorders and Record Changers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

tells her own Christmas story

". . . a story about the most important story I've ever told in all my life." That's how Shirley Temple describes the near tragedy that overtook her family and made Christmas mean more to her this year than ever before. A very unusual, very wondrous, very warm article—to make Christmas mean even more to you too.

DECEMBER ISSUE YOUR GUIDE TO A MERRIER CHRISTMAS

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

CHRISTMAS GIFT-PLANNING SPECIAL

Dozens of sure-to-please gifts are illustrated and told about in a special Christmas shopping section. There are all sorts of unique, not-very-expensive things, from Alligator Pillows to Zany Salt Shakers. And more wonderful ideas in advertisements by America's leading manufacturers.

CHRISTMAS DECORATING PATTERN—FREE

There's a complete, easy-to-follow pattern for assembling a jolly space-age Santa. And The American Home shows you how to dress up your home and garden with other lovely, clever Christmas ideas. It's rewarding family fun.

CHRISTMAS IDEAS SPECIAL

From cover to cover, the December American Home is filled with the 101 ideas that will make your Christmas preparations easier . . . that will make Christmas all the better for you and your family.

Get the December AMERICAN HOME

WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD!

"A weapon of this sort placed upon a sheet leaves a certain imprint?"

"It may."

"I call your attention to the photograph which has been introduced in evidence showing the weapon in place where it was found, and ask you if you can find any place on that sheet as shown in the photograph where it appears that the weapon could have previously reposed."

The witness studied the photograph. "No, sir, I cannot."

"It would have been virtually impossible to pick the weapon up, mutilate the barrel and then restore it to the exact position from which it had been taken?"

"It would not have been impossible—well, that depends on what you mean by the exact position."

"I mean the exact position."

"Well, if you are talking about a thousandth of an inch, it would have been virtually impossible. But it could have been carefully placed so that it was in virtually the same position from which it had been taken."

Mason stepped forward and said, "I now hand you an empty cartridge case and ask you to compare that with the cartridge case which has previously been introduced in evidence and to examine carefully the mark of the firing pin and the marks made by the automatic ejector, and ask you if it appears to you that both cartridges were fired from the weapon in question."

Redfield took the empty cartridge case which Mason handed him, took a magnifying glass from his pocket, studied it carefully and said, "I can't tell you, Mr. Mason, with such examination as I can make at this time. I can state that it has the external appearances of having been fired from this weapon, but in order to make certain, I would have to make a very careful check of the impression left by the firing pin in the rim of the cartridge case."

"How long would that take?"

"Perhaps a couple of hours."

"I suggest that you do it," Mason said. "I also suggest that you take great care to mark this cartridge case so that it can be identified again and that there can be no confusion."

"Now just a moment," Marshall said. "I don't know what counsel is getting at, but this is the same old run-around. As far as this case is concerned, it doesn't make any difference where this empty cartridge case came from. It doesn't have any bearing on the case. It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It is, however, a well-known fact that in cases of this sort counsel has a habit of cross-examining experts by juggling bullets, by introducing other weapons and generally confusing the issues."

"Do you mean that I substitute evidence?" Mason asked angrily.

"I mean that you juggle evidence."

"That will do," Judge Kent ruled. "There will be no repartee between counsel. The court will do the talking. The objection is overruled. The question will stand and the expert will be asked to make tests on the cartridge case presented to him by Mr. Perry Mason as counsel for the defense. And since the matter has come up, the court will take this opportunity of stating that this is a perfectly legitimate question, regardless of where this cartridge case came from. This is an attempt to cross-examine the witness by testing his qualifications as an expert. If the witness has stated that one cartridge case came from a given weapon, it is certainly within the province of the defense to give him another cartridge case and ask him if that cartridge case also came from that same weapon.

"The court is inclined to agree with Mr. Mason that in a case involving the life or liberty of a citizen, counsel representing the defendant should have the greatest latitude in cross-examination, and that it is not the purpose or intent of the law to have the cross-examination confined to a conventional type of attack. If counsel has the ingenuity and the wit to bring in a collateral line of attack, which is still pertinent but somewhat unconventional, counsel should be accorded that privilege.

"The court may further state that the court has heard criticism of Perry Mason's somewhat unorthodox methods of cross-examination before. That criticism is usually voiced by prosecutors. As far as this court is concerned, the primary function of cross-examination is to test the recollection, the skill and the accuracy of witnesses. Any method, regardless of how unconventional or dramatic that method may be, which tends to bring about the desired object is going to be perfectly permissible in this court. It is far better to resort to the unorthodox and the dramatic than it is to have an innocent defendant convicted of crime.

"Since there is no jury present and this is a proceeding addressed to the sound discretion of the court, the court is also going to state that the court itself is very anxious to have this question cleared up. Why in the name of sense should any person use a weapon in order to commit a murder, then return that weapon to a position where it is certain to be found and connected with the defendant, but first go to all the bother of mutilating the barrel so that the weapon cannot be identified?"

"May I answer that question?" Marshall asked Judge Kent.

"I'd be glad to have you try to do so," Judge Kent said.

"The answer is simply this," Marshall said: "The defendant perhaps did not deliberately intend to commit premeditated murder. She went to meet Mervin Selkirk; she possessed herself of a weapon. We don't know what happened at that meeting; that is for the defendant to tell us, if she chooses to take the stand. But she did press the trigger of that gun and released the bullet which killed Mervin Selkirk. Then she returned to the room where she had been sleeping and, because she didn't know that the identity of the weapon could be checked by microscopic comparison of the impression made by the firing pin on the rim of the cartridge, she thought she would cover her back trail by mutilating the barrel of the weapon so that the weapon which fired the fatal bullet could never be identified."

"And then left the weapon conveniently under her pillow?" Judge Kent asked.

"Yes, your honor, we know she must have done that. The evidence shows she did."

Judge Kent shook his head, indicating utter disbelief.

"The reason she did that," Marshall went on, "as we shall presently show, is that the weapon had been left in a certain bureau drawer in the room which she occupied. She opened that bureau drawer. Her fingerprints were found on the drawer. Having possessed herself of that weapon, she felt that it might be more incriminating if she returned it to its position in the bureau drawer. She did, however, feel that she had been able to confuse the issues so that the identity of the fatal weapon could never be determined."

"I take it," Judge Kent said dryly, "that you have further evidence which you intend to introduce and which you hope will support this position."

"We do."

"Very well," Judge Kent said, "the court will keep an open mind. At the present time the court is very frank to state that it considers the theory far-fetched."

"The court will bear in mind the imprint of the defendant's finger on the printing press which was found at the scene of the crime," Marshall said somewhat irritably.

"The court will keep all the evidence in mind," Judge Kent said, "and the court will listen to you when you are ready to argue that evidence. I take it you are not ready to close your case and start the argument now?"

"No, your honor."

"Go ahead then and put on your other evidence," Judge Kent said. "In the meantime, the witness Redfield will be asked by the court to check this cartridge case handed him by Mr. Mason. . . . I take it, Mr. Mason, that you have some particular reason for making this suggestion, and that this particular cartridge case is of importance to your theory of the case?"

"It is, your honor."

"Very well. The witness Redfield will make that check and return to court with his report this afternoon," Judge Kent said.

Marshall said, "We'll call Miss Frances Delano to the stand."

Frances Delano, wearing the uniform of an airline hostess, came forward, was sworn and seated herself on the witness chair. Judge Kent looked at the trim young woman approvingly.

Marshall said, "What is your occupation, Miss Delano?"

"I am employed as a stewardess on the United Airlines."

"On the night of the seventeenth, were you a hostess on a plane flying between San Francisco and Los Angeles?"

"I was."

"I ask you to look at the defendant and ask if you have ever seen her before?"

"Yes, I have seen her. She was a passenger on my plane."

"There's no question about that," Perry Mason said. "That's stipulated, your honor. There's no need to call a witness to prove that."

"I am getting at something else," Marshall said. He turned to the witness. "Now, Miss Delano, will you explain to us what happens with tickets which are purchased?"

"They're on a form," she said, "a folder. There are carbon copies made and at various control points the ticket part is torn off.

(*Continued on Page 108*)

Country Hills

By Jessie Merle Franklin

These rolling hills lie down
at night
And pull up quilts of
shadowed light.
Wind-pillowed, snug on
beds of ground,
In rural dark, their sleep is
sound
Till dawn lifts covers, gently
shakes
Each hummock shoulder,
and awakes
Them; stretching then
against the sky,
They make the rising sun
squeeze by.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New "STAR-BRITE"

Made to go together, give together, use together! "Star-Brite" by Princess Gardner, new rhinestone star-lighted leather accessories that turn on the glamour anytime. Gahna luster cowhide, smooth as satin, in dreamy creamy white and other fashion colors. Registrar® Billfold $5.00. Eyeglass Case $2.95. New Key Gard $2.95. Cigarette Case $3.95. Lighter $2.50. Not shown, French Purse $5.00*.

PRINCESS GARDNER®

*ALL PRICES PLUS TAX. AT ALL FINE STORES. PRINCE GARDNER, 1234 S. KINGSHIGHWAY, ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When things don't add up...

Keep on your toes with

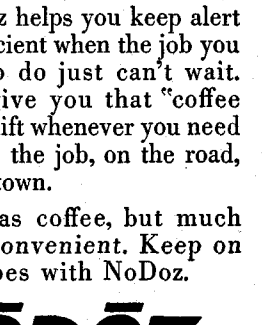
NŌDŌZ

● When you're asked a simple question, and give a "simple" answer, that's the time to restore normal alertness with safe, handy NoDoz tablets.

● NoDoz helps you keep alert and efficient when the job you have to do just can't wait. They give you that "coffee break" lift whenever you need it... on the job, on the road, on the town.

● Safe as coffee, but much more convenient. Keep on your toes with NoDoz.

NŌDŌZ ®



FOR A GLITTERING CHRISTMAS

Decorate Cards, Gifts, Ornaments

It's fun, it's easy—each kit contains **Elmer's Glue-All** with pencil-tip applicators, shaker-top vials of colored glitter and suggestions for use.

only 98¢

IF IT'S Borden's IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

fast relief!
COLD SORES
LIP-EZE ®
LIP SALVE
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS
SUNBURNED LIPS

(*Continued from Page 106*) There is a final carbon copy on the cover which is left in the possession of the passenger."

"I now show you a document and ask you if you can tell us what that is."

"May I see it?" Mason asked.

"Certainly," Marshall said.

He handed Mason a bloodstained, folded bit of heavy paper; then, after Mason had inspected it, showed it to the witness.

The witness said, "That is the passenger's portion of a ticket. That is what the passenger retains on a one-way ticket."

"And this ticket has the name 'Miss N. Allison' on it?"

"That is correct."

"And what does that indicate?"

"That the ticket was issued to a Miss N. Allison."

"That is her signature?"

"No, that name was probably written by the person issuing the ticket. It is not necessarily the signature of the passenger, but this is retained by the passenger as an identification coupon, and there's a memo, so that in case of making out expense accounts or deductions for income-tax purposes, this is a voucher for the passenger."

"Cross-examine," Marshall said.

"No questions," Mason said.

"I would like to call Harry Nelson," Marshall said.

As Nelson was coming to the witness stand, Mason turned to Norda Allison. "That ticket has bloodstains on it," he said. "It must have been found in the possession of Mervin Selkirk. Did you see him that night?"

"Absolutely not."

"How did he get possession of your ticket?"

"That," she said, "is more than I can tell you."

"Where was that ticket?" Mason asked.

"It must have been in my purse," she said.

Nelson was sworn, testified that he was a deputy coroner, that as such he had searched the clothes on the body of Mervin Selkirk when the body had been delivered at the morgue, that the identification ticket which had been identified by the previous witness was in the inside right-hand pocket of the coat worn by Mervin Selkirk at the time the body was delivered to the morgue.

"Cross-examine," Marshall said.

"No questions," Mason said.

The bailiff approached Judge Kent on the bench and held a whispered conversation with him.

Mason took advantage of the opportunity to turn to Norda Allison. "Are you lying to me?" he asked.

"Absolutely not. I've told you the truth."

"You didn't see Mervin Selkirk after you arrived here?"

"I did not. Absolutely not. I have told you exactly what happened."

"Then how did this ticket get into Mervin Selkirk's pocket?"

"That I don't know. Somebody must have stolen it from my purse and put it in Mervin's pocket after Mervin had been shot."

"How do you know it was stolen from your purse?"

"Because that's where I put it. I got aboard the plane and put that ticket stub in my purse. I know it was there."

"Was the purse ever out of your possession?"

"Not that I can remember."

Mason frowned. "You're going to have to account for that ticket," he said, "and you're going to have to tell a more convincing story than that. Judge Kent has been with us all the way. He's ready to dismiss the case on the evidence so far introduced. He's not impressed by that gun having been found under your pillow. But this is something different."

Judge Kent looked up and said, "Gentlemen, I am going to ask the deputy district attorney and Mr. Mason to attend a conference in my chambers. A matter has come up in connection with this case which should be discussed in private. I can assure both counsel that the circumstances are very unusual. The court will take its usual noon recess at this point and court is adjourned until two o'clock this afternoon. Will counsel please meet with me in my chambers?"

A policewoman approached to take Norda Allison into custody.

"You do some thinking about that ticket," Mason said. "There's something peculiar here, some explanation that —— Wait a minute! You had a suitcase with you?"

"Yes."

"That was checked?"

"Yes."

"Now then," Mason said, "the airplane companies sometimes staple the baggage check to the inside of the ticket stub. Was that done in your case?"

"Why —— I guess so, yes."

"And when you arrived in Los Angeles, Lorraine Jennings and her husband met you?"

"Yes."

"Then you would have surrendered your baggage check to Barton Jennings for him to get your suitcase."

"Not Barton Jennings," she said. "I think it was Lorraine. As I remember it, Barton went to get the car and Lorraine asked me for my baggage check. I think I tore off the baggage check and gave it to her, and she —— Now wait a minute. She may have had the entire ticket stub."

"You think it over," Mason said. "That ticket stub got into the possession of Mervin Selkirk in some way. You're going to have to get on the stand and tell your story, and you're going to have to tell exactly what happened."

"I—I just can't remember, Mr. Mason. It's my impression that I pulled the baggage check loose and left the stub of the ticket in my purse. I—I'm almost certain that's what happened."

"Now look," Mason said in an angry whisper, "don't be almost certain. If you just say you can't remember anything about it, I can probably convince Judge Kent that you handed the ticket stub to Barton Jennings so that he could claim your suitcase, and then we'll leave it up to Barton Jennings to explain what happened to the ticket; whether he dropped it, threw it away or put it in his pocket. But when you ——"

"No," she said with conviction. "The more I think of it, the more I'm certain that I tore the baggage check off and handed it to Lorraine Jennings. Her husband went to get the car while Lorraine took care of the suitcase. I know she was standing there with it, and when Barton Jennings drove up in the car a porter took my suitcase to the car and Jennings gave him a tip. But I had put the ticket stub back in my purse."

"Well," Mason said, "think it over during the noon recess. I've got to go and see what Judge Kent wants. It's something rather important, otherwise he wouldn't have called a conference."

TO BE CONTINUED

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Susie and John could agree on only one thing—separating. John promised to pay eighty dollars a month for the children's support. Susie undertook to meet other expenses from her salary as a teacher. Six months later, however, Susie lost her teaching job for lack of sufficient college education. She returned to college to study, and sued for extra support from John meanwhile.

"We made a deal and she should stick by it," John objected. "If I lost my job, I'd have to find another where I could earn enough to meet my support payments, so why shouldn't she? She can find work without going back to college."

"My promise was to pay my share from my earnings as a teacher," Susie emphasized. "As I can't be a teacher until I get this additional education, my husband should help me through the emergency and enable me to get my job back."

If you were the judge, would you make John aid Susie?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Susie won. The court said that regardless of "deals," each parent was wholly responsible for the children's full support and that the court would not permit the children to suffer because the parents made impractical arrangements for them. *Based upon a 1957 North Carolina decision.*

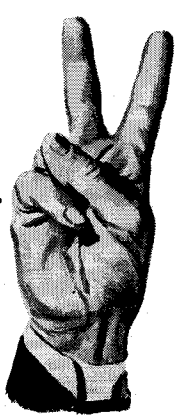
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You Keeping Your Fingers Crossed?

Unless you have revised your insurance coverage recently—to allow for today's greatly increased replacement costs—you had better keep your fingers crossed!

Wouldn't it be wise to remove all likelihood of needless loss through under-insurance by acting promptly on the sound advice of your local independent agent or broker? See him soon—and uncross your fingers!

Great American Group of Insurance Companies New York



GREAT AMERICAN

GROUP OF INSURANCE COMPANIES

FIRE • MARINE • AUTOMOBILE • CASUALTY • SURETY

GREAT AMERICAN • GREAT AMERICAN INDEMNITY • AMERICAN NATIONAL FIRE • DETROIT FIRE & MARINE • MASSACHUSETTS FIRE & MARINE • ROCHESTER AMERICAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Mythical "First Thanksgiving"

(Continued from Page 38)

euphemistically by one chronicler as "comfortable warm water which was drank freely."

On top of everything else, the Pilgrim Thanksgiving of 1621 did not inaugurate a series of annual harvest festivals or services at Plymouth. Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, of Harvard, greatest living historian of New England, writes, "The Pilgrims never had a regular fall Thanksgiving Day." Rear Admiral Morison adds: "More bunk has been written about Pilgrims than any other subjects except Columbus and John Paul Jones, not even excepting the Civil War."

It seems only too clear that in this matter of Thanksgiving our New England friends, God bless 'em, have run away with the ball. We owe the early New Englanders a great deal, but the Pilgrims' "first Thanksgiving in America" is a myth.

At least two thanksgiving services were held in Virginia more than a decade before 1621—not counting one described by Captain Arthur Barlowe (who had been sent out to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh) as having been held there by his expedition in 1584. Unlike the first Pilgrim observance, all these services were wholly religious in character. One was in 1607, when the Jamestown colonists, approaching the mainland for the first time, entered Chesapeake Bay in late April, on board their three little ships, the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery. They disembarked on the sand-covered point of land which they named Cape Henry, in honor of the then Prince of Wales, a name it still bears. They erected a cross and, in the words of Dr. G. MacLaren Brydon, in his authoritative work, Virginia's Mother Church, they knelt "to thank God for their safe arrival."

Another well-documented service of thanksgiving was held at Jamestown in those early years. This was in June, 1610, and it was conducted by the emaciated survivors of the "starving time." Of some 490 colonists who had been at Jamestown in the fall of 1609, only sixty were alive with the coming of spring. These hollow-eyed breathing skeletons were about to abandon the colony and return to England when news came that Lord de la Warr was en route up the river with additional supplies. "The landing was marked by a service of thanksgiving," writes Dr. Charles W. F. Smith, of the faculty of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in Robert Hunt: Vicar of Jamestown, issued in 1957 under the auspices of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

But the most significant of the early thanksgiving services in Virginia was held in 1619 by the thirty-nine settlers who had just landed at Berkeley Hundred, up the James River from Jamestown. This service was the first in America to be formally designated as "Thanksgiving Day," with specific directions that it be repeated annually thereafter.

The service at Berkeley Hundred took place on the riverbank, December 4 (December 14, new style), 1619, in accordance with the first of ten directives contained in the charter's "Instructions" given Capt. John Woodleaf, leader of the expedition, and which reads as follows:

1. Impr wee ordaine that the day of our ships arrivall at the place assigned for plantacon in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perputualy keept holy as a day of thanksgiuing to Almighty god.

As long ago as May, 1899, the New York Public Library published the foregoing in its Bulletin, together with a great deal of other material concerning the Berkeley settlement. Data on this settlement appeared in the library's Bulletins for March and July, 1897, as well as in those for April, May, June and July, 1899.

In 1956 the descendants of Captain Woodleaf (the name was spelled several different ways in the early 1600's, but is now Woodlief or Woodliff) erected a brick monument, bearing a tablet, on the site of Berkeley. In 1957 the ceremony of 1619 was re-enacted there by participants wearing seventeenth-century costumes.

Berkeley Plantation is among the most storied places on this continent, wholly aside from the fact that the early settlers knelt here on the riverbank 339 years ago in gratitude to God. Among those associated with its centuries of history are Benjamin Harrison V, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his son, President William Henry Harrison, of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" fame. Both were born here. Traitor Benedict Arnold plundered the mansion for the British in 1781 and made a bonfire of the Harrison family portraits on the front lawn.

President Abraham Lincoln came to Berkeley in the early summer of 1862, following the bloody Seven Days' Battle, to confer with Gen. George B. McClellan, whose headquarters were in the mansion. Although Lincoln probably was not aware of it, he disembarked at Harrison's Landing at, or near, the spot where the original settlers had landed in 1619 and held their thanksgiving service—a remarkable coincidence, since in 1863 he was to be the first President to designate the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day, and was to be followed annually thereafter by every succeeding President. (Eventually changes were made during the Franklin Roosevelt era.) It was here, too, during those same early summer days of 1862, that Taps was composed by Union Gen. Daniel Butterfield, and O. W. Norton, one of his buglers.

The damage done during the Civil War to the Berkeley mansion and its stately grounds was great, but the place has been tastefully and lovingly restored by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Jamieson. The great house, with brick walls three feet thick, stands today about as it did in the eighteenth century.

But of all the dramatic happenings that have been associated with Berkeley over the years, none, of course, has been more arresting than the arrival in 1619 of the good ship Margaret, forty-seven tons, out of Bristol, at the end of a two and a half months' voyage. The Margaret had sailed up the James past Jamestown en route to the 8000-acre tract along the river claimed for the proprietors of the plantation.

This expedition had been more carefully and intelligently planned than the one to Jamestown in 1607, for its proprietors had learned important lessons from the frightful mortality in the earlier colony, where four out of five perished over a period of years. Captain Woodleaf, who was in charge of the expedition to Berkeley Plantation, and served as its first governor, had been at Jamestown during the horrors of 1608–09, and it may have been because of this that among the thirty-eight men he commanded on the expedition to Berkeley a decade later, were only two "gentlemen," besides himself. The "gentlemen" at Jamestown had been generally averse to manual labor, and the settlers who crossed in the Margaret were mostly artisans and workmen. No women came until later.

It is assumed that the annual thanksgiving service provided for in the charter's instructions, to be held each year on the day of arrival (December 4) was repeated in 1620 and 1621. These instructions were all reaffirmed by the proprietors in August, 1620, and they kept a careful check on whether their program was being carried out, as their published correspondence shows.

But a blow fell in 1622 which prevented the custom's continuance. For some time a diabolical plot had been forming in the brain of crafty Indian Chief Opechancanough, and despite primitive means of communication, he managed to have it unfold with split-second timing. At exactly eight o'clock on Good Friday morning, March 22, 1622, the Indians, many of whom were living with the unsuspecting settlers, or working on their farms, began slaughtering them wherever they happened to be—in the fields, in their beds, at breakfast. On both sides of the James for 140 miles, the dark conspiracy unfolded, and some 350 men, women and children were butchered.

Opechancanough, an Indian chief who swore to "roote out the English," massacred some of the Virginians who started Thanksgiving.

At Berkeley Plantation, as at all the other plantations up and down the river, the redskins fell upon the settlers. The population of Berkeley had been swelled by the arrival of a supply ship, bringing some forty more colonists—women and children among them. A few of the original settlers had returned to England, and a substantial number had died in Virginia.

Many of those who remained were not only murdered but mutilated. Berkeley Town was burned and practically wiped out.

Under the circumstances it was obviously impossible to continue the annual thanksgiving service there. But the Virginia General Assembly was quick to order annual thanksgiving observances throughout the colony in gratitude for deliverance from the Indians' "bloudie massaker." An act passed March 4, 1623, provided that these religious rites be held each year on March twenty-second, the anniversary of the Indian uprising. In order to make certain that these thanksgiving services were not overlooked, the directive of the Assembly was re-enacted in 1631 and again in 1642.

In 1644, aged Chief Opechancanough showed that he had not given up hope that he could "roote out the English." This time he had his braves strike before dawn on Holy Thursday, April eighteenth. They tomahawked, clubbed or shot some 400 men, women and children. Yet, terrible as this was, the colony was too strong by then to be in serious danger of destruction.

The General Assembly decreed in 1645 that there be a monthly day of fasting and prayer, in commemoration of this second deliverance, with a fine of 500 pounds of tobacco for any minister who failed to comply. Then at the session of 1657 it was decreed that March twenty-second and April eighteenth "be yearly kept holie in commemoration of our deliverance from the Indians."

The foregoing facts demonstrate not only the continuity but the priority of the custom of holding thanksgiving services in Virginia.

May Lowe, one of the New England historians of thanksgiving, points to the observance held at Plymouth on July 30, 1623—nearly two years after the better-known service of 1621—as "the first time in the history of America that the Governor appointed a day of thanksgiving." But we have seen that the Virginia General Assembly had provided, onMarch fourth of that year, for an annual thanksgiving observance to be held March twenty-second, in commemoration of the colony's survival in the great Indian massacre. Hence Virginia rather than Plymouth was the first to observe thanksgiving on a colony-wide basis. And whereas Virginia was having annual thanksgiving days during that period, on instructions from the legislature, the detailed calendar published in The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England by W. DeLoss Love, Jr., shows only one more thanksgiving day at Plymouth during those

(Continued on Page 112)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas and Cosco go together!

Portable Play Pen of light, tubular steel and nylon net. Folds to 4½" flat (with pad) to store or travel. $24.95.

Convertible High Chair quickly becomes youth chair with removal of enameled steel tray and footrest. $14.95.

Bouncy Baby Jumper on steel suspension frame that counteracts tipping. Removable, washable, duck seat. $8.45.

Perfect Room Divider separates living from dining, etc., or adds most welcome shelf space to any room. $13.95.

Handy Step Stool with rubber-treaded swingaway steps is famous for putting everything within easy reach. $13.95.

New Hour Glass Stool, shape of tomorrow for breakfast bar. Fixed or revolving seat, also with back. Model shown, $9.95.

"Fashionfold" Bridge Set for the smart set with ladder-back, gatefolding chairs, flared table legs. $50.75.

Elegant Serving Cart looks exactly like walnut and brass but is actually all steel! Moves beautifully. $19.95.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Select a gift (*any* gift) from this page. Add a bright red ribbon. And you'll have the merriest—because Christmas and Cosco go together. Thirty-seven models, smartly styled, sturdily constructed gaily colored. See for yourself at leading furniture, hardware and department stores.

Prices slightly higher Colorado and west.

COSCO®
Metal Household Furniture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) years—in 1633. It then skips all the way to 1651.

Both in New England and in Virginia there were fairly frequent thanksgiving observances during the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries. Some were termed services of "fasting and prayer," but were actually offered in gratitude for deliverance from this or that calamity. Between 1692 and 1705 nine days of thanksgiving were prescribed by Virginia's legislative arm. They expressed gratitude to God for deliverance from such afflictions as "ye late, great & rageing Plague of Caterpillars" (1701), and for such triumphs as the "Signall & glorious victory over the french and Barvarian fforces at Blenheim" (1704).

It should be recorded that whereas the early thanksgiving services in Virginia were wholly religious in character, some of the observances held spasmodically at Plymouth were both religious and social. This is a paradoxical situation, for the Pilgrims were firmly against feasting and revelry under nearly all circumstances, and even regarded Christmas celebrations as popish or pagan. Their most famous governor, William Bradford, showed that his heart was in the right place when he termed Maypole celebrations "the beasley practices of the madd Bacchinalians." The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, who arrived in 1630, a decade after the Pilgrims, were even sterner in their attitude, and when they began having thanksgiving observances, these occasions were usually entirely religious.

All of which tends to show that there was more spiritual kinship between the early New Englanders and the early Virginians than is often realized. The Jamestown colonists are widely imagined, even in Virginia, to have been mostly Cavaliers—which they weren't—Cavaliers, moreover, who took their religion lightly and were concerned mainly with wassail and carouse. The fact that the first Virginia thanksgivings were invariably solemn and serious occasions is significant in this connection, and shows that misconceptions are abroad concerning the early Virginians, no less than the early New Englanders.

Often the early thanksgivings were harvest festivals, but of course the harvest-festival idea did not originate on this side of the Atlantic. Such festivals had been held over the centuries in many lands, and the "harvest home" celebrations in England were vividly remembered by the colonists after they came to this country.

Thanksgiving observances appear to have been held with considerably more regularity in New England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries than in Virginia or elsewhere in the South. Presidents Washington, John Adams and Madison proclaimed days of national thanksgiving for special occasions, but there was no annual nationwide holiday during that era. By the mid-nineteenth century, a good many states of the North and West were having annual observances but the Southern states, increasingly disturbed by the sundering controversy over slavery, were unco-operative. New England clergymen even began preaching abolitionist sermons on Thanksgiving Day, which angered the Virginians. Among those most sharply annoyed was Virginia's Gov. Henry A. Wise, who refused the request of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, when she asked each governor to proclaim November 20, 1856, as Thanksgiving Day. Irate Governor Wise closed his letter to Mrs. Hale with the following:

> This theatrical national claptrap of Thanksgiving has aided other causes in setting thousands of pulpits to preaching *Christian politics*, instead of humbly letting the carnal kingdom alone and preaching singly Christ crucified.

During the Civil War, President Lincoln, as already noted, inaugurated the presidential custom of proclaiming an annual Thanksgiving Day. This holiday gradually became no less acceptable to the South than to the North, and has so remained.

Failure of Virginia to be credited with the first Thanksgiving is partly the fault of the Virginians. They, like most other Southerners, neglected to chronicle the deeds of their forebears. Not much given to writing history anyway, the people of the South were preoccupied during the nineteenth century with various rather urgent matters, such as the slavery controversy and then the Civil War and its terrible aftermath. Meanwhile, historians and ceremonial orators from east of the Hudson were staking out their claims.

Who Says They Were First? (Continued from Page 39)

It is a fine bit of local history and demonstrates how cunning our forefathers had to be to survive. But in 1958 the Stevens executive had a hard time finding out anything about Worumbo, sitting as he was in a mill office within inches of the actual death plunge of the sachem. However, any graduate of our local schools can tell you all about Miles Standish, and how Governor Bradford sent a snakeskin of bullets to Canonicus and how the first Thanksgiving was celebrated at Plymouth, and all the rest. When Longfellow wrote a poem, he wrote it about fair Priscilla and shy John, and children memorize it in class. Why didn't some poet write a poem about Hardman Coombs, who was found by a British frigate afloat in an open boat off Seguin Island, with five women and no oars? What was Hardman Coombs doing thus in a region the Pilgrims had not yet opened up? No—what the Pilgrims did has always been news, and folks like Worumbo and Hardman Coombs have been ignored and forgotten.

Now, I'm not a historian, or an historian, and all the accredited experts are going to jump on me. I have a library card and I like to read old books, and little by little I've found out that the Pilgrims are nowhere near so important and vital to the American story as the teachers would have us believe. I find the Pilgrims attained most of their fame because they wanted freedom to worship, and so on, whereas everybody else in these parts in those days wanted to fish. You can't stand up in a classroom and promote magnificent motives over fish. But piety is always good.

Actually, the Pilgrims did not come to a wild, desolate, unknown land of privation and want. By 1620 New England was not only well known in Europe, but had been for many years. Indeed, the area had become a political and economic issue of international importance.

Lost, utterly lost in unrecorded annals, are the facts as to who was "first." The Pilgrims well knew of the explorations of Capt. John Smith, and his maps heightened emigration fever in all England. Like Adam, he named everything, and good English town names were dots on his New England charts. John and Sebastian Cabot had done much the same, looking for Columbus' aromatic East, and John seemingly died thinking he had done nothing wonderful—although he found the big continent while Columbus was frittering his time with outlying precincts. When George Weymouth came in 1605 he had a talented writer with him, Rosier, and we can only wish some of the earlier investigators had been as thoughtful.

Sieur de Monts, the Frenchman, preceded Weymouth by a year, and in 1603 an Englishman named Martin Pring had come in two ships, Speedwell and Discover, to gaze about for a good thing, and he liked sassafras. Sassafras tea was good for the bilious, and England must have been in great need—for in 1602 a Bartholomew Gosnold had been here and traded for a cargo of the same. Gosnold also explored and named Cape Cod, and did some building on Cuttyhunk, in Buzzard's Bay. You might think you were getting back to the beginnings.

But almost fifty years earlier a Frenchman named André Thévet had been over here to look around. He was neither explorer nor adventurer, but a scholar and a writer—and he came over here purely for a voyage and to look the place over. He was undoubtedly our first tourist and Baedeker. His inevitable volume was called *Les Singularités de la France Antarctique, Autrement Nommé Amérique*. He liked everything first rate, and it is nice to know that a man could come to America in 1556 merely by buying a ticket. There are a couple of things in his book we can notice here.

"You're probably asking yourself, 'Why did he do that?'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When he sailed up the Penobscot River he was alarmed at the alacrity with which the natives approached his ship to trade and traffic. The implication is that they, simple savages as they were, knew what sails were and how to dicker—Thévet being not the "first." Then, he tells of a spot about ten leagues up from the mouth of the Penobscot, where the French had "formerly erected a small fort." Formerly? How long before? Forts were built to protect people and hold the land, and again the rich aroma of ripening cod is detected in the historical breeze.

Before that, who? Irish fishermen had been here soon after the Vikings. Indeed, Columbus was in Ireland as a young fellow, and is it impossible that he knew where codfish came from? Did he get the world-is-round routine from some handliner in Belfast, and peddle it back home where hocus-pocus still had value? Probably not, but then, again —— Anyway, hundreds of European ships and thousands of European seamen coasted these North Atlantic waters year in and year out—fishing, whaling, buying sassafras, going ashore to cut bait and fill water casks, and making themselves at home until the very idea of Pilgrim priority is absurd.

Rosier, with Weymouth, wrote like a tub thumper for the Maine Tourist Bureau—and in a sense he was doing just that. The expedition was as crass and mercenary as a cash register, and Weymouth's job was to set up the place for a duly incorporated company which had been capitalized with a stout profit motive. The resort operator, in this instance, was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was governor of the naval depot at Plymouth, England, and he liked the idea of making money. Another fellow who joined Gorges in his venture was Lord John Popham, Chief Justice of England. This should strike us as a wise choice, for a business enterprise with the chief justice on the board of directors might be expected to succeed. The company these men formed was called The Plymouth Company, and every effort was made to recruit colonists for America, with good opportunities promised and the best of care. The King signed the necessary papers, and they were in business. They sent boatloads of (*Continued on Page 115*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...wonder how they make it so Good!

When you pour on Karo® Waffle Syrup, you enjoy an exclusive maple-y goodness . . . that glorifies pancakes, waffles, French toast and many other treats. Smooth-flowing Karo, with its special maple-y taste, is rich in quick food energy, rich in flavor.

Best in the world, most people say, at thousands of grocery stores every day! That's why Karo is America's favorite table syrup.

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY

Try all 3...

- **Karo Waffle Syrup** . . . has a wonderful, exclusive maple-y flavor.
- **Karo Red Label** . . . sweet, light, crystal clear . . . America's favorite syrup for cooking and infant feeding.
- **Karo Blue Label** . . . rich, dark, full-flavored, ideal for pour-on—great for cooking.

New Idea... Quick Bread Buns

Use one slice of bread for each bun. Spread bread with butter or margarine; sprinkle lightly with cinnamon; remove crust. Cut slice into four squares; stack and place cut side down in greased muffin cup. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 10 minutes. Remove from oven and pour 1 tablespoon KARO Waffle Syrup over top. Return to oven and continue baking 5 to 10 minutes longer or until top is golden brown.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBURBIA–
keeping wet with the Joneses

What is America's new Suburbia?

Not just growing population. The Orient has baby-boomed for centuries without developing Suburbia. Suburbia stemmed first of all from a rapid rise in earning power for millions. This resulted from businessmen's stepped-up use of improved, expensive, and more productive machines, which raise the productivity—hence the earning power—of their employees.

Next the ingenuity of business engineered a myriad of devices for self-sufficient living beyond city services, and priced these mechanical servants within reach of new millions.

Suburbia is a new high in human living conditions.

And the smartest businessmen are already tooling up for another surge—remodeling, modernizing, expanding. Republic Steel has just brought in a $200,000,000 expansion. And now it confidently anticipates still further expansion in the next five years.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

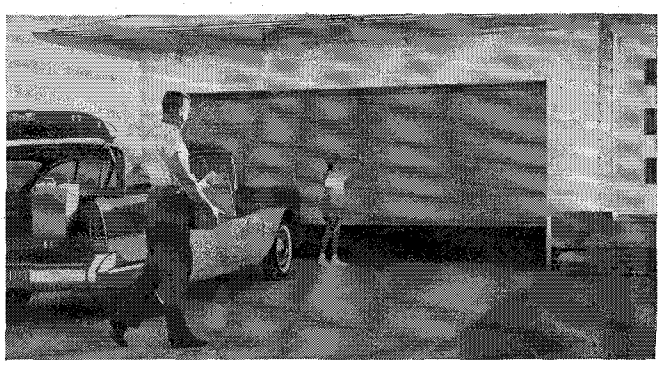
Wherever you live, the things that make your life easier, more fun, more rewarding are made from Republic steels and steel products.

SUBURBIA IS A MANIA FOR MORE

Three years ago, everybody had to have a steel grill. Next year—add the latest stainless rotisserie. This summer a wave of steel and concrete pools hit with a splash that promises several more years of keeping wet with the Joneses.

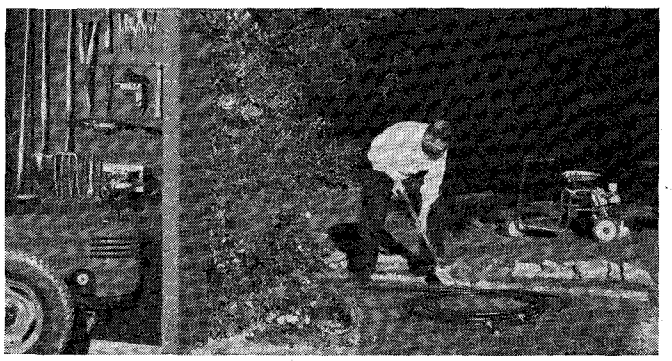
★ ★ ★

Despite creeping inflation, the houses going up where cows browsed a year before, give more for the dollar because manufacturers continuously improve their products. Republic Steel produces, for example, steel doors complete with frames, steel windows with long-lasting factory applied finishes in colors, and Republic Steel Kitchens also in exciting colors—pink, turquoise, yellow, and white.



Shopping is condensed to once a month which absolutely requires freezer storage! Patio parties are a Suburban culture—now calling for small outdoor refrigerators and, of course, a second outdoor TV.

Republic Steel makes the steels used in these Suburbiana. It is also a major supplier of auto steels for the ever-present station wagons and steel sheets with especially developed paint adherence for garage doors which become increasingly easy to operate and more decorative.



Once in his home, the Suburbanite continues to add and add. An automatic sprinkler system, a self-propelling mower, powered garden tools—more time for swimming! The true Suburbanite is likely to be a do-it-yourselfer—of necessity if not by nature. And so his supply of steel tools keeps expanding toward the retreating limits of his seemingly unlimited desires.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 112*) settlers to the New England coast right after Weymouth got back with his glowing accounts. The first, ill-fated, was in 1606. But on May 31, 1607, three ships (some say two) sailed from Plymouth, England, with "planters," not settlers, aboard. The course was for Monhegan Island, and as they crossed the Grand Banks they stopped to fish, and caught nearly 200 large cod before they sailed on. They said they could have filled their ships, and the haul was a propitious augury for the future. They landed on the shore of Maine on August 9, 1607.

But before we see what they did that day, which is important, we have to drop back to Weymouth's exploration and the Indians he kidnaped and took back to England. There were five of them, all Pemaquids, named Nahanada, Skitwarroes, Assecomet, Tisquantum, and Dehamida. Weymouth was thinking of the side-show possibilities, and, of course, the arrival of real American Indians at Plymouth was a sensation. But Lord Popham was disturbed that his agent would do such a thing, and the Indians were not badly used. Strict orders were given that they should be returned to America the next season, and they were. It is a little surprising to find that in 1605 transoceanic passage was so easily arranged—particularly if you have been under the impression the Pilgrims inaugurated it. Lord Popham doesn't appear to have asked, "Is there a boat?" He just said, "Put them aboard." So the next season, after many adventures worth telling at the campfire, these Indians were back in Maine, and they were there in 1607 when the Popham colonists came ashore on the ninth of August and stretched their legs. Tisquantum, eager to see if any of his English friends were in the crowd, came forth from the puckerbrush and offered to be useful.

The spot was the same one Weymouth had marked on a map, his opinion of an ideal site for a colony, and the arriving settlers immediately held a service of thanksgiving for their safe crossing of the severe North Atlantic. The Rev. Richard Seymour was chaplain of the expedition, a proper Church of England man, and while he was no doubt devout and pious, he was nevertheless a salaried minister and doing the good job he had been sent to do. Afterward, Tisquantum put on a clambake, and the first Thanksgiving in America was not at Plymouth. In some books it says this was the first Christian service in the New World—but this is not so. Discounting St. Augustine—which we mustn't do, really—earlier Christian services had been held easterly by the Jesuits who accompanied the French. We mustn't forget that the French had a lively history in this region before the English came, and the first prayers were probably said on St. Croix Island, with the sermon in French.

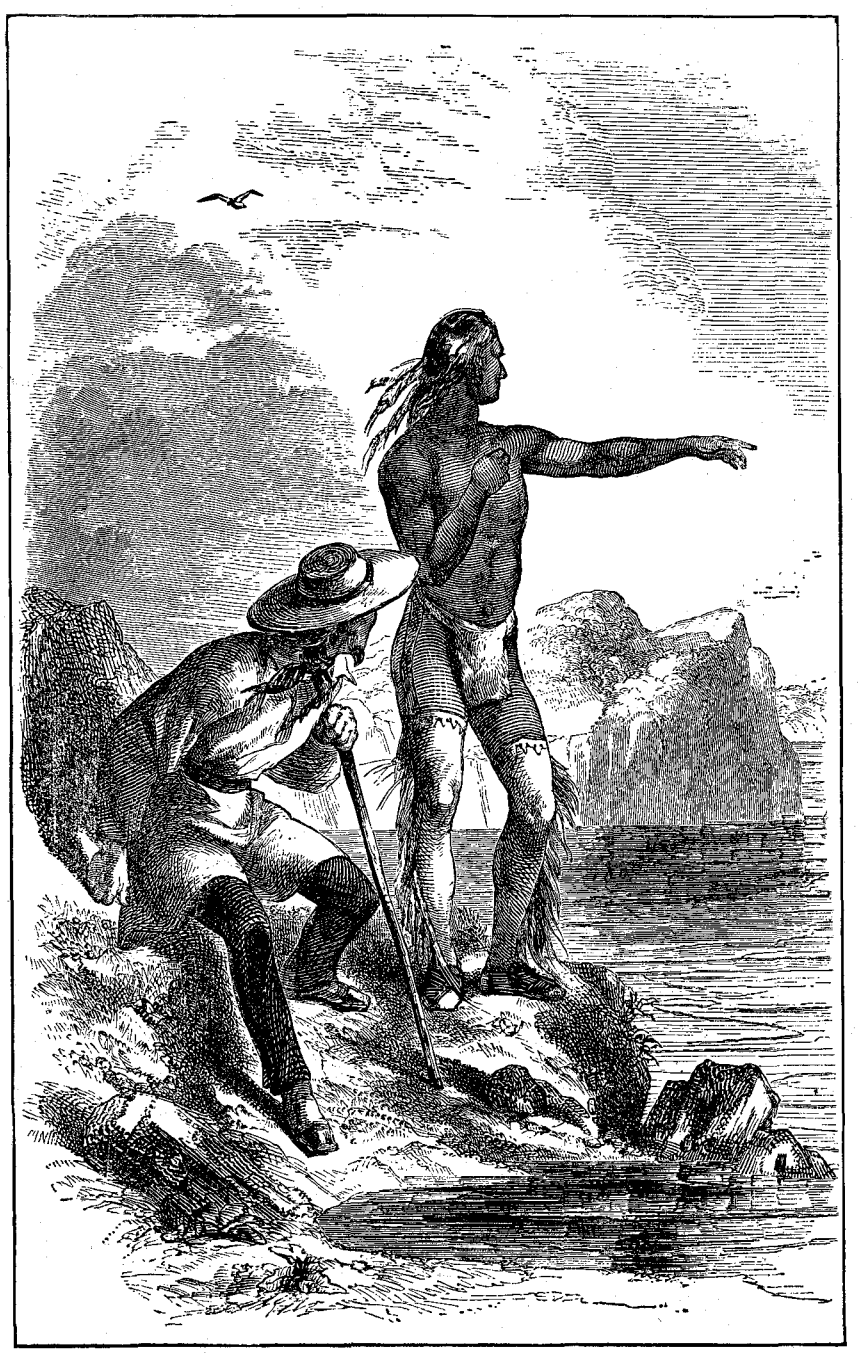
The Popham settlement was not permanent, and permanency seems to be a requirement of the historians. However, even though no permanent town resulted, there were people up and down the New England coast from then on, and their activities were many and profitable before the Pilgrims came. Good Gulf of Maine salt cod was current in European markets from the 1500's on, and salt cod presumes some arrangements for catching, beaching and curing. It also presumes salt. One of my own ancestors had a salt works on the banks of the New Meadows River in those days, and perhaps was Maine's earliest industrialist. The process called for big kettles on stone arches. The kettles were filled with sea water, much as we make maple syrup. The salt was impure, but it would preserve fish, and he sold it to those who dressed the cod.

The Indians, strangely, didn't know about salt until these fish packers, alias "planters," showed them, and they liked it. Consequently, although massacres were many in this region over the next century, no Indian ever molested our family, which was a comfort. They would stop in on their way back from a good scalping party, fires of settlers' homes still burning high in the sky, bid my ancestors good evening, and cadge a little salt to last until the next time.

Another of my ancestors was a carpenter, hiring out to build homes and barns. It's interesting that a carpenter could support a large family by building houses and barns in a country where houses and barns were supposed to be unknown until the Pilgrims landed. This fellow had gone over to Plymouth as soon as he heard Elder Brewster had some daughters, and he married one of them—a fruitful union which explains why I am here today.

So, prior to 1620, England had done much to set up trade in this promising region. There had been much trouble with the French, and at one time a frigate had been sent up from the Virginia Colony, at Jamestown, to drive the French fisherfolk off Mt. Desert Island. They came sailing in one day with their guns blazing and surprised the French at breakfast, sending them headlong into the bushes and later rounding them up to put them in open boats with orders to row. An exciting titbit of information is that these Frenchmen, thus cast away to shift for themselves, all survived and got back to France. It seems they rowed a time, and then a fishing boat picked them up.

This was quite some time before the Pilgrims came, and we haven't been widely informed that any boats were around—but they were. The Jamestown settlers used to come up to Maine regularly to catch fish, and their charter gave them the right to chase the French away. But they couldn't chase away settled employees of the Plymouth Company, and the Plymouth Company established a license fee. For every boatload of fish they took back to Virginia they had to pay Gorges & Co. the equivalent of about $100. They raised a howl about this, mentioning freedom of the seas, but with Lord Chief Justice John Popham all wigged and robed and ready to sit in official dignity on the case nothing much came of the matter, and Jamestown paid. It is no idle thought that if Gorges and Popham hadn't paid strict attention to all these little business possibilities, the French might have worked on down the coast and—Pilgrims or no Pilgrims—we'd have been a nation of dominant French culture today. Instead, the French worked back into Canada. And the Pilgrims, of course, had nothing to do with this. They weren't even here.



Squanto, a Pemaquid Indian, was supposedly "civilized" by the Pilgrims. But there is evidence that he was friendly with earlier settlers even before the Mayflower docked.

But all this had a lot to do with the Pilgrims. They had gone to Holland first, pursuing their zeal, and found their children growing up as Dutchmen. They decided to shift to America, and applied to the Gorges Company for permission so to do. Gorges, busy every minute encouraging anybody to come, gave his consent, and then he did a strange and perhaps amusing thing. He sent out a kind of round-robin letter to all the people already established over here, advising them that the Pilgrims were coming, and suggesting they be on their best behavior. He implied that the Pilgrims were a little odd, and had some peculiar notions about God and Man and Established Church, and were not primarily on a commercial junket. It would be well, he indicated, if people would sort of keep away from them and let them be, not to stir them up or make fun of them. Of course, you have to wonder to whom these letters went, for the schoolbook historians give us the idea there wasn't anybody here.

However, just north and east of Plymouth, across the Gulf of Maine, are a group of islands called the Damariscoves. They were in the news recently when the Lighthouse Service decided to extinguish a famous old maritime beacon there. The beacon was on an important course, for the Damariscoves had been landfall for British ships many years before the magic year of 1620. A score of such ships loaded fish at the Damariscoves the very year the Pilgrims came. To load ships you need wharves with derricks and runways. To load them with dry, salt cod you need racks and sheds and people to dress and cure, with homes for them to live in and boats for them to fish from. You must presume investment and personnel. By 1622, when the Pilgrims themselves, in the extremity of hunger, sailed to the Damariscove Islands to get food, well over 100 British ships loaded there and were making regular voyages from England. If we stop to think what this means, and the short overwater, downwind trip from Plymouth being in a 1622 perspective, we can imagine that the vast, said-to-be-uncharted bay the Pilgrims came to actually looked as if the Marblehead Yacht Club were out in regatta.

And this is not farfetched. Governor Winslow, in his official Pilgrim records for 1622, tells how the Fathers coasted down to Maine for food. The records are there, and historians will no doubt point out they have not been concealed. But historians have never emphasized the trip nor the extreme busyness of the Maine fisheries at the time. Pupils have been permitted to conclude that the Pilgrim's nearest salvation was England. Governor Winslow wrote:

"I found fine entertainment and good respect, with a willingness to supply our wants, which was done so far as was able, and would not take any bills for the same, but did what they could freely."

Governor Winslow, of course, didn't know that Gorges had circularized his people and cautioned them to be nice to Pilgrims. But it appears that many of the vessels touching at the Damariscoves also made regular, almost-scheduled, stops at Plymouth—perhaps not so much to aid and comfort as to see if there was a fare in it.

Another pre-Pilgrim incident, setting up a good Plymouth story without getting historical credit, concerns a Frenchman, Poutrincourt. He was left by de Monts in charge of the Port Royal settlement, now Annapolis in Nova Scotia, and possibly as old as St. Augustine—but at least older than Plymouth. Poutrincourt played it mean, and on one of his voyages to Cape

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cod he shot up a lot of Indians, and hanged some of them, mostly to see them kick—if you believe the English historians. The Indians didn't like this, and in their fashion they descended on the Pilgrims when they came, to wreak a horrible vengeance—all white men looking alike. This gave Miles Standish his first job, but historically the incident does not reflect on the childlike savages as we are taught, but on the Frenchman Poutrincourt, who was not as good as he might have been.

Anyway, after Governor Winslow saw how well the folks were doing at the Damariscoves, and then surveyed his own starving piety at Plymouth, Maine looked like a good bet, and the Pilgrims soon opened trading posts up on the Kennebec River as an avenue to affluence. But they were too pious, possibly, for their venture was not a success by Maine terms. The less pious and more practical Maine men, steeped in gurry and smelling of good spruce lumber as well, had the knack for dickering. Plymouth languished, but by 1628 the Pemaquid settlement had 500 souls, and was the biggest town in New England, even bigger than Québec, the capital of New France.

The Indian, Tisquantum, became the "Squanto" of Plymouth. Montgomery, who wrote the schoolday histories and probably merits the most blame for our inadequate perspective of Pilgrim days, admits that Squanto was once kidnaped and taken to England, but says he was "the only one left of a tribe that once lived at Plymouth." Nailing down an Abnaki to a "home" is dubious history, but Squanto's sudden appearance at Plymouth was nowhere near so mysterious as Montgomery suggests. If you remember that Squanto had been to England, it is not too curious that he spoke some English. Furthermore, he had become a legendary character in his own time, and hobnobbed with any Englishman he could find. He had welcomed the Popham "planters" in 1607, and had become something of a greeter in the following years. Naturally, he hiked down to Plymouth so he could be noticed, and it is entirely likely that the Pilgrims knew about him and expected him. He was probably unctuous, and my guess is that the Pilgrims wished he'd go home.

The book says Squanto showed the Pilgrims how to put a fish under each hill to make the corn grow. This was an Indian joke, and doesn't deserve Montgomery's historical elevation. It might make the corn grow, except that the next night a skunk will come around and dig up all the fish. The Indians knew that, and Squanto probably came back to Maine and told his sannups about it and laughed. Montgomery says Squanto prayed that he might go to the White Man's heaven when he died, but Montgomery neglects to tell us how the Pilgrims took to this notion after they found their corn dug up.

Now, as I said, I'm no historian, and you can't hold me scrupulously to bald and unadorned facts as stated by competent authority. I claim that people are people, and you have to make allowances—even for Pilgrims and historians. And there was certainly one whale of a lot of business going on around here before the Pilgrims came, and a lot went on nobody ever talks about. We have our pageants and the children wear Pilgrim hats and treadle spinning wheels, and Miles Standish rattles his sword, and you'd think that's all there is to it. But it just plain isn't so, and there was Hardman Coombs, and Lord John Popham, and good codfish, and people boiling down salt, and wharves and derricks, and good fights with the French, and a whole lot more that ought to be better known.

Hooray for the Pilgrims, but ——

The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck (Continued from Page 36)

was a desperate attempt to slow her up. It did not do so. Will the English ever be able to catch her now? If ever things looked gloomy for Britain, it's today...."

All over the world the question was asked: "Where is the Bismarck?" In a thousand newspapers in a hundred languages that question appeared as a front-page headline.

And the Bismarck was actually laboring at her best speed across the stormy Atlantic toward St. Nazaire. There was half a gale still blowing, as ever, and the sea was wild. This was her fourth successive day at sea without any relaxation for her crew save what small comfort they could derive from lying on the steel decks close to their action stations. Beards were sprouting everywhere, even on the cheeks of the young supernumerary officers. Admiral Lütjens was in his armchair overcome by the need for sleep when his chief of staff entered.

"News about Scapa Flow at last, sir," he said. "The Luftwaffe were able to reconnoiter this morning."

"And what did they see?"

"Nothing, sir. Not a battleship or a carrier or a cruiser there. The British Home Fleet's at sea, sir, somewhere. And it may have been at sea for three days—since the last reconnaissance of Scapa Flow was made."

"I think we could know the British were at sea by now without the Luftwaffe to tell us," said Lütjens.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, I suppose we'd better look at the chart again."

Lindemann joined them as they bent over it.

"In three days the Home Fleet could have reached pretty nearly anywhere in the eastern Atlantic," said Lütjens.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the chief of staff a little condescendingly. "At twenty knots ——"

He made a wide sweep of the compasses over the chart. "They could be anywhere inside there, sir."

"Yes," said Lütjens, tapping the chart at the cross which marked Bismarck's position. It lay comfortably within that circle. "But if they're anywhere to the northward of that we can agree we've slipped past them already."

In the War Room a smaller circle was being swept out on a chart, the new outermost of a series of concentric circles surrounding Bismarck's last known position.

"That's her 'farthest on' now, sir," said a young officer, "assuming her speed constant."

"And the Home Fleet's heading northeastward?" said the admiral.

"Yes, sir. That's their track as close as we can estimate."

The black line which all day yesterday had steadily converged toward the red line of the Bismarck's track had swerved directly away from it, heading toward the eastern shore of Iceland.

"Nothing from the air at all?"

"Nothing at all, sir. Here are the sweeps the R.A.F. are making. All negative."

A parallel series of dotted lines showed the area swept by the planes.

"Then it looks as if Bismarck didn't turn northeastward, and we guessed wrong. A pity."

"I'd hardly call it certain yet, sir," said the rear admiral.

"Remember, the Chiefs of Staff agreed that the worst thing the Bismarck could do from our point of view was to get back to Germany unscathed. We had to guard against it, and we did."

"Yes. It doesn't follow, though, that the enemy knows what we think would be the worst. Supposing Bismarck headed for Brest the moment Suffolk lost her, where'd she be now?"

A dotted red line was ruled out to the circle's circumference from the center.

"There, sir."

"And the Home Fleet's *there?*"

"Yes, sir."

"It looks as if Bismarck's given us the slip. The Home Fleet can't catch her if she once gets ahead."

"Unless something happens to slow her up, sir."

"Yes. There's Ark Royal," said the admiral.

The Swordfish pilots of the Ark Royal were sitting before the blackboard in the operations room being briefed.

"Now you can see how it is. The worst thing Bismarck can do, as far as we can see, is to escape back the way she came. The Home Fleet's been moving to cut her off, whether she goes past Iceland to the east or to the west. Besides that, she could have turned northwestward, round the back side of Greenland—it's a likely area for a rendezvous with tankers. Or she could head southwestward, just outside the limit of air search from Canada. Revenge from Halifax may have a chance then. Or she can head directly south; she could have a rendezvous with tankers off the Azores beyond our limits of air search there. Ramillies and Edinburgh will attend to that. Or she may be heading for the Mediterranean, or a Spanish port, or a French port—Brest or St. Nazaire. And that's where we come in, gentlemen. That's our job, if she comes this way. We have to find her, and then we have to put enough torpedoes into her at least to slow her down for the other forces to finish her off. *Our* torpedoes, gentlemen."

Farther along on the same deck Ginger was instructing new draftees on the management and maintenance of torpedoes.

"Well, now you've seen all the works, you young sprogs. Maybe if this war goes on another five years or so you'll know something about the care and maintenance and lubrication of torpedoes. But there's one thing for you to get into your heads now. We, you and me, we win wars. Yes, you and me. These things"—slapping a torpedo—"sink ships. There's Winston in London. He knows what's wanted. There's the admiral, he makes plans. There's James Somerville with his admiral's flag. He commands Force H. There's Captain Maund of this ship. You all know what he does. There's the young officers of the Fleet Air Arm. They fly off and drop the torpedoes. But it's us that really count. Us, you and me. For if those torpedoes don't run straight and maintain a proper depth, and if they don't keep that up without varying a foot either way in three miles—well, then the torpedoes miss. And in that case Winston and the admiral and James Somerville and Captain Maund and the Fleet Air Arm might just as well have stayed at home for all the good they've done. You just keep that in mind if ever you feel like saying, 'That'll do. That's good enough.' It's hits that wins wars, and it's us that makes the hits."

For one whole endless gray day ships were plunging across the wide Atlantic—the King George V and the Rodney, Force H and Vian's destroyers—and planes flew perilously below the clouds to comb the surface. All were searching for the Bismarck, and the Bismarck remained lost. The neutral press, the American papers, all speculated about it. "Has Bismarck escaped?" they asked. Even in the English papers there were headlines: QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED IN THE HOUSE. People in factory canteens were saying over cups of coffee, "It'll be too bad if they lose her."

In the chartroom of the King George V a good many sleeves bearing plenty of gold braid were visible round a table while the fleet navigating officer demonstrated on the chart.

"Here's Bismarck's last known position and here's her 'farthest on.' It's a pretty big circle by now, I'm afraid. She could be anywhere inside that, and it's as big as all Europe by now. *But.* There have been air searches here"—the navigating officer rapidly covered one area with parallel lines—"and here, and here."

A peculiar significance was instantly apparent. A full half of the circle was covered by the parallel lines.

"We've followed this course with a screen twenty miles wide, so this area here is accounted for too. You can see what's left."

"If she hasn't headed straight south there's only one thing she could have done. Headed for France."

The moment the chart was marked in that way the truth of what was being said was apparent.

"And then she'd be there," said another voice, and an arm with an admiral's gold braid reached forward.

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"A hundred miles ahead of us and she's faster than we are."

"I'm afraid that's true, too, sir. They couldn't search everywhere. Not enough planes, weather too bad, everything of that sort."

"I hope at least they're searching this area now. Where's Ark Royal? She ought to be near enough now to search from the south."

"Here she is, sir, by the Admiralty appreciation."

The Ark Royal was enduring appalling weather. She was plunging over the waves so that when she turned into the wind her bow and her stern were rising and falling fifty feet at a single plunge. It was raining and bitterly cold as the Swordfish were ranged on the flying deck. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the planes were able to take the air, to fly off on their search. They vanished instantly into the grayness.

And elsewhere Catalinas—PBY's—had taken off from Lough Erne in Northern Ireland to search in a southwesterly direction, flying through the night so as to be over their search area by daylight. And the day came, and a Catalina was nearly at the limit of its endurance when the crew saw something (*Continued on Page 118*)

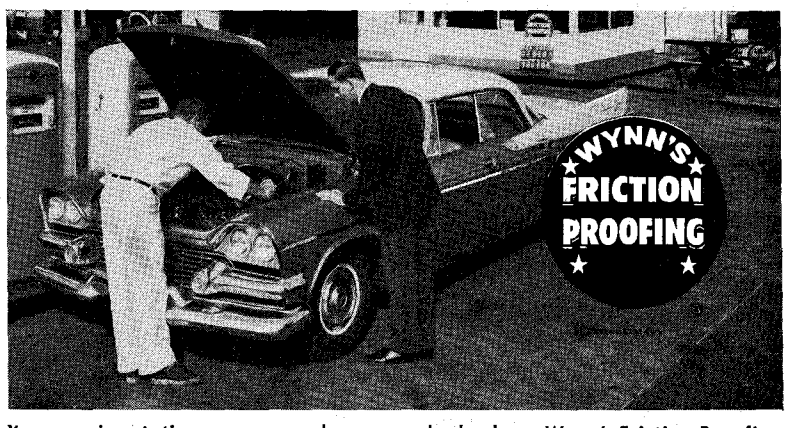
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wynn's Friction Proofing sets new world's endurance record

The same Wynn's Friction Proofing that you use in your family automobile helped set this new world's record for non-stop endurance flying. For just as Wynn's Friction Proofing fights trouble and delivers top performance in your car, it helped keep this single-engine Cessna running smoothly and trouble-free for over 1200 consecutive hours!

This 50 day flight clearly demonstrates that the proof of Wynn's Friction Proofing is in the performance. Proved too at Bonneville when the Wynn's Friction Proofing Streamliner set a 270.473 mph American speed record. Proved again at Indianapolis when Johnnie Parsons won the '500' in the Wynn's Friction Proofing Special. And proved every day on the roads and highways by the millions of motorists who know that Wynn's Friction Proofing is the most effective way to fight and prevent trouble in their cars and *to make them last longer.*

THE *Proof* IS IN THE *Performance!*



Your service station, garage and new car dealer have Wynn's Friction Proofing products engineered for your car's radiator, upper cylinder, engine and transmission.

Also available in Canada and everywhere in the free world.

WYNN OIL COMPANY • 1151 WEST FIFTH STREET • AZUSA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 116*) five hundred feet below. The observer grabbed a form and began to write out a signal. Even as he did so the Catalina jolted and jerked as a shell burst close alongside. As he went on writing the pilot turned the plane frantically; the sea and the ship below wheeled in a circle as she came round, with shell bursts all about her, and climbed for cloud cover. As the mist closed round her the wireless operator began to tap out the message.

Admiral Lütjens was asleep in his armchair, his head on his hand, when the alarm blared out throughout the ship. He awoke with a start, blinked himself alert and rushed for the bridge. All over the ship the alarm awoke sleeping figures, exhausted men lying uncomfortably on the decks or sitting against bulkheads, sleeping uneasily while the rest strove to keep themselves awake at their posts.

"Plane on the port bow! Plane on the port bow!"

The antiaircraft guns wheeled about, pointed for a moment and then burst into rolling thunder as the shells were hurled at the Catalina. Lütjens and Lindemann met on the bridge.

"Well, captain, they've found us."

"Yes, sir. That was a Catalina—a shore-based plane, sir."

"Yes."

They entered the chartroom.

"How close to France can we expect air cover from the Luftwaffe?" demanded Lütjens.

The navigator drew a circle on the chart and shaded in the area between it and the French shore.

"That's the approximate line, sir." He swung the dividers between the marked position of the Bismarck and the edge of the circle. "And we shall reach there at dawn tomorrow, sir."

Lütjens and Lindemann eyed each other.

"Dawn tomorrow," said Lindemann, looking at the clock. "Ten more hours of daylight today."

"And then we'll have air cover," said Lütjens.

The ship's radio officer came in at that moment. "We're taking in the British plane's signals, sir," he said.

"Can you read them?"

"Not in that code, sir. But the form's clear enough. Our position, course and speed."

"I didn't think it would be Christmas greetings," said Lütjens.

"And we have picked up two other brief signals, sir."

"Well?"

"I could not read them, either, sir. But I could recognize who were transmitting. Swordfish, sir."

"Swordfish?" This was an exclamation from Lindemann.

"Yes, sir."

"Then there's a carrier somewhere near."

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, lieutenant," said Lütjens.

The wireless officer withdrew and they bent over the chart.

"A carrier means Force H from Gibraltar," said Lütjens. "That can easily be in this area. What's their possible position? You know when they sailed."

The navigator swept another circle, centering on Gibraltar. It passed close to the Bismarck's marked position.

"They can be in touch with us at any moment, sir," said the navigator.

The chief of staff flipped open a reference book of profiles.

"Force H," he said, showing one. "Renown."

"Five minutes' work for our guns."

"Sheffield."

"She wouldn't risk a single salvo from us."

"Ark Royal."

"It's her Swordfish that we can hear. We've beaten off one attack by Swordfish already. There's nothing to frighten us in the prospect of another."

During this conversation the navigator had fallen asleep with his head resting on his hand, to be roused as his elbow slipped on the table.

"Except that nobody in this ship has been to bed for five days and five nights, sir," said Lindemann.

"Only one more night now, Lindemann. Only one more night."

They went out onto the bridge again and looked over the heaving sea.

"A rough sea, low cloud, visibility as bad as possible. Not the conditions for an aircraft carrier," said Lütjens.

In the Ark Royal, Ginger's working party was busy putting a torpedo into position in a Swordfish. An officer checked it over.

"Magnetic pistol, sir," said Ginger.

"Very good."

They wheeled the Swordfish forward into position. Wind was blowing and spray was flying.

In the operations room in Ark Royal it was obvious that it was a rough sea. Everything was pitching and swaying as the pilots were given a final briefing.

"There it is, gentlemen," said the senior observer. "You have Bismarck's position, course and speed. Our shadowers are over her. The rest of it is up to you. Your torpedoes have the new magnetic pistols, which may help. Unless you stop her, unless you slow her up, she's safe. Tomorrow morning she'll be under air cover. Nine hours of daylight left. The Home Fleet's a hundred miles astern of her and can never catch her in time. So you know where your duty lies, gentlemen. And good luck go with you."

In the War Room at the Admiralty a group of officers was standing watching the chart being brought up to date.

"Nine hours more of daylight," said the rear admiral. "Big sea running and low cloud."

"Coastal Command's coming through on the phone, sir," said an officer. "Yes. Yes. Repeat that. Forty-nine degrees thirty minutes north, twenty-two degrees west, steering one hundred fifty degrees. Yes. Catalina reports a battleship, sir."

He spoke to deaf ears, for everyone was at the chart. Someone marked the place, almost in the center of the triangle whose angles were the King George V, Rodney and Ark Royal.

"Must be Bismarck. Can't be anything else," said the rear admiral. "She's been heading for France ever since we lost her."

"What are those distances?" snapped the admiral.

"A hundred and forty miles for the King George V. A hundred and thirty for Rodney, sir."

"They can't catch her then. No chance at all."

"Unless Ark Royal slows her up, sir."

"Yes, I know. That's the chance, for what it's worth. And there's Vian's five destroyers. They can intercept after nightfall. I know."

The admiral's voice was flat and without tone. But he was full of energy again. "See that report's sent out instantly."

"It's going out now, sir," said the officer.

"Nine hours of daylight. Eight and a half," said the admiral, looking at the clock.

"Plenty of time for an attack by Ark Royal's Swordfish," said the rear admiral.

"Wind's due west. She'll have to turn out of her course to fly off and fly on."

"Yes. She'll have time for one attack. She'll be lucky if she has time for two before dark."

"And after dark?"

"Not so good, I'm afraid."

"There's still the destroyers, sir," said another hopeful officer.

"A high sea and a battleship going twenty-seven knots. How much chance?"

"Well ——"

"How much?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid, sir. Unless she's crippled."

"So we come back to the Ark Royal again."

The meeting seemed about to break up when a Captain E came up with a paper in his hand.

"Here are the fuel-consumption figures for King George V and Rodney, sir, as close as I can calculate them. They're not too good, sir."

"Fuel?"

Down in the depths of the King George V, a lieutenant commander and a petty officer and a stoker were sounding the fuel tanks, going from one to another, hauling out the dipstick, wiping it, dropping it in again, and then hauling it out for inspection. At each sight the lieutenant commander made a noncommittal noise and noted the figure on a piece of paper. On every dipstick there was only a very little oil apparent, at the very end.

"That one's dry, sir," said the petty officer at one inspection.

"Very well," said the lieutenant commander, and went into the engine room where the bright lights shone and the engines sang their song and Commander E stood watching, in his boiler suit. The lieutenant commander shook his head as he came up. "Not a hope, sir," he said. "Here's the figures."

Commander E took the list and nodded agreement as he looked at the total.

"You know Bismarck's been found?"

"Where is she, sir?"

"She's a hundred and forty miles right ahead of us. Going straight for France."

"That's bad, isn't it?"

"At top speed we couldn't catch her, and she'll reach Brest this time tomorrow."

"Well ——"

"And by daylight she'll be within range of air cover. (*Continued on Page 120*)

The Gift of the Year
...for yourself
...for your friends

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CARNIVAL OF HUMOR

Here, in one book, is the carefully selected best of POST humor . . . covering the wide range from humorous articles for which the POST is so justly famous to the shorter "Post Scripts" pieces and sidesplitting cartoons.

Order this rib-tickling, colorful 384-page book, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CARNIVAL OF HUMOR, at the special prepublication price as a perfect Christmas gift or for your own reading pleasure. Act now and see page 84 for details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MET MOVES TO CBS RADIO

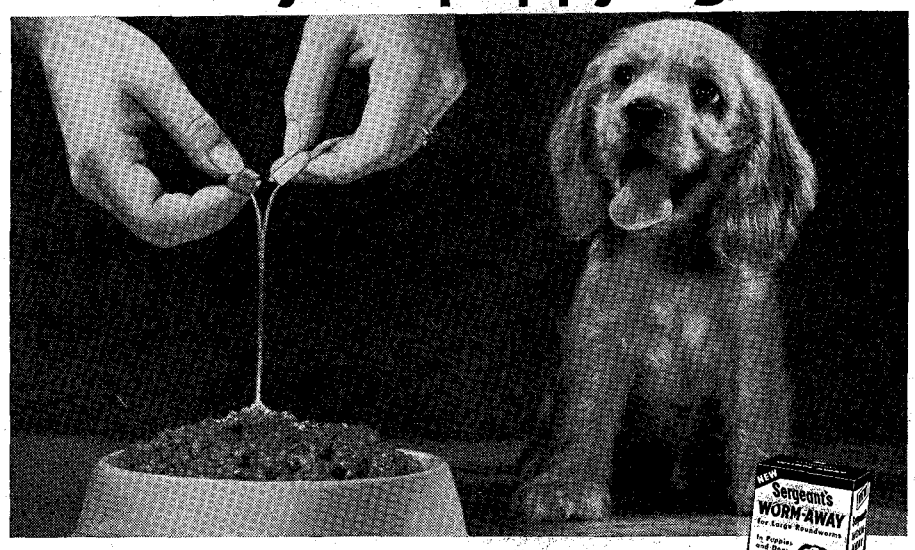
SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, STARTING NOVEMBER 29

For the 19th consecutive year, Texaco brings you great opera. You'll hear it now over the nationwide facilities of the CBS Radio Network... direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, with comment as always by Milton Cross. **For more great music on Saturdays:** hear The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, conductor... direct from Carnegie Hall, Saturday evenings.

Check your local paper for ***time and station.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Start your puppy right!



Worm him at home in 10 seconds the easy way with

Sergeant's® NEW WORM-AWAY

Large roundworms (ascarids) rob your puppy of the nourishment he needs for a happy, healthy life. Now, with Sergeant's *new* Worm-Away, you can worm your pup right at home, get him safely through his first year. He should be wormed when he's 5 to 6 weeks old, or as soon as possible afterwards.

- **Just mix it with his regular food!**
- **Convenient—effective**
- **No aftereffects**
- **Only 98¢ at any drug or pet counter**

Worm-Away is also effective for large roundworms in older dogs. Ask for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book, or write:

Sergeant's® Richmond 20, Va. *the best for man's best friend*

Better than aspirin even with buffering for

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's *why* Anacin is better than aspirin, even with buffering added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves—leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression . . . and Anacin Tablets do *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

Do You Need EXTRA INCOME?

YOU can profit, as do thousands of others, by using our money-making plan. Our subscription commission offer is enthusiastically used by folks in many communities. You can offer and profit from *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, Jack and Jill* and many other popular publications. Write today for our easy-to-follow plan and supplies. No obligation. Address request to

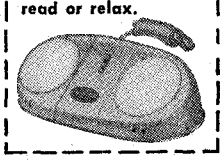
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
462 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

STICK WITH LEPAGE'S
TRADEMARK
TAPE AND GLUE

MASSAGE Your FEET!

Enjoy wonderful relief from tired, aching feet and legs THIS NEW, EASY WAY!

Exclusive 30 Degree Angle allows Feet, Legs to rest naturally, comfortably while you read or relax.



Dr. Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER *improves circulation* in feet and legs; relieves fatigued, aching feeling, rests, revitalizes the feet.

AN IDEAL GIFT

MASSAGER model for both feet $16.95. Single foot model $8.95. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. Mail orders filled. **DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. M4, Chicago 10, Ill.**

Dr. Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

(*Continued from Page 118*) The whole Luftwaffe will be covering her."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Oh, what's the use of talking about it anyway?" said Commander E in sudden fury. "We can't steam all out for four hours, let alone twenty-four. At economical speed we can just get home, even if we can do that. Our destroyers have gone home for lack of oil, our cruisers have gone home for lack of oil, and now—Oh ——"

On the bridge of the Bismarck, Lütjens and Lindemann stood watching the ship plunge and toss in the appalling weather.

"You must remember the enemy has his troubles, too, captain," said Lütjens. "He must be boiling with rage at this very moment, now that he knows where we are. Now that we've broken through the ring with a clear run for home."

"A clear run except for the Swordfish, sir. We're picking up the shadowers' reports all the time."

Round the ship could be seen men carrying food to the men at their posts. They had to shake those men who were being allowed to sleep so as to rouse them to take their food, and even then it was received without appetite.

"I think I had better address the ship's company," said Lütjens.

He went to the loud-speaker, was announced by the petty officer there and began.

"Men of the Bismarck! Heil Hitler! I am addressing you once more, and I think it will be for the last time, for the last time until we are back in port. You know we are being shadowed by planes from the Ark Royal. We are taking in their reports. Soon we must expect an attack to be launched against us; Swordfish with torpedoes. We've fought Swordfish before, as you remember, and we've nothing to fear from them, as long as we all do our duty, every one of us. Whatever attack they launch, we must beat off. I know you are tired, men of the Bismarck. I know you are sleepy. But I promise you that you have only this one effort more to make. Tomorrow morning we shall be within range of the Luftwaffe and no Swordfish will dare to take the air within fifty miles of us. Tomorrow night you will sleep in peace. You will sleep undisturbed. That I promise you. Until then, fight on for the honor of the German Navy, for the greater German State and for our Führer. Heil Hitler!"

The signal officer was waiting for him as he turned away from the loud-speaker.

"I've just picked up a curious signal, sir."

"What?"

"From a British ship, and I think from the carrier Ark Royal, sir."

"Well?"

"It was not in code. It was being sent very urgently in plain English."

"Well, what was it, man?"

"It said, 'Look out for Sheffield. Look out for Sheffield.' Over and over again, sir."

"Sheffield. That's the cruiser with Force H," said the chief of staff.

"What was I just saying to you, captain?" said Lütjens. "The English are having their troubles too."

"But ——"

"If that message, whatever it means, was urgent enough to send in plain English it shows they're having trouble."

In Force H the senior observer said his last words to the pilots.

"Bismarck's now twenty-four miles from us, bearing one hundred eighty-three degrees. You can't miss her. You can't mistake her. She's all by herself. Don't give her a moment's warning—but I don't have to give you that sort of instruction. We'll be turning into the wind in five minutes' time."

Commander Air on the wing of the bridge looked in and reported, "Ready to fly off, sir." The Ark Royal turned solemnly into the wind as the order was passed down the voice pipe from the bridge, and she was held exactly in position with the indicators showing that this was so. The fifteen Swordfish flew off in accordance with the orders given on the flight deck.

The signal officer came running frantically to the bridge where the captain stood with the officer of the watch.

"Sheffield's over there too, sir. She's in visual touch and she turned out of line on an opposite course to us when we turned into the wind."

"Sheffield's there?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir, and the Swordfish pilots have instructions to attack any ship they find alone."

"Send 'Look out for Sheffield' to them. Quick! Send in plain language—don't waste a second!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The first Swordfish was flying in cloud when the observer picked up a pip on the radar. He advised the pilot, who put down the nose of the plane and swept out into the clear, steadied for the aim, dropped his torpedo and wheeled away. The second followed him and did the same; so did the third. But the pilot of the third, to his surprise, saw the first two torpedoes exploding in great fountains of water after running almost no distance. The fourth one followed him and dropped his torpedo.

At that moment the gunner in the fifth one heard a signal in his earphones and scribbled a frantic message and passed it to the observer: LOOK OUT FOR SHEFFIELD.

The observer frantically called the pilot's attention to it at the moment when he was about to drop his torpedo. The pilot drew his hand back hastily and wheeled the Swordfish round. The others followed him.

The whole flight circled back to come on Ark Royal again, back on the heaving deck, where eager crews awaited them, to rearm them while the air crews gathered in the briefing room.

"Yes, it went wrong," said Commander Air. "Now we've agreed about it. We have to remember this so that it can't ever happen again, but let's forget it for today. Now we try again, the way we do in the navy. There's just enough time for one more daylight attack. Yes, Mr. Jones?"

"Don't let's have any more magnetic pistols on the torpedoes, sir. They went off prematurely, the ones we dropped."

"I bet Sheffield's not sorry, either," said another pilot.

"That's something gained from the mess anyway," said Commander Air. "I'm having contact pistols put in the torpedoes at this very moment."

That was what Ginger and his party were doing, removing a magnetic pistol and substituting a contact pistol.

"This is where we win the war, you lads and me," said Ginger, working carefully on the job. "This thing's got to go off when it hits the Bismarck, and not before and not after. That's it. Now bring the perisher along."

On the flight deck the torpedo on its trolley was hard to manage as the ship surged over the waves. But it was placed in position under the Swordfish at last, and the fifteen planes were ranged ready to take off. Commander Air reported this on the bridge, and the ship turned into the wind again.

"An hour left of daylight," said Commander Air to the captain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Those boys mean business," said the captain, and the Swordfish droned on their way.

In the Bismarck, Lütjens and Lindemann were looking at the gray sky.

"They should have attacked two hours ago," said Lindemann.

"One of the unpredictable accidents of war, I expect," said Lütjens. "One more hour of daylight. That's all."

At this moment came the yell of "Plane on the starboard bow," followed by the roar of the alarm. The antiaircraft guns turned and began to fire, but the deafening racket was pierced by further cries, "Plane on the port beam. Plane on the starboard quarter."

Lindemann was giving rapid helm orders, which, transmitted down the voice pipe, were translated into violent action by the helmsman at the wheel. The ship turned and twisted to leave behind her a boiling, curved wake.

There was a crash and a great jet of water at the bow as one torpedo exploded there, but the ship fought on without apparent damage. Then came a Swordfish swooping at the stern as she swung; the wake of her dropped torpedo was clearly visible. On the wing of the bridge Lütjens was shaking his fists at the plane.

"Hard aport. Hard aport!" shouted Lindemann, but there was not time to check the turn. The torpedo hit on her swinging stern, bursting close by the rudder in a shower of spray. A frightful vibration made itself felt throughout the ship, as if the whole vast structure would shake itself to pieces, and she heeled over madly as she continued in a tight turn.

"Starboard! Starboard!" shouted Lindemann.

Down below, the helmsman was struggling with the wheel while the compass before him still went swinging round over the card.

"I can't move the wheel, sir!" he said. "Rudder's jammed!"

On the bridge the vibration still continued and the ship still circled. A telephone squawked and the officer of the watch answered it.

"Engine room, sir," he said.

"Captain," said Lindemann calmly into the telephone. "Yes. Yes. Very well."

The shattering vibration ceased as he hung up, and some of the speed of the ship fell away.

"Portside engines stopped, sir," he said to the admiral. "Portside propellers were thrashing against some obstruction."

"Yes," said Lütjens.

Another telephone was squawking.

"Damage control, sir," said the officer of the watch.

"Captain," said Lindemann into the telephone. "Yes. Yes. Very well, get going on that."

Then he turned to Lütjens. "Steering compartment is flooded, sir. Steering engine out of action."

"What about the hand steering?"

"They've just been trying it, sir, but the rudder's jammed right over. They're trying to clear it now."

"The fate of the Reich depends on getting that rudder clear," said Lütjens.

In the War Room the senior officers were gathered round a chart of a different sort. This was on a scale so large that it showed mostly blank ocean, with only a hint of the coast of France and Spain on the right-hand side. But pinned upon the blank area were several tabs, marked conspicuously, BISMARCK, KING GEORGE V, RODNEY, FORCE H, VIAN'S DESTROYERS, and leading up to each tab were the black lines of the tracks of those ships during the last several hours. The only other feature of the map was a wide arc of a circle marking the limit of German air cover from France.

A junior officer came over with a message. "Sheffield has Bismarck in sight now, sir," he said, making an adjustment to the Bismarck's position. "She's reporting position, course and speed."

"How long before she's under air cover now?" demanded the admiral.

Someone swept with his dividers from Bismarck's position to the arc. "A hundred and seventy-two miles, sir."

"Less than seven hours before she's safe!" said the rear admiral.

"And only an hour of daylight. What the devil's Ark Royal up to?"

"Here's a most-immediate signal coming through now, sir," said an officer. "From Sheffield. 'Have sighted Swordfish attacking. Bismarck firing.'"

"That's Ark Royal's planes," said the admiral.

"Come on, men! Come on!" said the air vice marshal.

"Most-immediate from Sheffield again. 'Bismarck circling.'"

"That's something gained anyway," said the rear admiral.

"Not enough to matter," said the admiral.

"Most-immediate from Sheffield. 'Attack apparently completed. Swordfish returning.'"

The rear admiral began to speak, but the admiral checked him as the officer was still speaking. "Bismarck still circling."

"Then the attack's not over," said the rear admiral.

"There's something odd," said the admiral.

The signals were clattering down the tubes to be opened hastily, but they were all, clearly, merely confirmations of what the young officer was announcing from his telephone.

"Bismarck heading north."

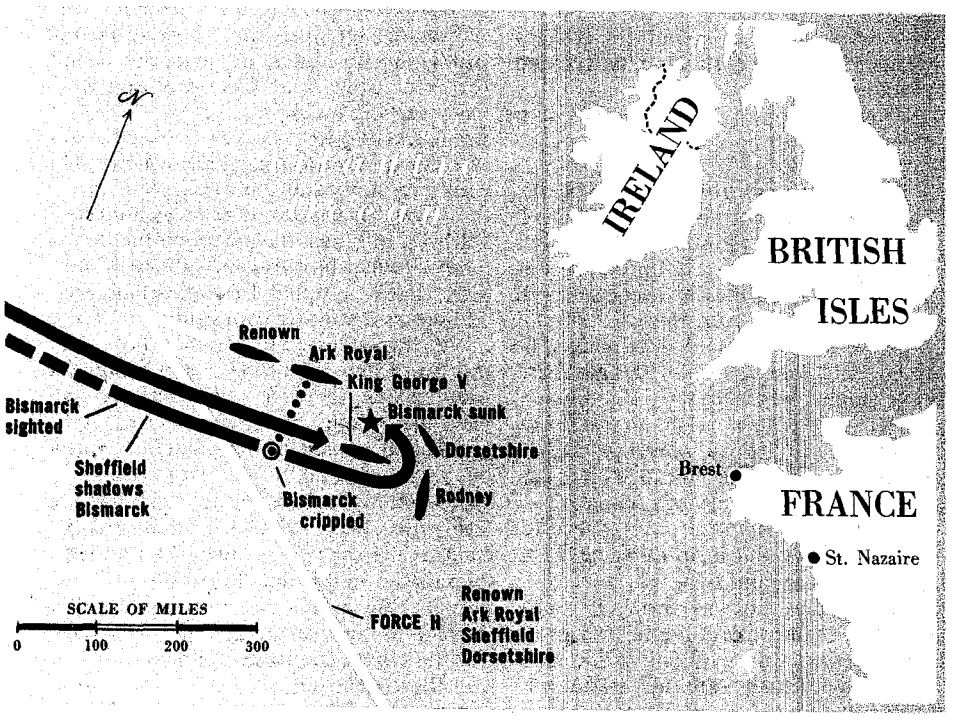
"Heading north? Heading *north?* That's straight for Rodney," said the admiral.

"Perhaps she's still avoiding a plane that Sheffield can't see," said the rear admiral.

"I wonder," said the admiral.

"Estimate Bismarck's speed at ten knots."

"That hardly sounds likely," said the admiral.



This map shows the Bismarck's course from the time she was resighted on May 26 until she went down under the guns of her pursuers twenty-four hours later.

SET $20
$13.50
$15
$6.50
$10
$6.50
$7.50
$4
$10
$6.50
$9
$15
$4.50
FOR IMPORTANT GIFTS
Made in the tradition of precious jewelry, designs by Krementz have rich and lasting beauty. The heavy overlay of 14Kt. gold is forty times thicker than that on most ordinary electroplated jewelry.
You will always take special pride in giving or wearing this finer jewelry.
Illustrated: Cuff links and tie holders of 14Kt. gold overlay, some designs with genuine agate or cultured pearls. Each set in fine leatherette gift case. Prices plus tax.
Krementz
14 KT. GOLD OVERLAY
Krementz & Co., Newark, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another young officer at the telephones spoke at this moment. "Most-immediate signal coming from Ark Royal, sir."

"It's time we heard from her."

"First five aircraft returning report no hits."

The air vice marshal struck his fist into his hand, but the message went on.

"Shadowing aircraft reports Bismarck course north, speed nine knots."

"Something's happened to her for sure," said the admiral.

"Aircraft reports hit on Bismarck's starboard bow."

"But that wouldn't account for it," said the rear admiral.

"Sheffield reporting, sir," said the first young officer. "Bismarck course north, speed nine knots."

"There's no doubt about it, then," said the rear admiral.

"Ark Royal reporting, sir," said the second officer. "Aircraft reports hit on Bismarck right aft."

"That's it, then!" said the rear admiral.

"Yes, that's it. Propellers or rudder or both," said the admiral.

"Bismarck's course north, speed ten knots."

"There's a heavy sea running, and she can't turn her stern to it," said the admiral.

"Vian'll be up to her in an hour," said the rear admiral. "He'll keep her busy during the night."

"And King George V and Rodney will be up to her by daylight," said the admiral. "I think we've got her."

"Hooray!" said the air vice marshal.

"Sheffield reporting, sir. 'Have sighted Vian's destroyers preparing to attack.'"

"Many men are going to die very soon," said the admiral.

Deep down in the stern of the Bismarck all was dark except for the beams of electric handlamps. There was the sound of water washing back and forth, and the gleam of it, reflected from the lamps, came and went. The working party there was faintly visible. For a few seconds could be seen a man in emergency diving kit disappearing into the surging water. A little farther forward a seaman was stringing an emergency wire which brought light to the dark spaces, so that now the dark water was illuminated as the sea surged back and forward, roaring through the incredible confusion of twisted steel. There were pumps at work as the diver emerged, blood streaming from his lacerated shoulders. He made his report to the officer there, who went back to use the telephone against a dark bulkhead; to reach these a watertight door was opened for him and shut behind him, although before it closed the water came pouring in over the coaming with the movement of the ship. Men were laboring to shore up the bulkhead.

In the chartroom of the Bismarck the captain was receiving the message. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Very well."

Then, when he replaced the telephone, he addressed Lütjens and the staff officers gathered there. "They don't think any repair can be effected," he went on. "Furthermore, unless we keep our bow to the sea they think the bulkhead will give way and flood the next series of compartments. So we must hold this course."

"That means we go forward to meet our fate instead of trying to run away from it," said Lütjens. "That is what our Führer would like."

The chief of staff came forward with a bunch of signal forms in his hand. "Berlin has just sent in a long message, a résumé of all the intelligence they can gather," he said. "The King George V is some fifty miles from us now, bearing northwesterly."

The assistant chief of staff opened the reference book to display a series of pictures. "Fourteen-inch guns, speed twenty-eight knots, thirty-five thousand tons. Completed last year. Admiral Tovey's flagship, Captain Patterson."

"The Rodney is in touch with her, may have joined her by now."

"Sixteen-inch guns, speed twenty-four knots, thirty-five thousand tons, completed soon after the last war. Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton."

"Renown and Ark Royal ——"

"That's Force H," said Lütjens. "We know about them."

"And there's a force of destroyers, probably under Captain Vian—the man who captured the Altmark—close to us to the northward. From the position Berlin gives they ought to be in sight now."

"Penny for your thoughts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No doubt they soon will be," said Lütjens. "I was hoping we might have a quiet night before our battle tomorrow."

"The men are falling asleep at their posts, as you know, sir," said Lindemann.

"Yes," said Lütjens. He looked round at the rather depressed faces all round him, and went on, "Now, gentlemen, there's no need to despair. Three days ago we fought two battleships and won a tremendous victory. Now we face two battleships again. Our fighting capacity is unimpaired. We can sink this King George V and this Admiral Tovey. We can make this Rodney run away like the Prince of Wales. By noon tomorrow there'll be such an assembly of U-boats around us that no one will dare to attack us. We aren't fighting a battle of despair. We're fighting for victory. And for the German Navy, the Reich and the Führer!"

Now the alarm roared through the ship. The voice pipe spoke abruptly to the group. "Destroyer on the starboard bow," and directly afterward, "Destroyer on the port bow."

Outside, the darkened ship was suddenly illuminated by the flash of the secondary armament. The guns bellowed. That was the beginning of a dreadful night. As the hands of the clock crept slowly round, alarm followed alarm. "Destroyer to port!" "Destroyer to starboard!" The exhausted men forced themselves into renewed activity to serve the guns, although there were actually men who fell asleep with the guns bellowing in their very ears. Now and then, with a wink and then a dazzling flash, star shells soared up from the destroyers and hung over the doomed battleship, lighting her up as if it were day. Sometimes there would be a shadowy glimpse of the destroyers racing to get into position, their bow waves gleaming, except when the heavy seas burst over their bows.

Even Lütjens himself was overtaken by sleep as he sat in the control room, nodding off in his chair while the guns fired and pulling himself up with a jerk. Once when he roused himself he called a staff officer to his side. "Send this to Berlin at once: 'We shall fight to the last shell. Long live the Führer!'"

In the War Room the rear admiral entered after an absence.

"Vian's still engaging her," explained one of the officers.

"Bismarck's still transmitting," said another.

"What's the weather report?"

"No change, sir. Wind force eight, westerly. High sea running, low cloud, visibility poor."

"King George V will sight her soon enough."

Back in the control room of the Bismarck, Lütjens was nodding off again in his chair. His head sank lower and lower, and after a while he gave up the struggle and settled back into a sound sleep. In a short time, however, the chief of staff came to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Sunrise in half an hour, sir."

"I shall go on the bridge," said Lütjens. "I think a breath of fresh air will do me good."

"Your overcoat, sir," said his flag lieutenant as he went out.

"Do you think I shall need it?" asked Lütjens, but he put it on nevertheless.

Outside, the faint light was increasing. As ever, the wind was shrieking round them; the ship was rolling heavily in the waves, with the spray flying in sheets.

"Good morning, admiral," said Lindemann.

"Good morning, captain," said Lütjens.

"Destroyers out of range on the starboard bow, sir," said Lindemann. "And there's a cruiser somewhere ahead of us."

One of the lookouts blinked himself awake and stared forward through his binoculars. "Ship right ahead! Two ships right ahead!"

Lütjens and Lindemann trained their glasses forward.

"Battleships?" asked Lütjens.

"I think so, sir. Battleships."

The lookout in the King George V was staring through his glasses. "Ship right ahead!"

The lookout in the Rodney reported, "Ship bearing green five!"

"That's Bismarck!" said an officer on the bridge of the Rodney.

Down the voice pipe over the head of the quartermaster at the wheel of the Rodney came a quiet order. "Port ten."

"Port ten, sir," repeated the quartermaster, turning his wheel.

Up in the gunnery control tower the captain's voice made itself heard in the gunnery officer's earphones. "We are turning to port. Open fire when your guns bear."

The gunnery officer looked down at the "gun ready" lights. He looked through his glasses with the pointer fixed upon the silhouette of the Bismarck.

"Fire!" he said.

In the War Room the young officer was repeating the messages heard on the telephone. "Most-immediate from Norfolk. Rodney has opened fire. King George V has opened fire. Bismarck is returning the fire. Bismarck hit. Bismarck hit again."

It was almost possible for the men listening to him in the War Room to visualize what was actually going on. As the Bismarck trained her guns round she was surrounded by a forest of splashes from the Rodney's salvo, and, before she could fire, the splashes from the King George V's salvo surrounded her. Hardly had her guns spoken before a shell hit the second turret from forward and burst with a roar and a billow of smoke. The blast and the fragments swept everywhere about the bridge. The fabric was left a twisted litter of stanchions, and lying huddled and contorted in it were a number of corpses, among them those of Lindemann—conspicuous by its Knight's Cross with diamonds—and of Lütjens.

The voice of the officer at the telephone went on describing what was going on. "Bismarck on fire aft. Bismarck hit. Bismarck hit. Bismarck's fore turret out of action. Bismarck hit again. She is only a wreck now. King George V and Rodney turning away."

In the War Room people looked sharply at one another at that piece of news. The admiral looked at the clock.

"That's the last minute they could stay. They'll only just have enough fuel to get them home. Not five minutes to spare."

"Here's a signal from the flag, sir," interposed another young officer: "'Ships with torpedoes go in and sink her.'"

"And here's Norfolk again," said the first young officer. "Dorsetshire going in."

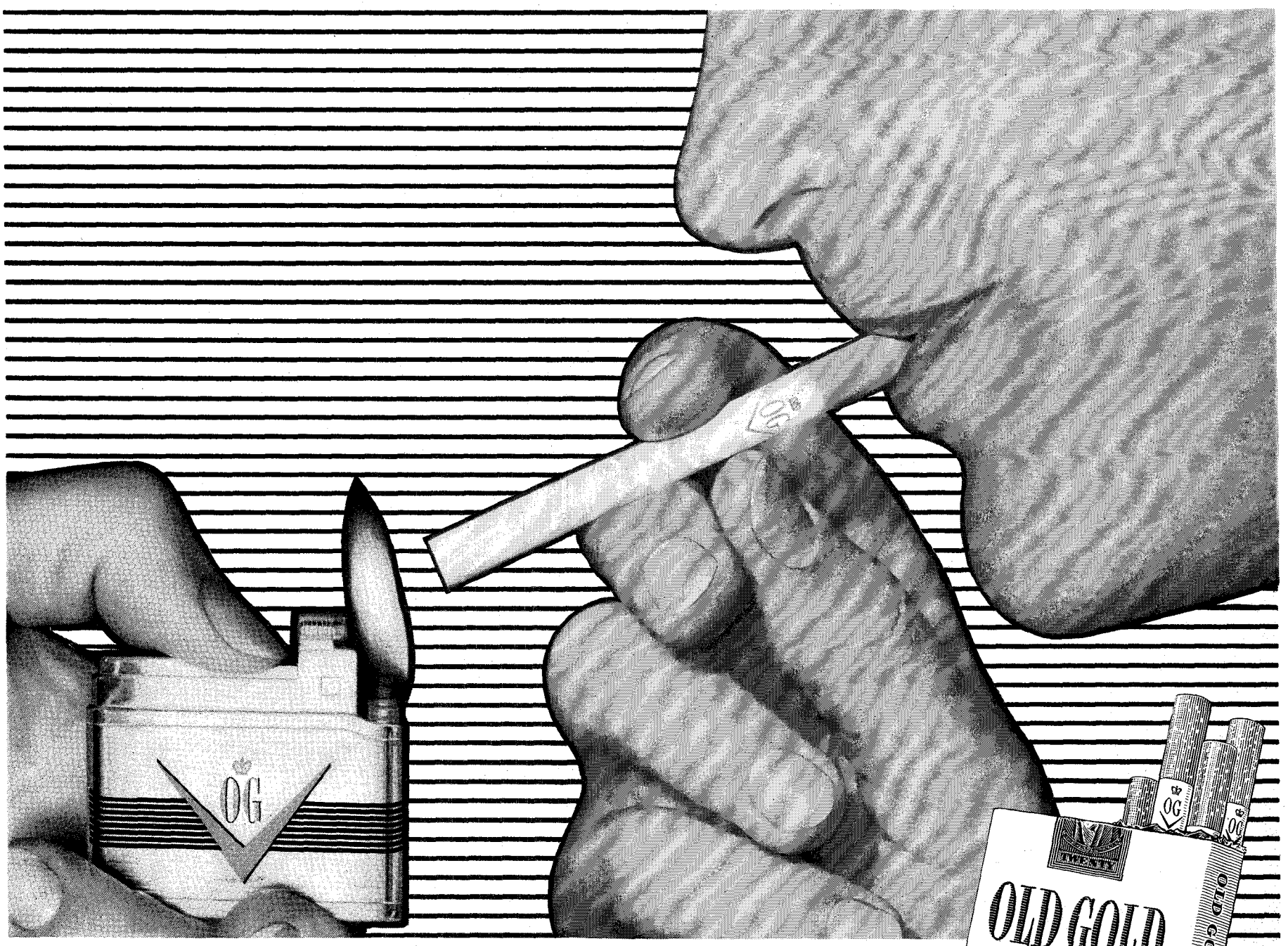
The Bismarck lay, a shattered, burning, sinking hulk, as the Dorsetshire approached. At two miles she fired two torpedoes which burst on the Bismarck's starboard side. At a mile and a half she fired another which burst on the port side of the wreck. The battleship rolled over and sank, leaving the surface covered with debris and struggling men.

"Bismarck sunk," said the young officer in the War Room. "Bismarck sunk."

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Forester.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SPIN FILTER COOLS THE SMOKE NATURALLY!



TEST FOR TASTE

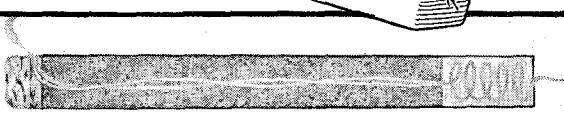
Here's the best taste yet in a filter cigarette

Looking for a filter cigarette that does more than reduce tar and nicotine—a filter that actually improves smoking taste?

Then, no matter what kind of cigarette you're now smoking, try Old Gold's New Spin Filters . . . and *test for taste*. Test as many as you want. A cigarette. A pack. A carton.

Each puff spins the smoke around and around the filter fibers—cools the smoke naturally. You get only the cool, mild taste of truly fine tobaccos.

Try Old Gold's New Spin Filters. It's the best taste yet in a filter cigarette. Make your test for taste—today.

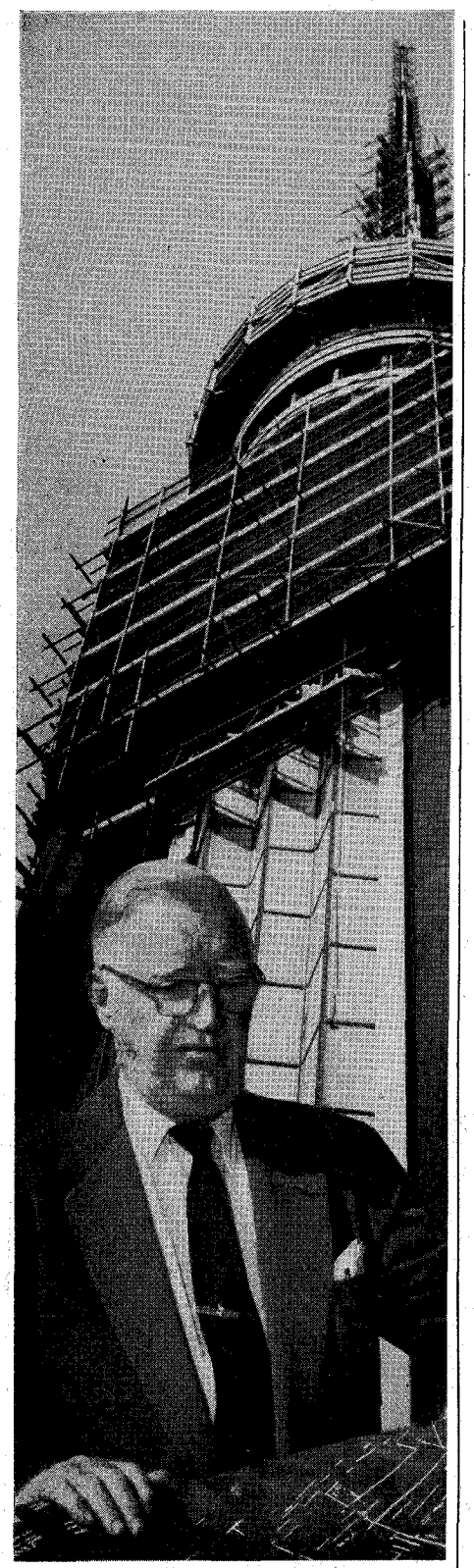


Old Gold's new Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to make the smoke travel farther. It's a known fact . . . when smoke travels farther, it becomes cool and mild. Try Old Gold's New Spin Filter and see.

OLD GOLD'S NEW SPIN FILTERS

Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TV TOWER CONSTRUCTION
ATOP EMPIRE STATE BLDG.

An expert builder . . . he looks to another expert — his insurance agent — for insurance protection.

In your town look to the professional, independent agent backed by the trained field and home office specialists of . . .

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"

Phoenix of Hartford
INSURANCE COMPANIES

Executive Office: Hartford 15, Conn.

The Phoenix Insurance Co.
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Equitable F. & M. Insurance Co.
Minneapolis F. & M. Insurance Co.
Reliance Insurance Co. of Canada

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

Keeping Posted

They Deflate the Pilgrims

Virginius Dabney, a Virginian, says apprehensively, "Some of my best friends are New Englanders, but when my anti-Pilgrim article comes out (page 38) I fear I'll have to stay away from Back Bay, Beacon Street or Plymouth Rock, except on dark nights." Dabney, distinguished editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, numbers among his kinfolk three grandchildren; his mother, Mrs. R. H. Dabney; and her aunt, Miss Susan R. Saunders—a span of five generations.

John Gould, of page 39, another Pilgrim deflater, is a descendant of Elder Brewster of Mayflower fame. He calls himself a farmer, which indeed he is, but he is also an author, a journalist and a lecturer. His books, including The Farmer Takes a Wife, are mostly autobiographical, and his weekly column, Dispatch from the Farm, has delighted readers of the Christian Science Monitor since 1942. The Gould farm at Lisbon Falls is said to be the oldest farm in Maine which has always been in the same family name—it was cleared by Jacob Gould about 1790.

Tales of the Authors

Captain Orville, grandson Jim, pony Buster Brown.

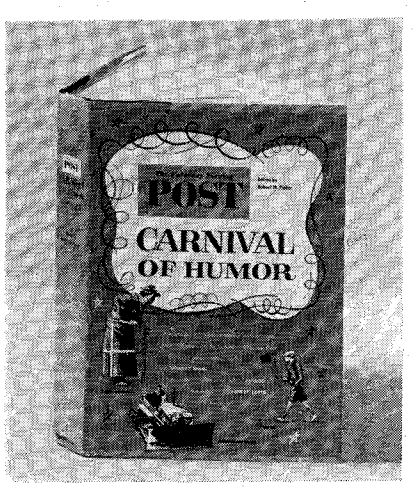
Noel and Jean Clad.

Capt. Howard T. Orville, the weather-control analyst on page 19, first became interested in weather when he was a lad on a ranch near Saratoga, Wyoming. Summertimes featured wild thunderstorms and flash floods, and winters presented horrible blizzards and temperatures hitting fifty to sixty below. When he was eight years old he was lost in a blizzard for half a day and only by merest luck was found—after which he *really* took a personal interest in weather. Captain Orville, now retired from the Navy, but active as an official of Beckman and Whitley, Inc., a meteorological-instrument firm, loves to snatch a weekend on his Long Green, Maryland, farm, called Drop Anchor; and his five grandchildren tend to drop anchor there too.

Noel Clad, page 22, and his artist wife, Jean, are a young couple having a go at free-lancing—"and daylight seems visible." Earlier this year Jean had her first one-man show in New York's Camino Gallery, got good reviews, and sold half the pictures. Noel's new novel, The Savage, will be published next month by Simon and Schuster; an English publisher has also bought it, and the movies are showing interest. Home for the Clads is a loft-studio on the lower East Side.

Veterinarians *told* **Stanley Frank,** page 32, that one reason dogs are catching neuroses from human beings is because dogs think they are people and prefer the companionship of people to other dogs. "This," Frank says regretfully, "is a sad commentary on the intelligence and discrimination of man's best friend, because dogs, of course, are nicer people than people."

Laughter Guaranteed



If you wanted a book that would keep you laughing from cover to cover, your best bet would be a selection of the outstanding work of the great humorists of the past half century—right? In it would be sure-fire by-lines: Lardner, Cobb, Thurber, Will Rogers, Ogden Nash, Damon Runyan, Frank Sullivan, and all the others of this rare company. In it, too, unforgettable characters: Penrod, Tugboat Annie, Alexander Botts, Jeeves, Mr. Glencannon. And for a change of pace there would be the best of epigrams, cartoons and verse. Fortunately there is such a book: The Saturday Evening Post Carnival of Humor, 384 pages of Post fun, edited by Robert M. Yoder and just published by Prentice-Hall.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Con Man of the Country Clubs"

Few people distrusted the important-looking guest—nevertheless he was a notorious bad-check passer.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED